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A MEMORY OF ALASSIO

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY THORNTON OAKLEY

IT is many years since in 1894 I first saw the little Riviera town I am writing about, but it stays in my memory as a lovely picture. Blue sea, blue sky, a strip of hard, yellow sand, gray olive groves, bright green chestnuts, and over all the mountains often capped with snow rising straight up with the blue sky. There hardly seemed room between the sea and the hills for a road, but there were two, carriage road and railroad. The great expresses thundered along at our feet both day and night, but we grew so accustomed to the noise that it didn't disturb us. I missed the familiar sounds of the sea, the breaking of the waves on the shore, and the swish back of the water—for the Mediterranean, a still, tideless sea, looked almost like a painted ocean from the terraces and windows. It was early spring when I came, leaving Paris damp and cold, still in the clutches of winter, and this place was a paradise of flowers and color.

I arrived at night and had a short drive from the station, but the carriage could not get up to the house. We walked some little distance, climbed up a steep flight of steps, through another gate, which led into a garden. We walked along a straight little path (the only level bit of ground in the place) to the house. Even in the darkness I could see the cluster of roses everywhere—and the scent was almost too strong in the still, soft air. I could not see much of the house that night, except that it seemed quite irregular, with winding staircases and landings at unexpected corners.

My waking the next morning was a delight. A great branch of mimosa jumped into the room through the open window, and from the bed I had glimpses of the sea-blue dancing water between the yellow flowers.

When I leaned out of the window a little later to have a look at the surroundings I was greeted with a most cheerful "Buon giorno, Signora" from a tall sunburned young man in a blue apron and broad-brimmed straw hat who proved to be Giovanni the gardener. After breakfast G. showed me the house and garden, which were quite charming. The house was small and low and many-colored, like so many Italian houses, pink and red with an occasional touch of blue, and bright green shutters. It stood close up to the hill behind, touched in fact a bit of rock, but had a lovely open view in front, over terrace and gray walls and olives to the sea. It was all up and down stairs with queer little passages and terraces; one opening out of G.'s room, where she had her tea sometimes in the early morning. The garden was enchanting, a riot of color and sweet smells. In front of the hall door was a flight of steps, the stones a soft, warm gray that led down to the road, only one had to walk a little distance around a corner and cross a brook on stepping-stones to get to it. A narrow stony path, shut in sometimes between high stone walls, with vines and pink

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roses hanging over them, led down to the sea. We went all over the house the day after I arrived, ending with the kitchen, where I made acquaintance with G.'s staff, all Italians; one "ménage"—the butler and his wife, who was my sister's maid, and two men, cook and gardener. The gardener didn't live in the place, but came every morning from a little village high up in the mountains, where we were to go one day for the fête. We spent most of our time on the little square terrace outside the door. It was very well arranged with rugs, chairs, tables, and a big white umbrella, which we never used, as the mimosa-tree gave us all the shade we wanted. The gardener made his installation every morning. I used to watch him from my window carrying out all the rugs and tables, putting the chairs always in the same place facing the sea, and singing cheerfully over his work and talking to the cat "Miscietta."

The cat and her kittens played a great part in the establishment. There were two kittens—one never came into our part of the house, but the other one was always playing about in the garden and getting entangled in our wool and the tassels of the cushions. My great amusement was to hide the kitten, and it was curious to see how soon the mother found it under big baskets, a barrel, a tub, all sorts of places. She could upset the basket and then carried the kitten off triumphantly in her mouth. One day we hid the kitten in a dark cupboard under the stairs and thought we had puzzled the mother, but after a long search in all the accustomed hiding-places, she finally divined where the kitten was, and sat outside the cupboard, mewing and scratching with her paws until some one went down and opened the door. The kitten was asleep, quite happy, but the mother instantly carried it off to a hiding-place of her own, and we didn't see either of them for one or two days. It was funny how the mother knew that I was the one who played the tricks. She would follow me about the garden sometimes when I wasn't thinking about the kitten.

I went for a walk every morning before breakfast, sometimes up in the hills, mounting endless steps and following steep stony paths along terraces and olive woods, or else down to the sea—generally to the sea—which always attracts me. The first time I started for the beach the stepping-stones were rather a trial for me. The stream was neither deep nor rapid, and the stones were big and flat, but they looked slippery.

I think too I was rather bothered by the four or five women who were washing in the little stream. They, of course, at once recognized a stranger, and were much interested in seeing what I would do. I hesitated a moment, choosing a steady stone, and they called out to me cheerfully, "Avanti, Signora, non c'è pericolo" ("Come on, Madam! There is no danger"); then, before I had time to cross, one of them sprang up and with her strong bare arms took possession of me. She wanted to put my feet on the stones, but that I resisted, though I was glad of the help of her steady arms to guide me from one stone to another. We became great friends afterward as they were often washing there when I went down to the beach. I used to take fruit and cakes to the numerous children who were always playing about while their mothers washed. The path to the beach was rough and stony, widening out as it got near the sea.

There were a few houses, doors always open, and smiling people standing about ready to talk. The women all indoors, spinning or mending nets. In one large room there was a whole family, three or four generations, from the wrinkled, bright-eyed old "nonna" to the pretty girl of eighteen or twenty, and children of course playing on the floor or tumbling about in the path. They always spoke to me as I passed, and ending by telling me all their family history and taking great interest in mine. Was I going to live at Alassio always with the sister in her Villino, and had I no husband either like the "sorella" (sister)? One pretty girl was the most industrious of the party; morning and evening, whenever I passed, she was bending over her spinning-wheel. I asked her one day if she was not tired sitting there so many hours. She laughed and shook her head, but didn't answer, and the "nonna" told me she was "fidanzata" (engaged) and was working for her trousseau. Her lover was a soldier, but would soon be free and then they would be married. The

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girl looked up, saying: "It is long waiting." It reminded me of the pretty verses, "Pourquoi filez-vous, jeune fille?" that one hears said so often in a French salon.

The beach was charming, a fine stretch of yellow sand with almost always a bright blue sea breaking into little ripples as they touched the shore. There wasn't much shade, but there were always boats hauled up on the beach, and one could get a little protection. I couldn't read unless I turned my back to the sea, the glare was frightfully trying, but I couldn't turn my back to it, as there was always something passing, fishing-boats, steamers, some small ones coming in close to the shore, and often big German liners on their way to or from Genoa. It wasn't at all a fashionable beach, no yachts, no pleasure boats, nor gay tents and awnings. The only boats were good strong fisher-boats with their curious red-brown sails. They took people out sometimes for an excursion. We saw a party embarking one morning. The boat couldn't come quite up to the beach, and two of the ladies were carried to it by the sturdy, red-capped fishermen; one declined altogether their assistance, took off her shoes and stockings, tucked up her skirts, and waded out to the boat, much to the delight of the children playing on the shore. There were always people about—men cleaning their boats, women spreading out the nets to dry, bare, brown-legged, scantily clothed children digging in the sand for small fish, artists under their white umbrellas, and occasional tourists, English generally, swinging along with a good stride from one point to another. One could walk for miles on the hard sand. The sea was almost always calm, a deep beautiful blue, the exact reflections of the sky, but in the evening the lights were changing and enchanting, sometimes a line of green all along the shore, sometimes a broad rose-colored streak stretching far out to sea, where the last bright sunset clouds were dipping down below the horizon.

When it was too warm to go down to the beach, I went for a walk in the hills, going out at the back of the garden, passing under the pergola and getting showers of golden rose-leaves on my head from the "Fortune's Glory" that was hanging in gorgeous luxuriance from every pillar and post. I climbed up numerous steps and steep stony paths, across olive terraces, through little chestnut woods, past some gardens where the men working always gave me a cheerful "Buon giorno" as I passed. When I was tired I sat down on a flat rock on the edge of a chestnut wood, quite sheltered from the sun, with glimpses of the sea when the branches parted a little.

I met a pretty little gray donkey every time I went on the hills; he came very soberly down the steep path, two empty sacks on his back, a string of bells around his neck, a red tassel hanging over his nose, apparently quite alone, picking his way very steadily and carefully among the loose-rolling stones. I always spoke to him and pulled his long ears. He allowed himself to be caressed, but didn't stop nor turn his head nor ask for sugar, kept quietly on. Some little time after he had passed I would hear a great clatter of falling stones and flying feet, and at a little distance a small boy appeared galloping down the hill, singing at the top of his lungs, and calling out to the donkey. I often wondered what he brought back in his sacks, but never got near enough to the boy to ask him. I passed several villas, usually quite simple constructions, square with a flat roof, often a loggia with a view of the sea cleverly managed through the branches, and painted a nice warm color, pink and blue with bright green shutters, gardens full of flowers growing wild and roses climbing everywhere.

I passed one day a charming little villa quite hidden in the trees. I didn't see it until I was at the gate and stopped to look in, thinking what an enchanting spot it was; a real "nid d'amour" for a young couple beginning their life in the sunshine and the flowers, or a tired, overworked student resting in the beautiful clear atmosphere and the absolute stillness. As I was standing at the gate a female figure appeared around the corner—a tall, gaunt woman of a certain age. She spoke in English to some one behind her, and another woman appeared, and then a third, all looking exactly alike and apparently of the same age. They were dressed in short tweed garments, thick boots, and their hair so tightly drawn back from their temples that it made your head ache

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to look at it, and arranged in a round lump (I can't call it anything else) at the back of their heads. It was rather disconcerting to be brought back so suddenly to the stern realities of life after the romances I had been imagining. The ladies were armed with baskets and scissors, evidently bent on gardening. They saw me at the gate, a stranger, and instantly came forward, asking if I had lost my way, would I come in and rest in the garden? I was very pleased to accept the invitation as I was warm and tired with my steep climb. We sat down on the green benches under the mimosa-tree, and they told me all about themselves with that curious frankness that one finds sometimes with the English. They were three sisters, not rich enough to live comfortably in England, and preferring the climate and sun of Italy. They gave me a great deal of useful information, supposed I was living in a villa, and certainly paying much more for everything than I ought. *English* always did. They were nice, kindly, educated women, quite happy in their lives, notwithstanding the conviction deeply rooted in their British minds that all Italians were born thieves and liars. I stayed some time and should have liked to see them again, but I never did. They said they rarely came down to the little town except on market-days. They asked me if I was English, and when I said "No," were too well-bred to ask any more, and I didn't explain my nationality. I should have liked to see the inside of the house, but they didn't suggest it—and I couldn't ask; it would have been interesting to see if they had books or a piano or anything that indicated their lives. I couldn't help thinking of a prophecy made by one of our friends a long time ago before any of us were married. We were all at a quiet family hôtel on the top of a Swiss mountain where there was not much distraction for young people. Every afternoon two English maiden ladies of mature years used to play croquet on the only flat piece of lawn behind the house, and Mr. M., one of our friends who was staying in the hôtel, a married man, was always telling us we ought to get married, that we wouldn't always be young, and living happily at home, and that we would end like the two old maids playing croquet with each other in a dull Swiss hôtel, perhaps;—our destinies might have been different, but I don't think any combination of adverse circumstances, nor prolonged spinsterhood, could have made me wear such clothes nor do my hair like the three spinsters in their garden.

As I came down I crossed a tall, straight, handsome girl, coming up the very steep steps with four wooden boxes on her head. She had a bunch of red flowers, was singing softly to herself, stopped to wish me a smiling "Buon giorno" (they all do), and walked on as lightly and quickly as if she had only a veil on her head! Almost all the villas are built or occupied by English and Americans, and generally stand high. The Italians live in palaces down on the shore. They only come in summer for the sea bathing. I went over two or three of them. The regular type of Italian palace—marble staircase, frescoed walls, terraces, gardens with orange and lemon trees, high rooms and big windows; but they looked empty and comfortless—scarcely any furniture, and what there was of the most ordinary description. G. said that in summer, when the family were there, they received every evening; and the rooms were full, and the young people coming in and out from the terraces hanging over the water, and always a sound of mandolins and singing in the air, that it was quite charming. The great place of meeting when I was there was the tea-room, or rather garden, of the English library. There was a local band not at all bad, which played once or twice a week in the afternoon. It was very pleasant sitting at round tables, flowers all around us, a view of the sea, and a regular English nursery tea (very strong and black), with scones, toast, bread and butter, and jam, and that heavy substantial British plum-cake which is a meal in itself. There were no Italians except the musicians. The public was entirely English and American. The library was well stocked. All the current books in English, a fair amount of Italian books and reviews.

We made some lovely excursions, driving up in the mountains behind the town, very steep climbs sometimes with sharp turns, but the little horses of the country went very well, trotting up and down hill at a steady, even pace.

The driver, Luigi, a friend of our Francesco, a great big fellow who looked like

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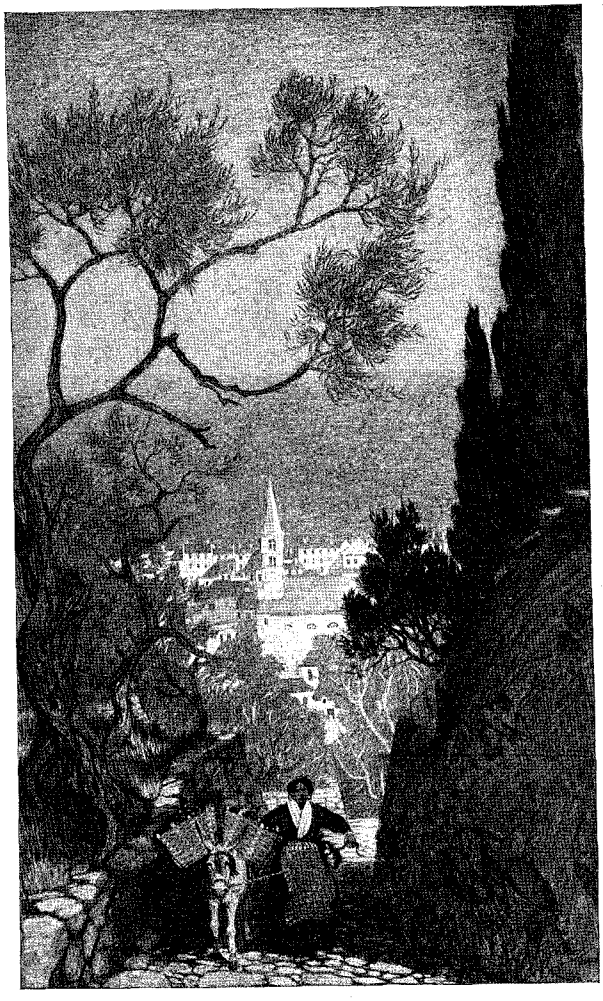
a brigand, with a red silk handkerchief round his neck, gold earrings in his ears, and his hat slouched down over his eyes, took great care of us. We always took our tea-basket with us, and he was wildly interested in choosing some pretty shady spot on the hillside under the olives, where we could have our tea quietly. He produced matches and lighted the kettle and spread out the rugs on the ground just as if he had been trained to it all his life!

Italians of the lower class particularly have an extraordinary aptitude for assimilation. They are very sociable and very human, expect to be sympathized with when they tell you their troubles and disappointments, but are never familiar. I like their service very much. They are very willing and intelligent in understanding foreign ways, and apparently become attached to their masters (whether in a passion, if they thought they were unjustly treated, they would give you a stab in the back with a knife [they all carry one] I am not quite sure, though, in my heart, I don't feel as if they would).

One of my friends, an American, married to an Italian living in Rome, was dis-



A *salita* (walk).

The town and sea from the olive terraces.

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satisfied with her footman, an Italian, a very good servant, who had lived with her for years. He had got rather spoiled, like all old servants, and had refused several times to do some little thing she had told him must be done. After repeated warnings he was told he must go. He paid no attention, went on with his work in his own way. She occupied herself about replacing him, found a man who suited her, and sent for her old Pietro one day to say that he must leave at once as his "remplaçant" was coming in the next day. He refused absolutely to leave the house, adding with a vicious look in his eye that if he should meet "that Giuseppe" coming up *his* stairs he would kill him. He is still in my friend's service.

They were very restful, these long lovely afternoons on the mountainside, and it seemed quite natural to be there far off from the busy wandering life we had both led. When it began to grow a little chilly, Luigi's black head would appear over the top of a wall and he would suggest respectfully that it was getting late and cold. The ladies mustn't get cold.

It is beautiful country, mountains rolling away in all directions—a succession of ridges. One gets to the top of one and a much higher one rises up behind with a deep green valley between.

We went one day to a small fortified town which looked absolutely inaccessible from below, as if it was swung in space. We went *up* all the time; a very steep bit at the end, and drove through a narrow gateway with soldiers guarding it. I suppose we didn't look dangerous, as they paid no attention to us, and we drove through the town, which consisted of one long street with steep, stony paths branching off from it and running up the mountain. We went at a foot's pace, the driver cracking his whip loudly to warn the children, always playing in the middle of the street, to get out of the way. We drew up at an hôtel where we were obliged to stop an hour to rest the horses. There we asked for refreshments (though we had our tea-basket with us), and we were taken up to the roof (quite flat) of the house. A table was spread, under a stunted palm-tree in a tub, and they gave us what they had: black bread and butter, eggs, which we didn't want, and very bad chocolate.

The view was divine, great bare mountains all around us, with patches of snow near the top, and deep green ravines plunging straight down to the plains. The little town was perched on the top of the mountain, and seemed quite detached from the rest of the country. I can't imagine why a garrison was necessary up there—a remnant perhaps of old days when all Italy was a succession of small independent states not knowing much of each other. The towns and villages, often changing hands, became the prey of a more powerful neighbor. Piedmont was as much a foreign country to the southern Italians as Austria.

The evenings were warm and clear, the sky almost as blue as in the daytime. We often sat in the garden for some little time after dinner. It was never damp, the air was soft and pure, no smoke, no chimneys, very little noise of any kind. We were too far from the sea to hear the very faint splash of the waves (when there were any), and the life of the little town seemed to stop at the Ave Maria. Once or twice we heard singing just at our gate—a boy's voice—singing some "stornello" (a song of the country), I couldn't catch all the words—heard "crudele" and "fedele" and "morir" ringing out in the stillness with beautiful rich notes. Certainly the Italians have something in their throats which we, northerners, never can get. The most untrained voice rings clear and true. Some of the "stornelli" finish with a long note at the end of the phrase which is quite charming. Giovanni our gardener sang all day at his work, but low to himself, out of respect for the ladies.

We had promised him that we would go to his village up in the mountains the day of the fête, and would have our tea in his cottage. He was watching the clouds all the day before, so afraid the weather would change. However, the day was beautiful, and he started early in the afternoon. Luigi with his equipage arrived before we had finished breakfast. Giovanni had been very busy all the morning getting through his work as quickly as possible, and carried off a large bunch of roses to decorate his cottage. He told us "la Nina," his wife, was "contentissima" to have the ladies, but a little shy, and he must go and help her. It was a good climb. We passed through several small hamlets, all the people bowing and smil-

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ing, wishing us "Buona Festa" and little brown children running alongside of the carriage with bunches of wild flowers.

Our destination was a very small village, merely a cluster of houses. There were plenty of people about, some flags, an attempt of music, principally accordions and a scrapy violin, a green arch across the road at the entrance of the village. We found Giovanni and all his family—wife, three children, and the "nonna" waiting at the door of the cottage. The old woman, brown, wrinkled, smiling, and talkative, not at all shy, not forward either. The wife, a tall, straight grave young peasant woman. The children pretty and *clean*, which is rare in this part of the world. One sees really lovely children with soft dark eyes and pink cheeks, but such dirty faces and unkempt hair, one hardly dares to touch them.

Salita and shrine.

We were taken into the one room—kitchen and living-room. (I don't know where the family slept—in a sort of out-house, I think, behind), and sat down at a table with a clean white cloth—and nice china with bright flowers. Nobody sat down but us. The children remained outside and the grown-ups waited on us. They gave us very good white wine, bread and butter, and the cake of the country, a sort of sweet bread with sugar and almonds on top, very good. The door of the cottage was open, various friends and relations seated on the steps and on the ground. When we had finished our repast they put chairs outside and we stayed some time looking on at the games, running, jumping, and climbing up a greased pole. They looked a sturdy race of mountaineers, men and boys, strong, squarely built, and as agile as monkeys. We stayed about an hour.

The drive down through the chestnut and olive woods was enchanting. The colors are so beautiful, the chestnuts a bright vivid green, the olives a dull gray quivering into silver when the light breeze touched them, and always the sea, fast little blue patches shining through the branches, then broadening out into a deep blue expanse as smooth and still as a glass sea, little dots here and there on the horizon, fishing-boats coming in at sunset, and far off a thin column of smoke from one of the big steamers running along the coast.

We went once or twice by rail to Genoa, once to sign a paper before the American Consul and once to meet a friend who was passing through Genoa on her way to Rome. We had invited her to dine with us at the "buffet de la gare," which is very good. Genoa is iinterestng with its won-

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derful old palaces and beautiful pictures. What I liked best was the old town with its queer narrow streets all up and down hill, with always a view of the sea, and the busy port at the end of the street. Many of the women had black veils on their heads and long gold earrings.

The façades of some of the palaces close down to the port were a curiosity generally painted in bright colors, pink and blue, and almost disappearing beneath the motley collection of garments that were hanging out to dry; they too of every possible color.

We returned to the new town "stranger's quarters" for our lunch and shopping. I wanted a thin dress of some description. I had left Paris in full winter and was most uncomfortable in my heavy black cloth skirt when I was climbing up the hills behind the house.

The gare was most animated when we arrived. We secured a table and ordered our dinner. There was a wait of forty minutes, quite enough to dine comfortably. Some travellers who were going on to Rome were already established at their table. The Paris train was punctual, very crowded, and there was a rush for the buffet. Our friend looked very bright and smiling, not at all tired with her night in the train. We had a very good dinner and quite time to see her start for Rome, as our train left much later. There was a great confusion on the quais, as two trains were arriving from Naples and Brindisi. The Brindisi passengers were always interesting—many English—families of officers returning from India with quantities of children and Indian *ayahs* (nurses) looking quite bewildered, their big black frightened eyes shining out of their white veils and draperies, and always clinging to their babies. A big railway station always interests me. One sees so much of life, such a hurrying, eager cosmopolitan stream pours out of the carriages. One feels sorry for the nervous traveller who doesn't speak any language but his own, hasn't got any money of the country, can't pronounce the name of the place he is going to, and is beset by an army of porters who seize his bags and rugs—talk volubly—giving him a great deal of information he doesn't understand. I have gone to the rescue of some compatriots sometimes who were most grateful.

The little station of Alassio seemed quite deserted after all the bustle of the big city. The faithful Francesco was waiting for us with a lantern and always an extra wrap in case the ladies were cold, and we walked along the narrow path and climbed the half-worn uneven steps quite easily and comfortably. It all seemed quite natural. A carriage wouldn't have helped us as we couldn't drive up to the door, but we didn't mind, nobody does in Italy; modern comforts and conveniences don't seem to go with the country. Every one lives quite simply like his neighbor. There was a little social life (not very interesting) in the villas.

We dined out once or twice, always with English or Americans, no Italians received, and had people to dine with us, but luncheon was the more favorite hour for entertaining. It wasn't easy to get up to some of the higher villas after dark, climbing up steep paths and slippery or broken steps, besides everybody went to bed early. There were never any fears of any unpleasant encounter with the natives. The men, though they all looked like brigands, with their slouched hats and flashing black eyes, were a kindly peaceable lot. One rarely heard quarrelling or tipsy men among them. They were a simple, smiling, easy-going population.

The living *then* was extraordinarily cheap. My sister showed me her house bills. I wouldn't have believed it possible as we lived extremely well, chickens, fish, eggs, bread, everything, in fact, all very good, and for me, accustomed to living in Paris in the strangers' quarter, around the Champs Elysées and the Etoile, the prices were fabulous. Some of the shops were good. I never bought any stuffs, but the silk was not dear, linen too very good and inexpensive, shoes extraordinary. I very soon finished my Paris shoes walking about on the hills and beach and stony paths, and went down to the village one day with Barbara, my sister's maid—who recommended a very good shoemaker. He hadn't a shop, nor anything to show, looked more like a cobbler sitting at his open door, working, but he made me a very good pair of yellow shoes with low heels and thick soles on measure for twelve francs, which lasted me all the season, not only at Alassio but

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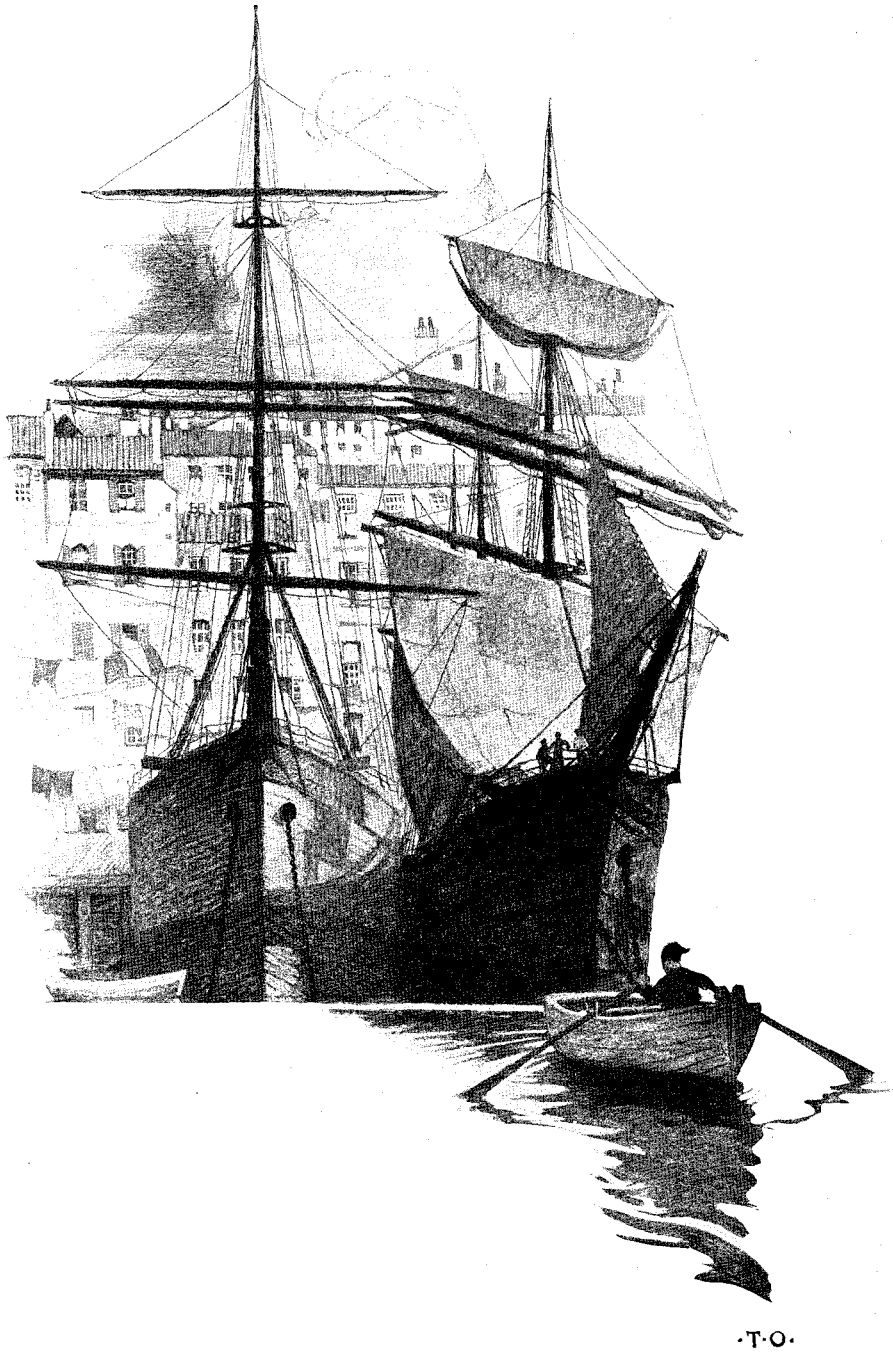

The old town and port, Genoa.

at home in the country. The native milliner was less satisfactory.

We made an expedition one day to San Remo, where we found everything we wanted but Paris shops—modes, lingerie, costumes—and Paris prices. San Remo is a lovely place with its palms and cactuses, and flowers; one garden, all dwarf palm-trees and pink roses, was a dream, but it is too civilized and cosmo-

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politan for my taste. Many English and Americans were walking about. The hôtels were full of Anglo-Saxons.

I was delighted to get back to Alassio with its queer, crooked dirty little streets with always a glimpse of the sea at the end of the street, between the projecting roofs and balconies of the houses, and the long stretch of sand with the fishing-boats hauled up at sunset and the women and children with their bright-colored skirts and handkerchiefs waiting for their men, the women lending a hand occasionally when the boat was heavy—and all talking hard. I talked sometimes with an artist who was often painting on the beach —always the same thing, the sea, the boats, the women mending the nets, the children half naked playing about in the water, their bare brown legs as hard as steel. He said he had been all over the world, painted all he had seen in all countries, but something always brought him back to Italy and this particular little town still so primitive and so Italian.

Holy Week was interesting, particularly the last days, and one noticed at once the absence of the bells, which didn't ring from Good Friday until Easter morning. In a small place the bells are like clocks. They ring mass, vespers, and the Ave Maria, and sometimes, at night, when there is a "vigilia" of some great saint. One regulates one's daily life by the sound.

The Good Friday procession was a pretty sight, starting from the church and winding up the steep streets quite to the hills. The priests in their vestments, the women and girls in black with lace veils or woollen scarves on their heads, the man carrying a recumbent figure of the Saviour. A good many people knelt and crossed themselves as the procession passed, gaining recruits all the time. Every body joined in the singing. I don't think the population is particularly pious. The men never go to church, but that sort of sentimental religion is contagious and can't do harm even if it doesn't last. To feel, if only for a few hours, raised out of the ordinary indifferent surroundings, and obliged to have a reverential attitude for a great function of the church, must make one realize a little what it all means. We knelt on the path, like all the others, when the figure of the Saviour was carried past, much to the delight of my sister's Barbara, who was afraid we would only be *amused* and treat it as any other show. She often tells me the "Signora is so good. What a pity she isn't a Catholic! Perhaps before she dies, when she is old, she *will* believe in *Christ!*" Of course, one can't go into a theological discussion with a woman of that class, but it is curious how many Catholics believe sincerely that the Protestants have no religion. There is a pretty little English church and quite a large congregation. There are not many Americans. The place is too primitive for them. When they have come as far as Alassio they want to go farther, to Florence and Rome.

The hôtel is good with terrace and balconies on the sea, but I don't suppose very cheap. I think at an hôtel one could live quite as cheaply in Rome or Florence. It is for the people who have houses and live all the year here, with the exception of two months in the north or up in the mountains behind the town, that the living is really incredibly moderate.

For a man *there is nothing to do* unless he is an artist or a student, or perhaps a gardener, like one of my sister's friends, who has a beautiful garden where he is always making experiments; planting northern trees and vines (our American Virginia creeper thrives wonderfully in this country), and making wonderful contrasts of color with all flowers. "Entretemps," he writes a little, sketches of Italian life very prettily and cleverly done, but it is hardly a *man's* life in these busy days where all questions, social, political, economical are so passionately discussed in the outside world.

Alassio is a retreat, and I am sure that something in the air has an enervating, detaching influence! In the lovely air with the blue sea at our feet, the blue sky overhead, the scent of flowers everywhere, and the stillness of the long sunny afternoons, one would forget that on the other side of the snow mountains, and across the sea, there were busy modern working worlds, with men struggling for existence, tumbling over each other in the ardor of the fight to arrive, some to great positions, political or social, some—the great majority —to earn bread and butter for their families. The race is always to the swift, and neither victor nor onlookers spare time for their weaker comrades disabled and disheartened, dropping out from the strife.

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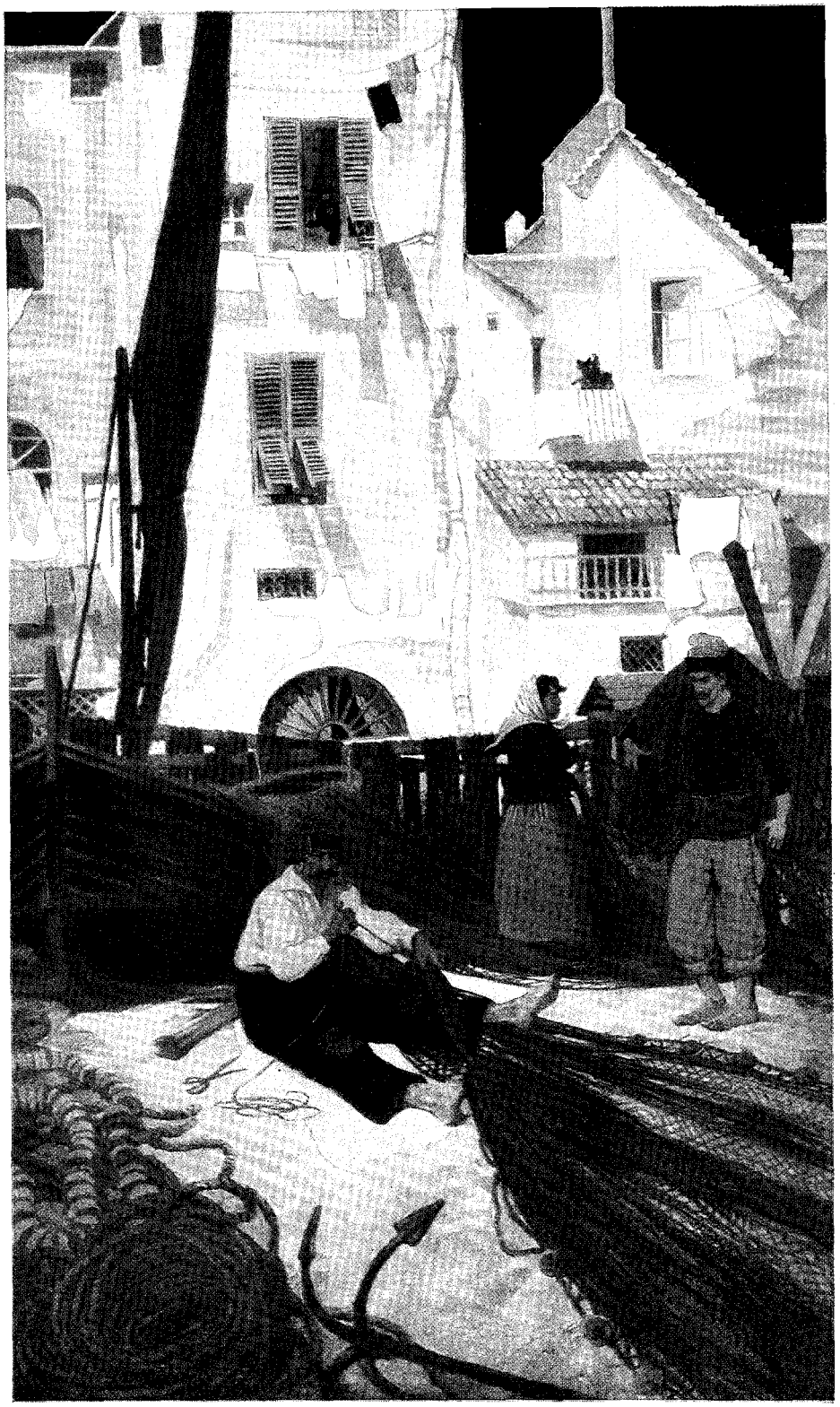

Drawn by Thornton Oakley.

Fisher folk on the beach, Alassio.

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THE RESERVIST

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

ON the feast-day of the Portiuncula Angèle Brosseau, coming from late mass in the church of Notre Dame with Papa Geroult, heard the newsboys shouting early editions of the afternoon journals. Into the morning stillness of the cul-de-sac of the lower west side around Vernon Park the harbingers of the great surge of Chicago came so seldom that their raucous voices thrilled the little Frenchwoman with agitating wonder over the portent of their cries. She clutched Papa Geroult's thin arm excitedly. "But what happens?" she cried, her dark eyes gleaming in anticipation of startling circumstance sensationally revealed in crimson head-lines.

"Perhaps a war," Papa Geroult croaked, as he had croaked in answer to his daughter's conjectures over extra papers ever since she had summoned him from his native village in Lorraine to her new home in the French colony of Chicago. As Papa Geroult's only previous expedition from Mousson had been in the War of '70, when he had stalked forth with a musket in the army of MacMahon, it was but natural that the old man should confuse all excitement with strife of nations. Ten years of intermittent acquaintanceship with Chicago newspaper methods had not shaken Papa Geroult's theory.

"My country, . . . if I might but die for thee! If I but had a son to send thee, now!"—Page 403.

"But no," said Angèle, "it is not war. Only yesterday Jean read to me that the President goes to no war with Mexico."

"Oh!" said Papa Geroult listlessly. The issue settled by Angèle, the old man plodded beside his daughter to overtake Madame Boisson.

Madame Boisson, discerning Angèle by a sense other than vision, pivoted slowly around until she faced her followers. A large woman, usually the soul of mirth for all her perennial mourning veil, Madame Boisson radiated gloom through the August sunshine. Standing on the sidewalk before one of the red-brick houses of Sibley Street, Madame Boisson lifted the voice of Cassandra in Troy. "Is it not awful?" she cried.

"Frightful!" assented Angèle.

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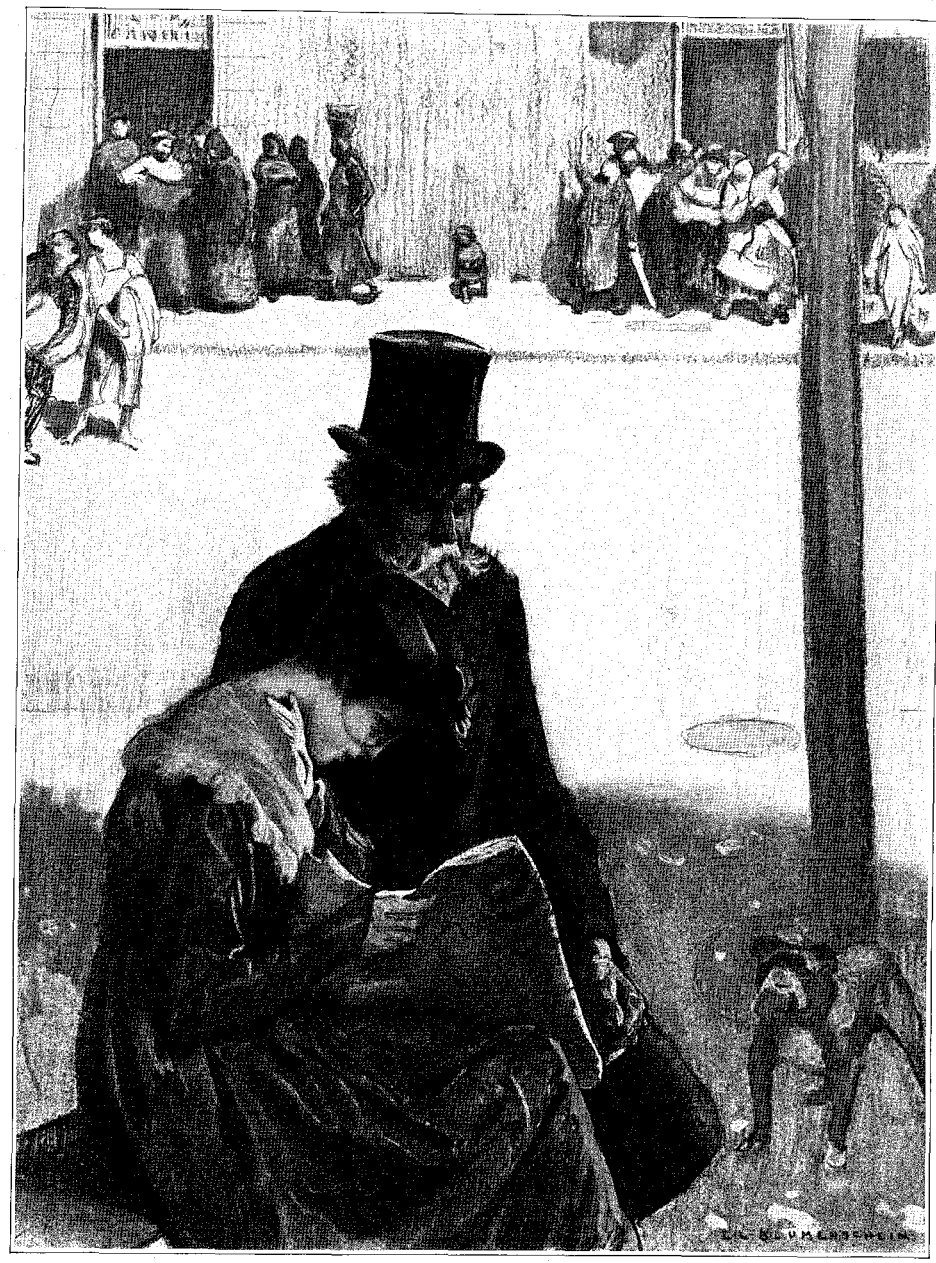

Angèle . . . was staring at the blazoning letters on the first page of the journal.—Page 403.

"It is well," said Madame Boisson, "that we pray for the poor souls."

"Assuredly," said Angèle, calculating how long she must maintain her pretense of knowledge to her neighbor. A distant relative of Jean Brosseau, Angèle's husband, was Madame Boisson. Like Jean, she had come from St. Bazile in the province of Quebec. Therefore Angèle, born Geroult of Mousson, must reveal to her no inferiority, even in information.

"We may thank God," the French-Canadian continued, "that we are all now Americans." With a huge sigh she

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mounted the steps of one of the red houses.

Angèle stared resentfully after the broad and retreating back of the cousin of her husband. "What does she mean?" she demanded of Papa Geroult.

"I do not know," he said meekly, "unless—" Remembrance of Angèle's scorn of his one available suggestion halted him. "It might be in the newspaper."

"True," Angèle agreed. Conscious of Madame Boisson's imminent espionage, she let the first news-vender pass. Around the corner, however, in the safety of Vernon Park, she halted a second shouter. She seated Papa Geroult on a bench before she spread out the paper. The splash of red met her eye. She fumbled in her bag for her eye-glasses, adjusted them carefully, and held up the sheet. Her cry aroused Papa Geroult from his lethargy. He turned to gaze at his daughter. Angèle, one hand clutching her throat, was staring at the blazoning letters on the first page of the journal. She turned to her father, her face white, her eyes round with frightened amazement. "It has come," she gasped —"your war!"

"Of a certainty," said Papa Geroult calmly. He gazed over the square with the triumph of a Nestor coming into council. The Greek church at the west end of the little park, the Italian hospital in the far corner, the Hebrew institute to the southward, all seemed to beam from their multitudinous and gleaming windows benign appreciation of Papa Geroult's perspicacity. "The President goes to Mexico, then?" he cackled to Angèle.

Angèle folded the newspaper. She gazed at her father as if she were discovering in him new wells of mental density. Then she rolled her brown eyes heavenward. "He speaks of Mexico," she told the sky, "while France goes to war with Germany."

"France!" Papa Geroult's old face flamed. His old hands snatched the newspaper from his daughter's grasp and opened it again for his own perusal. When the flaunting letters confirmed to him Angele's words the old man arose to face the east. The little park with its morning groups of Italians and Irish, of Greeks and Jews, of Syrians and Armenians, lolling in the heat of an Illinois August, fell away from Papa Geroult's vision. The narrow street at the end of the square ran a highway to France over which France's son sent his message of devotion to his motherland. Reverently he removed his ancient top hat, letting the summer wind lift his wavy locks. Solemnly he raised his hand to his forehead in salute. "My country," he quavered, his thick old voice tremulous with emotion, "if I might but die for thee! If I but had a son to send thee now!"

Angèle, quivering with the high thrill of glory and yet subliminally conscious of the lack of fitting pageantry for the revelation of the great news, laid her hand on Papa Geroult's arm. "We have Jean," she said.

Papa Geroult stared at her as if she were a focussing-point to draw his soul back from trance. "Jean!" he muttered, at last. "Jean! Who is he to fight for France? A Canayan!" Then, beholding the flashing fire of Angèle's wrath, the old man shifted tone. "He would not go," he told Jean's wife.

"He would go gladly!" cried Angèle.

Papa Geroult, shrugging, replaced his top hat on his grizzled locks. Angèle folded the newspaper once more, holding it tightly as she arose to lead the old man down the square to the tall house on the narrow street where she and Jean had chosen their home almost a dozen years earlier in the thought that it would serve their needs only until the little ones should come; but the one child who had come to the big forge-worker and his little wife had found resting-place on the green hill of Mount Carmel, and Jean and Angèle, with the old man from Lorraine, had lingered in the quaint and crowded district of the city under the shadow of Père Radisson's church. It was a street transplanted from some Quebec town, this thoroughfare of Chicago, a street of Brosseaus, and Pellisiers, and Cartiers, and their uncles, and their aunts, and their cousins. As Angèle and Papa Geroult entered it the sidewalks already buzzed with the hum of excited patois. Boys holding broomsticks were marching. Old men saluted Angèle's father martially. Women, gossiping in groups, greeted Angèle.

Papa Geroult had already launched his

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tongue on a flood of reminiscence. Every memory of the beginning of the great struggle of the France of his youth rushed its wave on the shore of Angèle's silence. For her father's declaration that Jean would not go to war had thrown a pall over her excitement. War was to Angèle the inevitable destiny of men, service in it for France their opportunity. That Jean, her man, should hold back from it was unbelievable. That any one should expect Jean's refusal was insulting. She let her father wander through his tales of attack and defense, of victory and defeat, while she busied herself with her household tasks, planning the while how she should labor for the old man and herself when the big forge-worker should answer the call of France.

It was not yet dark when Jean came home, singing. He had climbed the back stairs of the tall building, and the big bulk of him filled the kitchen doorway as Angèle came to meet him. He kissed her light-heartedly, rubbing his grimy cheek on her shining one and laughing over her half-amused annoyance. He greeted Papa Geroult gayly. "Well, what do you think of Lorraine now?" he shouted to him as he washed at the kitchen sink.

"I would I were there," said the old man, "to run my bayonet through the miserable Germans."

Jean, rubbing his face lustily, chuckled. "It's a good thing for us," he laughed, "that we're all Americans now."

Angèle, taking potatoes from the oven, glanced up at her husband incredulously. Papa Geroult caught and translated her glance. "What did I say?" he chortled. "He will not go to war."

"Of course not," declared Jean lustily. "What do you think I am, a jingo?"

"You will not go?" Angèle, kneeling on the floor before the oven, looked up at her husband's broad back. A sudden realization that she and the big man were not yet one in soul, for all the years of their love, weakened her sturdy spirit. Almost imploringly she gazed upon his unconscious indifference to her country's need and her own. It was not only that he was failing her country, it was that he was failing her ideal of him. "You will not fight for France?" she asked him.

"I most certainly will not," said Jean. He saw neither the sinking of Angèle's shoulders nor the subsequent flashing of her eyes. Papa Geroult saw them and chuckled after the fashion of the old. Then he set forth into monologue that filled the vacant places of his daughter's unwonted quiet of manner. His speech, however, could not restrain Jean. The big forge-worker, reading his evening newspaper aloud in snatches while the three of them sat around the dining-room table and the night winds blew in the myriad noises of the city fitfully, flung himself into boyishly lyric praise of America. "These United States," he banged once, "are the places where a man may live and die in peace!" Angèle, lifting furtive gaze from her knitting, said no word; but her needles glistened beneath the light of the lamp as other needles in the hands of other women of France must have gleamed in the sunlight of the Revolution.

Through five evenings of that week Angèle's needles continued to flash while Papa Geroult remembered the march to Metz and Jean, reading the war news, continued to rejoice in his American residence. Through the days, going around the neighborhood on her household errands, Angèle garnered other news of more imminent interest. Kerrigan, the Irish grocer on Loomis Street, was the first to inform her of the impending circumstance that would tie the little colony near Vernon Park to the sinews of the great struggle in Europe. "Is your husband going with the reservists, Mrs. Brosseau?" he asked her as he measured sugar on the scale. "I do not know—yet," said Angèle.

Not to Kerrigan, born in Wexford, would Angèle Brosseau admit any lack of knowledge of a French community's plan; nor to Madame Morand, picking vegetables cautiously from Kerrigan's stock, would she deign to give question, although she heard the grocer's whisper, "her son's going with them." To Mercier, however, sexton of Notre Dame and unofficial intendant of the colony, she hastened, finding him at the entrance to Frontenac Hall. "When do the reservists go?" she demanded of him.

"On the day," said Mercier, puffing

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consciously with importance, "after the meeting."

"And the meeting?"

Mercier transfixed her with a stare that questioned her birth, her breeding, and her mental capacity. Angèle, having known Mercier for twelve years, endured it equably. "When?" she repeated.

"On the day of St. Laurence's feast."

"Next Tuesday?"

"I have said it," Mercier acknowledged.

"Where?"

The sexton jerked his thumb to indicate the building at which he stood. He surveyed Angèle with query in his narrow eyes. The question grew to speech as she lingered. "Does Monsieur Brosseau join them?" he asked.

"He is not French-born."

"What matter?" shrugged Mercier. "There will be many volunteers to join them. You are the real reservist, Madame Brosseau. Monsieur should be your substitute. Would he not go for you?"

"It is not yet decided," said Angèle.

As if the colony had entered into conspiracy Mercier's query continued to assail Angèle Brosseau from every side. The chemist, the stationer, the neighbors, even Père Radisson himself, put the question to her, only to receive the answer she had given the sexton. By Saturday night the answer revolved its way around until Jean, undergoing his weekly hair-cut in the barber-shop of Achille Periolat, heard of it. He came home in anger. "It is very well decided," he told Angèle, "that I shall not go to fight."

For a moment Angèle stared at her big husband with such balancing consideration as only a woman of twelve years of wifehood may give her spouse. Very deliberately she laid aside her sewing. Very slowly she began to speak.

"Never did I think," she said, every word snapping with the swirl of a lash, "that I should live to be ashamed of the man I wed. We women of France have always been proud of our men. We have had reason for our pride. Even in defeat, in poverty, in death, they did not fall in dishonor. They lived and they died for God and for France. See my father! He is old and weak. Once, many years ago, he fought for France. That would be enough, you would say. But it is not enough for him. To-day, if he might go, he would be glad to serve."

"But he was born in France," Jean exclaimed.

"Of what matter is that? Are you not French in name, in blood, as is he? Or are you Prussian, or Saxon?"

"Your father has no one to consider but himself," Brosseau went on stubbornly, "while I have you to care for."

"No!" Angèle laughed scornfully. "Me? Could I not care for myself better than can the women of those who go? See Ambroise Pellisier, who leaves his wife and his five children when he goes with the reservists! And François Lamoreaux, who leaves his wife and his mother and his little crippled girl! And are they pining, those women? No, they are proud, as I may not be proud, for the men of their families are heroes, not cowards!"

Into the big man's eyes stole a child's look of pained disillusion. "You do not love me, Angèle," he said gulpingly.

For an instant Angèle stared at him in incredulous wonder, her brown eyes softening from anger to commiseration. "Not love you?" she repeated. "It is because I do love you, Jean, that I want you to rise above other men!"

Mollified, he put his arm over her shoulder as they stood beside the open window, looking down over the twinkling lamps of the neighborhood and afar to the higher lights of down-town Chicago. "See," he said with awkward tenderness; "we are far from France."

"Distance is not of miles," said Angèle.

The ethical issue of battle arose for them both on Sunday at the ending of mass. Père Radisson, venerable, stately, had turned from the white-marble altar to face his people, asking their prayers for the men setting forth to war. "And more especially," he said, "for those reservists who will go from us to France." Then, kneeling on the altar-steps, he began to recite the litany of the saints.

"Remember not, O Lord," Angèle rolled out in unison with the mellow tones of the old priest's voice, "our offenses, nor those of our fathers." Five hundred

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voices, all athrill with the quickened need of prayer in this crisis of the world, took up the responses.

"St. Michael," invoked Père Radisson.

"Pray for us," chanted the congregation.

Angèle, devoutly bending in the front pew, suddenly stiffened. Jean, sinking into masculine comfort, felt the prod of her elbow as Père Radisson called on St. Gabriel. In the responses Angèle's sibilant whisper came to him. "Behold," she hissed, "the archangels—all fighters for God!"

Through the apostles and evangelists and disciples Angèle fairly bristled with implied allusion to their warlike qualities, but not until Père Radisson came to mention of St. Stephen did she burst forth again into speech. Then, "he was stoned for his faith," she murmured as the congregation swung out the "Pray for us."

"St. Laurence," sighed Père Radisson.

"He died on the gridiron," Angèle told Jean.

"St. Martin," the old voice lifted.

"Worthy of France," came Angèle's response.

"St. Louis."

"He was a king of France," France's daughter flung into Jean's unwilling ear.

Past the naming of virgins and martyrs, priests and Levites, went Père Radisson, coming at last to the plea for grace. "That thou wouldst vouchsafe to grant peace and unity to all Christian people," he prayed with fervor, giving to Angèle's harassed listener his first chance at reprisal.

"We beseech thee, hear us," shouted Jean Brosseau.

Upon him Angèle's fiery look fell. At him Angèle's voice beat in accord with the priest's: "That thou wouldst deliver our souls, and the souls of our brethren, from eternal damnation."

The last word was Angèle's.

After mass she amplified it. "Did you not notice," she demanded of Jean as they went down the crowded aisle, "that all the great saints were warriors?"

"Were there no saints of peace?" the big man rumbled.

"None," said Angèle. "One must pass through war to come to sainthood." And she crossed herself devoutly at the door.

On the high steps they passed Mercier. The sexton was importantly halting occasional men. "You will be at the meeting on Tuesday night?" he asked Jean.

"We will be there," Angèle bowed.

"The meeting?" Jean inquired, seeking divertissement.

"For France," said Mercier. "At Frontenac Hall."

"Père Radisson presides," Angèle told Jean. "All the big men of Notre Dame will attend."

"We shall go," said Jean, seeking to win his wife's favor by safe piety.

Angèle nodded. Through that golden Sunday, when the West Side fell into quiet hardly disturbed by the playing of dark-skinned foreign children in Vernon Park, the little woman plied Jean with such attentions that Papa Geroult, wiser than his son-in-law in the ways of women, shook his old head sagely; but he said nothing, even when he saw Angèle regarding her husband with the saddened consideration mothers sometimes give children about to be punished for their future betterment.

By Tuesday evening that strange gaze of far-seeing commiseration had deepened in Angèle's eyes. Papa Geroult saw her kissing Jean's worn coat as she brushed it. The old man shook his head. "She will weaken," he told the top hat, which had shared his secrets of twenty years.

"Jean will never enlist," he said to Angèle.

"When he sees other men going, he too will go," she declared.

"You will not let him go," cackled Papa Geroult. "You will grow soft with tears."

Angèle did not weaken. That night she marshalled Jean and Papa Geroult down into the twilight of the park and over to Frontenac Hall, even though Jean, wearied from work, protested against attendance.

"The night is hot," he told Angèle as they sauntered beside Papa Geroult through the crowded square. "Let us stay outdoors."

"We must not disappoint him." She nodded to the old man.

"Certainly not," said Jean. "But what is the meeting to be?"

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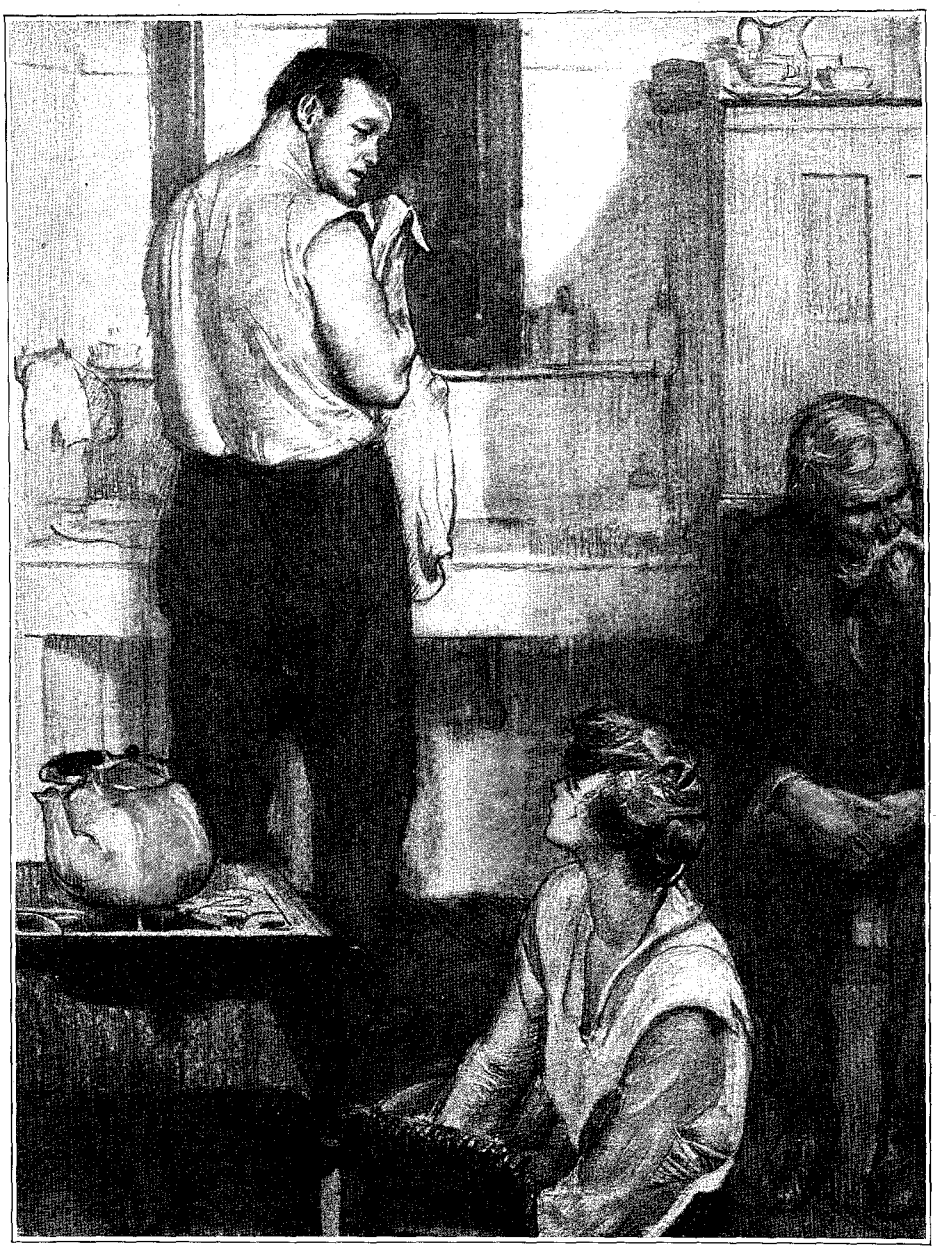

"You will not go?"—Page 404.

"All who love France," she said, "will tell the world of their love."

"It is right," said Jean.

In the darkness of Sibley Street, close to the red house of Madame Boisson, Angèle took Jean's arm. "If you could but have known my France!" she sighed. "I remember the day before I came away, a day of springtime when the sunshine lay on the slopes of the Grand Couronne. That morning I climbed from the town up to the ruined fortress, the old Mousson of many battles. I could see over the valleys of Lorraine, green, smiling val-

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leys. But I remembered that men had died on those hillsides for France, died that France might live. And there I prayed that, if France should ever again need men to fight for her, I should have a man to send!"

"*Voilà*," said Jean comfortably. "It was a beautiful prayer."

Angèle drew away her arm. "It may be," she said sharply, "that the good God will one day answer it."

Frontenac Hall, squatting below the big, darkened church, was blazing with light as the three of them turned the corner. In the doorway stood Mercier, pompously clearing a path among the crowds of men who sought to linger outdoors until the meeting should have been called. "Keep the way open," he was shouting, "for the gentlemen who will come!" So engrossed was he in his task that he gave but a perfunctory nod to Jean and Angèle and Papa Geroult.

Père Radisson, at the door of the inner hall, gave to them heartier greeting, drawing the old man to his side. "You fought for France," he said, "and you honor us by your presence. Will you not come on the platform? I would have you meet the Baron of St. Eloi. He too fought under MacMahon." He smiled at Jean. "Some day," he said, "some one will be giving you the laurels."

"It is my wife who would grow them," Jean laughed.

"It is always the women who would plant a land with laurel-trees," Père Radisson said without laughter.

That the women of the little colony had rallied to the cause of France was evident. Babbling in excitement they overflowed the serried rows of chairs. Scores of children ran in and out of the aisles. Madame Boisson, sighting her cousin and his wife, almost fell over a group of youngsters in her haste to find a new audience. "There comes to-night," she said, "the Baron of St. Eloi."

"Oh, yes," said Angèle, "Papa Geroult is to be with him on the platform."

"And the consul of Great Britain, and a prince from Russia," Madame Boisson added triumphantly. She seated herself ponderously beside Jean as Mercier herded the stragglers into the big hall. "Where is François Lamoreaux?" she demanded. "And Ambroise Pellisier? And Martin Bourgeois? And Madeleine Cartier's boy? They surely are to be here, since they go to-morrow."

"They are all coming," said an old woman behind her. "They are in the lower hall, waiting."

The roll of a drum sounded somewhere in the building as Père Radisson led a little procession up the middle aisle toward the raised platform. Recognition of the Baron of St. Eloi, Consul of France in Chicago, brought the watchers to their feet. The baron, tall, slender, white of hair, erect of carriage, French aristocrat to the marrow, walked between a massive, bearded man so evidently Russian that the crowd set him down for the promised nobleman from the land of the Czar and a stout, square-set personage no less evidently the British consul. After them walked a big man in the blouse of a working man. Papa Geroult ended the group.

Angèle, breathless with emotion over the honoring of her father, swayed toward Jean. Jean, breathing heavily, nodded appreciation of her mood. Her eyes dilated in dawning hope of the big man's conversion, then narrowed again in realization of the stubborness of his neutrality. She sighed in despair of the gulf that yawned between them. The woman who stood beside her turned. "He also goes?" She jerked her head at Jean. "My husband, Pierre, will go, but to-night he works. He is a waiter in the hotel. I bring his enlistment. See!" Her eyes glittered as she held up for Angèle's perusal the little slip of paper.

"I see," said Angèle. Envy of the little woman's pride in her husband's departure, of their unity of spirit, edged her tone. She could not look at Jean when he nudged her attention toward Papa Geroult's exaltation.

On the platform the men of the little procession had already grouped themselves in semicircle, facing the crowd. Mercier, bustling in excitedly, spoke to Père Radisson. The priest nodded to the baron. To him the sexton bore his evident message. The baron, rising, scanned the hall, following Mercier's pointing forefinger till he found a woman with a red-

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rose hat standing alone near the doorway. He beckoned invitation to her.

Smilingly, while the crowd watched her with that friendly curiosity of French gatherings, the stranger went forward to the platform, taking a place beside the baron while the prince from Russia and the British consul bowed to her cordially. She was a small woman of impelling charm of presence, somewhere over forty, distinctively American in spite of her manifestly Parisian style and easy, cosmopolitan manner. Angèle, watching her, saw with quickened appreciation that the strange woman was moved by the same uplifting excitement that was thrilling the souls of her neighbor, the waiter's wife, and herself. "She has an air," said Madame Boisson. "And a soul," said Angèle. Then, as Père Radisson began to speak, she forgot the stranger.

"I am a man of peace," the old priest said. "I serve Him who chose that his way through the world should be the way of the cross, not the way of the sword. He went the paths of peace, but even He once stepped outside the path to drive from the temple those who befouled it. There comes to every man a time when he finds that one thing is greater than peace. That one thing is justice. It is justice that a man should defend his life, his home, his family, his country. It is justice that his country should depend upon him. Therefore, when France calls you, my sons, it is right that you should go. Through the centuries your fathers have fought for God and for France. If there have come into France a few who would say that there is no God, the time is at hand when they shall see the Son of man coming in a cloud of glory. Unto each generation He has come, as He said. To this generation that was forgetting him, He is coming. Go forth, my sons, for your country, and you will be going forth for Him!"

Over the hall fell the hush of a surging emotion. Upon it broke the sharp beat of a drum. There followed the scuffling of feet. A quick command rang out beneath the rafters. Then, two by two, after the man who bore the drum, marched into the hall the reservists of the colony. Stiffly they walked up the aisle, every one with eyes directed toward the platform where the six men and the one woman had risen to their feet. Between the ranks of the standing crowd they strode, each man sternly erect, each man gloriously conscious that he had stepped forth on the field of the world's history. Solemnly, with the drum still rolling, they took their stand just below the platform.

The drum-beat ceased.

The Baron of St. Eloi came forward until he stood directly above the marchers, gazing down upon them with the look that a father might give to his sons. Seventy-eight faces below him kindled with fire as the old man lifted his voice.

"Soldiers of France," he called them. "I would that I were going with you tomorrow when you set your faces toward the east. I would that I might be with you when you see the shores of our France rising from the mists of the Atlantic. I would that I might be with you when you hear the bugles sounding the 'Advance.' Years, years ago, when this old man"—he turned to Papa Geroult—"and I were young, we marched under the banners of France. The years between those days and these have given us much, taken much from us, but they have given us nothing finer than the joy of having fought for our country, and they can never take away the glory that was ours when the women who loved us told us that we had done our duty, even though the clouds of defeat cast shadows on our beloved land.

"France calls again. It is your pride to answer her call. Our allies"—he bowed to the prince of Russia and the consul of Great Britain—"are sending their sons. Our neighbor"—he turned to the bloused working man—"has flung her whole strength against the invader. Belgium"—he paused before the great cheer that swept the place—"is giving her sons and her daughters, her old men and her old women, yea, even her little children, to the war. Shall we hold back?"

"No!" A mighty shout, flinging itself up to the roof, answered him. Angèle turned to Jean, her eyes crying out to him the baron's question. He was gripping the chair in front of him tensely. Dumbly he turned at her touch, staring at her almost stupidly. "If I were French," he said to her under cover of the cheering,

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"as you are, born in France, I too would go. But I am American!"

Over him surged the reverberations of the cheering. From somewhere at the other side of the hall rose a lusty voice, full, resonant, throbbing now with the violence of splendid feeling, a man's voice beginning the most martial song man has written.

"*Allons, enfants de la patrie!*" it challenged.

Instantly every man and woman in the hall arose. Like a tide the music of the "Marseillaise" immersed them. Soldier and priest, peasant and aristocrat, they stood, shoulder to shoulder, flinging upward the marching-song of their fathers and their fathers' fathers. To its strains the reservists marched up on the platform, taking their stand back of the little group. And as they marched they sang:

"Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!"

The little woman beside Angèle touched her on the arm. She held up her slip of paper and nodded toward the platform. Angèle kissed her. "God bless you," she said, as the little woman walked up after the soldiers to give to the baron her husband's enlistment.

"What does she do?" Jean inquired.

"She sends her man to France," Angèle said, "because she loves him."

The big man looked at her steadily, strangely, while the soul-stirring tones of the "Marseillaise" roared on. Once his hand sought hers, but Angèle drew away, staring up at Papa Geroult, whose thin, white hair was shaking from his agitation as he quavered out the words of the song. Pride in him and shame for Jean fought in her heart. How could she give to Jean the old trust, and faith, and love, when he had failed her in her testing? How could she face the wives, the mothers, the children of these men who were going to France? How could she endure the kindly sympathy of Papa Geroult? How could she bear to meet again the waiter's wife, the woman who had been brave enough to bring her husband's enlistment? Brave enough to—Angèle's heart almost stopped beating as the great thought came to her. Furtively she looked at Jean. Then swiftly, lest some impulse halt her, she slipped from his side and pushed her way forward to the foot of the stairs leading to the platform.

The "Marseillaise" was done. The Baron of St. Eloi turned to the nearest of the reservists. "Give me the list," he said. The man handed to him the slips on which were set down the names of those who would go on the morrow. Slowly he began to read them, naming men familiar to every one in the hall, as one by one the soldiers stepped out of ranks and took their places beneath the tricolor that their color-bearer held. From her place at the front Angèle could see the uplifted faces of Ambroise Pellisier's wife, of Pierre Morand's mother, of Martin Bourgeois's children. She was glad now that she could not see Jean. She clutched her icy fingers together as she made a prayer for strength in the ordeal she had chosen. For Angèle, born Geroult of Mousson, had decided to enter in the reserves the name of Jean Brosseau. If there were no other way, if pride and love would not take Jean to service, then shame must force him. She would follow the little wife of the waiter and give Jean's name. What would Jean do? Refuse? Accept? Reproach her? Hate her? Better that than his own dishonor! And yet——

"Zenophile Cartier!"

"*Present!*"

Last on the list, the boy with the drum stepped under the colors. The waiter's wife, standing at the edge of the platform held up her slip of paper tremblingly. The Baron of St. Eloi started toward her. Angèle went up another step. Then a voice on the platform, a silvery voice with a note of command in its trilling cadences, halted the consul. "May I say a word?" it asked.

Angèle bent back her head to see better. The little woman whom Mercier had led to the semicircle, the woman of the red-rose hat, was speaking. "I am very proud," she was saying, "that I have reason to be here. I am not French by birth. I am an American. Because I am a true American, I have known since my childhood the debt that my country owes to your France. My grandfather's grand-

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father was a colonel in General Washington's army when the Count de Rochambeau came to help the colonies in their war for independence." She smiled saucily at the consul for Great Britain, and he smiled back at her, for the woman with the red-rose hat had a very winsome smile. Then the smile went from her face as she faced the men under the tricolor. "I almost envy you," she said, "that you have the right to war for France. For, next to my own country, I love France best. Some one has called it 'a man's other country.' It is surely that to me. My greatest happiness came to me there. My son was born in France at the American embassy, but still beneath the sky of our Paris. My son is all whom I have in the world now. He has had handicaps in his life, serious handicaps. One of them is our—our circumstances. I have worried sometimes lest his surroundings should lead him away from the simple standards of our people. I have feared that some call might find him absent. But to-day"—her eyes swept over the little group below her—"to-day I may take my stand with pride beside the Baron of St. Eloi, my old friend of the brave days in Paris, who has already given his three sons to the war; beside monsieur the consul of Great Britain, whose son is even now with his regiment at Dunkirk; beside Monsieur le Prince, whose sons are marching toward Warsaw; beside the gentleman from Louvain, whose brother waits for him in their old town; beside the wives and mothers of these men who go to-morrow. Loving my son, I may be proud of him. For I come to-night as proxy for Peter Adams."

Smilingly she stepped beneath the folds of the flag of France, facing with tear-brimming eyes the crowd that had risen to do her homage. Angèle, turning at the gasping sigh of reverence that marked the listeners' admiration of the strange woman's sacrifice for France, drew herself rigid. Back of her, his face grave as it had been on the day of their wedding, stood Jean.

"You shall not stop me!" she said to him.

"From what?" he asked.

She looked at him, incredulous of his honesty in the question; then, seeing in his eyes some spiritual flame that burned high as truth, changed her attack. "Why do you come?" she demanded.

"I have seen," he said simply. "I thought you would have me go to war because you no longer loved me. To-night I know that women send to war only the men they love. And so I serve!"

Erectly he strode up the steps after the little wife of the waiter. The Baron of St. Eloi took their slips of paper from them. Angèle, pressed against the wall, saw her husband halt beside Zenophile Cartier. The tip of the tricolor touched his hair.

"Peter Adams," read the Baron of St. Eloi.

"*Present*," said the woman of the red-rose hat.

"Antoine Philibert."

"*Present*," responded the little wife of the waiter.

"Jean Brosseau."

"*Present!*"

Through her tears Angèle saw Papa Geroult smiling at her, but beyond him she saw Jean—not the Jean of the forge, nor the Jean of her home, not the Jean of every-day life, but the soul she should wait for in eternity.

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TEN YEARS OF RAILROAD REGULATION

By Samuel O. Dunn
Editor of the *Railway Age Gazette*

THE history of our railways is roughly divisible into three periods. The first, or formative, began when the first spike in the Baltimore and Ohio was driven by Charles Carroll of Carrollton in 1828, and ended about 1875. The second, that of competition, began about 1875, and lasted until 1906. In the first period the various lines were so short and scattered that active, wide-spread rivalry between them was impossible. Conditions so changed in the second that its most prominent feature was competition, and the efforts of the railway managements to abate it. The third period, that of regulation, began when the Hepburn Rate Regulation Act went into effect ten years ago. There had been regulation before that, but it had been sporadic, temporary, or ineffective. There has been such effective regulation since that it has played the leading rôle in railway affairs.

Effective regulation having been tried for a decade, Congress has decided to inventory the results and determine what changes are desirable in the policy followed. A joint committee of senators and representatives has been appointed to investigate and report on the entire subject. Two facts stand out when this important investigation is about to commence which are highly significant. One of them is that before effective regulation began public control of railways was opposed as an unwarranted interference with private property, while to-day nobody denies the soundness of the principle except the advocates of government ownership. The other is that the specific questions to which the discussion of regulation now relates are different from those to which it related when the adoption of the policy was under consideration. For example, prior to 1906 the argument for regulation was based chiefly on the ground that it was needed to stop rebating and other forms of unfair discrimination. Now discrimination is seldom referred to and rebating is hardly mentioned.

These facts indicate truly that the ten years of effective regulation have seen great changes in the field of transportation and in the relations between the railways and the public. Experience has convinced many who formerly opposed regulation on principle that it is not unsound in principle. They see that it has done much good. It has abated or abolished the chief abuses at which it was aimed; and this is the main reason why some of the phases of the railway problem formerly much discussed are now seldom mentioned. Nevertheless, many who have wanted to see regulation thoroughly tried have been unable to acquire entire confidence in its ultimate success. They have seen that the machinery used has been unsatisfactory and many of the results produced harmful. It is because not only some good but also some bad results have been produced that the phases of the problem which are the most discussed now are different from those which were the most discussed ten years ago. It is this which explains why denunciations of the railways for dominating and corrupting politics and building up large shippers at the expense of small are now seldom heard, while the air is filled with complaints that the exercise of the overlapping authority of the State and national regulating commissions is causing new forms of unfair discrimination, that regulation is unnecessarily increasing railway expenses, and that between increasing expenses and rates fixed by public authorities the companies are becoming unable to earn reasonable net returns or to improve their service or enlarge their facilities enough.

The policy entered upon in 1906 was a unique experiment. The railways subjected to public control were spread over an area almost equalling that of Europe and had a mileage five times that of the railways of any other country. The meth-

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od adopted was chiefly that of imposing broad statutory requirements and limitations on the companies and delegating discretionary authority to commissions to enforce them. Regulation by commission was not previously unknown. But the extent and nature of the authority and duties given the Interstate Commerce Commission, which were at once legislative, administrative, and judicial, differed from those ever delegated to any other national regulating body. There already existed a number of State railroad commissions. It seemed as if it would be desirable, when the national government commenced assuming greater control over the roads, for the States to begin to step aside; but, immediately following the enactment of the new federal railway laws, many new State laws were passed, new State commissions were created, and the powers of those already existing were enlarged. No other country ever tried to regulate its railways by a multiplicity of overlapping laws and agencies operating independently of one another.

Nobody could have foreseen what would be the results. That all would not be good was inevitable. By now studying those which have been produced and the ways they have been produced we can get light on the best policy of regulation to follow in the future. Such study should be made, for the improvement of our policy of regulation of railways is the only alternative to government ownership.

When the Hepburn bill was under consideration discussion centred especially around four classes of evils. These were the activities of the railways in politics, the wholesale distribution of free passes, the granting of secret rebates and of unfair discriminations of other kinds, and the juggling of the finances of some companies. All of these evils were traceable to conditions which had prevailed in the formative and competitive periods of railway development. Why they have been reduced is not difficult to see.

The relation of the railways to politics long was disgraceful. In many States their lobbyists controlled nominations and elections and dictated to the legislatures. Their influence was almost as great at the national as at the State capitals. It was originally necessary for the companies to secure special legislation to obtain charters. The public was more anxious to get railways than as to the terms on which it got them, and the law makers were correspondingly compliant. The practise then developed, of employing political lawyers to obtain satisfactory charters and other concessions, was found useful to continue when the formative period was past and the problem of the railways was no longer that of securing from the governments what the railways wanted but that of keeping the governments from taking away privileges, immunities, and rights which the railways wanted to keep. The downfall of the political influence of the companies, which was practically coincident with the beginning of effective regulation, was primarily due to the general uprising of the public against political bossism and against the activity of large corporations in public affairs. But the effects produced on the relation of the railways to politics would not have been lasting if this uprising had not led to certain legislation. One of the best provisions of the Hepburn Act was that prohibiting the giving of free passes except to specified classes of persons. Those on whom passes had been bestowed most generously were politicians and newspaper editors. Every politician who had one was more friendly or less unfriendly to the railways than he otherwise would have been. Every pass accepted by an editor had some influence on what the press said about the railways. The legislation regarding passes had immediate effects on the press and politicians. "Pitiless publicity" concerning railway affairs became universal. A flood of laws which the free pass had helped keep back was poured forth. The laws creating regulating commissions or giving them increased authority tended to complete the destruction of the political influence of the railways. Legislative bodies, with their numerous members elected for short terms to represent many localities, are likely to be influenced more by political considerations than commissions with a small number of members chosen for comparatively long terms. Consequently, legislatures are more likely to be subservient to large corporations when public sentiment is friendly to them and unreasona-

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bly hostile when public sentiment is unfriendly.

Secret rebating and other forms of unfair discrimination were results of that excessive competition between the railways which prevailed for many years. Competition between railways, unless limited by agreements or regulation, will be carried to greater extremes than between concerns of any other kind. When competition between concerns of other kinds bankrupts the weaker, it eliminates them. It may, and often does, bankrupt railways, but it cannot eliminate them. If a railway company quit business it would forfeit its charter, and could not sell its plant to be used for any other purpose. It is always cheaper to keep on competing than to stop running a road entirely. Therefore, there is no extreme to which railway competition may not go and has not gone. Throughout the period of competition the managements tried, by pooling arrangements, by agreements or contracts to maintain rates, and by consolidations to moderate their rivalries. These attempts were defeated by antipooling and anti-trust legislation. While competition prevailed the roads naturally fought harder for the business of large than of small shippers and communities. The result was the discriminations in favor of the former. The original act to regulate commerce made it a crime for a railway to give a rebate but not for a shipper to receive it. This was unfair; and, as the giving and receiving together constituted the offense, merely prohibiting the giving was not sufficient. The Elkins Law of 1903 made it also a crime to receive a rebate. This caused an improvement. The Hepburn Act increased the penalties against rebating, enlarged the investigating authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and gave it power to fix maximum reasonable rates. It thus substituted regulation for competition as the controlling factor in rate-making. Competition being thus reduced, and the provisions against rebating having been made clear, comprehensive, and mandatory, and being now enforced, that practise ceased.

The efforts to abate unfair discriminations in the published rates and the complaints about them have been less successful. Doubtless this is because the determination of what adjustments in rates should be made is a matter requiring expert judgment; and the commission, although more impartial, has not as much expert knowledge and judgment as the railway officers. However, the delegation to the commission of large authority over rates has done good, not only by reducing discriminations made by the railways but by assuring the public that in the making of rates the rights of all will be considered.

Our railways long have been reproached on the ground that those in control have juggled their securities to defraud minority stockholders, and have watered their capitalizations to get a fictitious basis for charging rates and earning profits. Originally the security issues of most companies did exceed their investments. Railways were speculative enterprises, and it was impossible to sell their securities at par. Furthermore, until comparatively recent years the issuance of securities in excess of actual investment was not considered ordinarily an improper business practise, and railways were not regarded as different in their nature from other classes of concerns. Before public opinion regarding the overcapitalization of railways changed, the managements adopted the "American practise" of making many improvements from earnings and charging them to operating expenses or surplus. There was also a natural increase in the value of the properties. Consequently, when effective regulation began there probably was not much difference between the value of the railways as a whole and their capitalization. Since then there have been few cases of stock-watering, and the increase in investment has exceeded the increase in capitalization. It is significant that those who imply that stock-watering continues to be prevalent always use to illustrate the practise the cases of a few roads—Erie, Chicago and Alton, Rock Island, St. Louis and San Francisco, New Haven. Now, the condemned transactions on all these roads were begun and most of them were consummated before 1906. The increasing conservatism and honesty of railway financial management are partly due to the development of a sentiment which condemns practises formerly condoned.

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They are partly due to the publicity which has been given to these practises. They are partly due to regulation in several States prescribing the purposes for which and the conditions on which securities may be issued.

The foregoing shows that regulation has helped to confer some important benefits on the public. If this were the whole record it would be very satisfactory. But it is not the whole record. While regulation has helped to destroy railway domination of politics, it has been made at times and in places a pretext and vehicle for harmful political agitation and action. While it has abolished rebating and reduced some forms of discrimination, it has engendered other forms of discrimination. While it has afforded protection to other interests from the railways, it has failed to give the railways adequate protection from other interests.

To break the political power of the railways it was necessary to engender a bitter public sentiment against them. This sentiment having been created, various classes have used it to serve their own purposes. Certain unions of railway employees have long maintained representatives at the State and national capitals to promote legislation. When the labor lobby, backed by an army of voters, was confronted with a railway lobby, with its pockets full of passes and even more conclusive arguments, labor could secure only a small part of the legislation it sought. The destruction of the railway lobby was the labor lobby's opportunity. For ten years it has secured, especially at the State capitals, almost every kind of legislation it has demanded. Some of this, such as the federal law limiting the hours of work of men in train service, has been beneficial. Some of it, such as the laws requiring extra men in train crews, has been unjustifiable. All of it has increased railway expenses, and in passing it the lawmakers have been inspired largely by political motives.

Under our present system the facilities and the rates of the railways are subject to regulation by both the nation and the States. Where there is conflict the States must yield. This is the theory. In practise it has proved impossible for a State to regulate rates and facilities within its borders without affecting interstate commerce and commerce within other States. Almost every railway operates in more than one State; many in ten to fifteen. A road's total expenses and earnings determine its total profits, and on these depend both the State and the interstate service which it can render. If one State makes its rates too low or its expenses and taxes too high, that State affects the rates which the railway must charge and the service it can render everywhere else. A State legislature or commission represents only the people of its own State. Therefore, it usually considers what will especially appeal to them more than what will tend to benefit the country as a whole. The lawmakers and commissions of some States, notably those of Texas, have been very persevering in trying to so adjust rates as to secure for their own shippers unjust advantages in the markets of their own States over those of other States. The passenger and freight rates within many States have been made lower than those within adjacent States or than the corresponding interstate rates. In this way there have been created many discriminations as unfair as those which regulation, especially federal regulation, was adopted to abolish.

The most harmful and dangerous tendency prevalent during the period of regulation has been that of railway expenses and taxes to increase faster than earnings. The decade preceding the beginning of effective regulation in 1906 was one of growing prosperity for the railways. Their traffic expanded rapidly. Their passenger and freight rates advanced slightly. There were also some advances in wages and large advances in taxes; but the tendency of net return was upward. Since 1906 the tendency of net return has been in the opposite direction. In 1906 it took 69 cents out of every dollar of railway earnings to pay operating expenses and taxes. In 1913 the traffic handled and the total earnings made were the largest in history; but it took 73 cents out of every dollar earned to pay expenses and taxes. In 1914 there was a heavy decline in traffic and earnings; and it then took 77 cents out of every dollar earned to pay expenses and taxes. In 1906 the net return earned on the investment in the

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properties was 5.39 per cent; in 1913, 4.87 per cent; in 1914, 3.99 per cent.

The results of this downward trend of net return were serious. The number of miles of railway in the hands of receivers a year ago broke all records. The orders given for cars and locomotives in the five years ending with 1915 were 35 per cent smaller than in the five years ending with 1906. The new mileage in 1915 reached the lowest point since the Civil War. The retrenchments adopted were so severe that the large and important class of manufacturing concerns established to supply the railways with equipment and materials was brought to the verge of ruin. The increase in the number of railway employees was almost arrested. In the eight years before 1906 it was 74 per cent; in the next eight years, only 11 per cent. The long period of retrenchment was followed by the severe congestion of traffic and shortage of cars which marked the revival of business in the fall of 1915 and spring of 1916.

The decline in net return has been due partly to increases in taxes. When the railways were influential in politics, their taxes increased at about the same rate as their earnings. When their political influence was destroyed their taxes began to increase much faster, and between 1906 and 1914 advanced from 3.2 to 4.6 per cent of their total earnings. This increase in the rate of taxation added $43,000,000 a year to their outgo. But the principal cause of the decline of net return has been increases of wages. In 1906 railway employees began a series of extensive movements for advances in their pay, and the total increase in their annual compensation between 1906 and 1914 was almost a half billion dollars. Of this $369,000,000 was due to advances in the rates of pay.

The commencement of these advances in taxes and wages was coincident with the inauguration of effective regulation. The policy of regulation adopted in 1906 was mainly the outgrowth of the conditions and developments of the preceding ten years. There had been a rapid increase of net earnings; and the policy adopted was predicated on the assumption that traffic would continue to grow, that when it grew the tendency of railway net earnings would be upward, and that the proper purposes of regulation of rates were to prevent discriminations in them and to secure the reductions in them which the increase of profits would make practicable. Consequently, when the railways, owing to increases in expenses and taxes, began to try to advance their rates, the country was filled with astonishment and indignation. When they persisted the Mann-Elkins Law was passed in 1910, giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to suspend advances pending investigation. Meantime, both the State and national authorities were reducing rates. The total earnings in 1914 were $50,000,000 less than they would have been if the average rates of 1906 had been maintained. Only within the last two years have the reductions in rates been arrested and some advances secured. It has been this combination of increasing wages, taxes, and other expenses and stationary or declining rates which has caused the downward tendency of net earnings.

This tendency was checked about a year ago, because, just when the managements had effected great retrenchments, there came a large increase in traffic and earnings. But while the net return earned in the year ended June 30, 1916, will be found, when the complete figures are available, to have been much larger than that earned in 1914 or 1915, it probably will also be found to have been less than that earned ten years ago or even than in 1910 and 1913. Besides, railway employees are again asking and, in many cases, securing large increases in wages, and the advances in taxes continue. The forces which have caused net return to decline are still in operation, and, unless arrested, will produce the same results as heretofore.

The foregoing review of developments under efficient regulation suggests a number of important conclusions bearing on the policy that should be followed in future. The evidence shows that the force which has done the most to drive abuses out of and to raise the standards of railway management has been a militant public sentiment. The creation of this sentiment has been mainly due to the increasingly intelligent publicity which has been turned upon the railways. This

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publicity has in many cases been due to investigations and reports made by regulating bodies, and especially by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The fact stands out clearly that a sound and exacting public sentiment has proved to be the most efficient corrective of railway abuses, and that the surest way to create such a sentiment is to adopt a policy which will cause full publicity to be given to the details as to the methods and results of management and operation.

But while certainty of publicity and of public condemnation for misconduct exercises a controlling influence over most men, experience has shown that there are some in the railway business, as in every other line of activity, for whom it has not enough terrors. Railway men of this kind make necessary regulatory measures more drastic than those designed to secure publicity. Unless forcibly dealt with they do harm both by their misconduct and by practically forcing the officers of other railways, for competitive reasons, to imitate their immoral or even criminal methods.

There are certain classes of acts of omission or commission that sometimes occur which are unmistakably wrong and harmful. These include the indiscriminate giving of free passes, the granting of rebates, clear negligence in the construction, maintenance, or operation of tracks or trains resulting in accidents, and the use of opportunities afforded by positions of trust to defraud investors. Such acts are so obviously inimical to the public welfare that the provisions of law regarding them, like those relating to other misdemeanors and crimes, should merely define the offenses and prescribe penalties for them, and the duty of detecting and prosecuting for them should be given to the same officers of the government who deal with other criminal violations of law.

There are other classes of real or alleged abuses constantly cropping up whose culpability is not so clear and which cannot be dealt with in the same way. Whether an adjustment of rates is unfairly discriminatory is a question about which honest differences of opinion may arise even between persons having expert knowledge and judgment. Similar differences of opinion may arise as to whether railways should adopt certain safety appliances; as to the hours their employees should be required to work and the wages they should be paid; as to the conditions or terms on which the companies should be allowed to issue securities; as to the percentage of net return they should be allowed to earn, and as to whether they are earning it. Experience shows that the public should participate in the settlement of these questions. But it also shows that the public cannot participate by merely adopting specific statutory requirements and having the department of justice enforce them. It must participate through bodies exercising a good deal of discretionary authority. But such bodies cannot be allowed to exercise unlimited discretion. The policy they carry out must be postulated on principles laid down by the public itself. These should be such that their application to the various questions that arise will promote the "greatest good of the greatest number," and it will not do this unless the principles themselves are sound.

The best and most effective part of our regulation has been that which has attacked unquestionable abuses with absolute prohibitions and specific penalties. Much of that done by legislative bodies and commissions exercising discretionary authority has been of doubtful value or harmful. This has been largely because it has been postulated on the false principle that regulation should control the managements of the railways but need not help them—an assumption which has not underlaid our legislation regarding any other industry. For example, the Act to Regulate Commerce gives the Interstate Commerce Commission power to reduce rates and to prevent them from being advanced, but gives it no authority to advance them or to prevent them from being reduced. In consequence, any individual road may at any time make a reduction in rates which will not only injure all the other railways but also work an unfair discrimination against all the shippers or communities whose rates are not reduced. Again, the railways may seek to increase rates on certain commodities. The Interstate Commerce Commission may believe that they

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need larger earnings; but, if it disapproves of the increases on these commodities, it cannot go on and do complete justice by ordering the increases in the rates on other commodities it thinks should be made.

The maintenance of transportation is more important to the public than the rates it has to pay. But so one-sided are our laws that, while they will not permit the companies to suspend operation, there is no provision which would prevent it from being interrupted by employees going on a strike, and the menace of strikes has caused many of the large increases of wages referred to. The rates which the railways must charge depend on the expenses which they must incur. Regulation has done much that has increased expenses but little to help the roads to meet the added expenses. Wages are much the largest item in expenses; but while rates are regulated by bodies established for that purpose, wage disputes are arbitrated only at the option of the parties and even then are not arbitrated by the same bodies that regulate rates. In consequence, no relationship has been maintained between changes in wages and changes in rates. It has been demonstrated that the assumption that railways are such peculiar institutions that their employees and patrons need protection from them, while the roads do not need any corresponding protection or co-operation on the part of public authorities, is erroneous; and so long as we act on this assumption the tendency of net earnings will be downward and the expansion of railway facilities will be inadequate. Regulation needs to be so reformed that the railways will be given the same consideration from their employees, their patrons, and the public that they must give to their employees, their patrons, and the public. Every change in rates made by public authority should be preceded by expert investigation, not only as to whether it would be fair as between different shippers and communities, but as to the effect it would have on railway earnings. In the past extensive reductions of rates have been made, especially by State authorities, without any such investigation. Every body which regulates should possess and exercise as much authority to advance or prevent reductions in rates as to reduce or prevent advances in them. Experience has shown that it is as important to the public that rates shall be high enough to enable the railways to raise needed capital as that they shall not be so high as to impose an unreasonable burden on those who pay them, and our legislation regarding regulation should recognize this principle.

Legislation for arbitration of labor disputes should render it impracticable for transportation to be interrupted by a strike until somebody representing the public has investigated and reported regarding the matters in dispute. The wages which the railways must pay are such an important factor in determining the rates for which they can render their service that wage disputes and rate disputes should be settled by the same body. If the issuance of securities is to be regulated, the facts should be recognized that not only is it desirable to prevent stock-watering, but that it is equally desirable that securities shall be issued in as large amounts as may be necessary to raise sufficient capital for adequate development of railway facilities. It should also be recognized that the prices at which securities can be sold depend, not on the public's opinion regarding a "fair return," but on the return which investors think that they can reasonably expect to receive from them. Only by following a course which will tend to render railway operation not only honest and efficient but also profitable can regulation be made to do unmixed good.

The reform of regulation should include not only changes in the principles on which it is predicated but in the machinery by which it is carried out. Experience has shown the unfitness of law-making bodies to deal directly with any of the problems of regulation except those susceptible of solution by the passage of statutes prohibiting specific acts and fixing specific penalties for them. All of its problems whose solution requires the exercise of discretion should be turned over to commissions of experts.

Experience has also demonstrated that none of the problems involved can be satisfactorily solved by having both State commissions and a federal commission

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deal with them. It is absurd to have both State and federal commissions issuing orders, which seldom are consistent and often are contradictory, regarding such matters as the block signals to be installed on the same roadway and the safety appliances to be put on the same cars. The unfair discriminations in rates arising from regulation have been inevitable results of subjecting the railways to forty-nine masters. It is manifestly impossible to have disputes regarding the wages and conditions of work of employees settled according to State lines. As the determination of whether a railway running through a half-dozen States may issue certain securities will affect its development and the service it renders in all of these States, and as the total amount of its earnings will determine how much capital it can raise for use in all of them, it is unreasonable and inexpedient to leave it within the power of each State so to control a railway's issues of securities or its earnings as to affect its development and service in all the other States. Railways do not begin and end at State lines. Commerce in its development and movement ignores such lines. Therefore we should cease recognizing them in the regulation of railways.

The only rational conclusion deducible from our past experience is that the regulation of railways should be assumed exclusively by the national government and delegated by it to appropriate agencies of its own. But if the entire work were imposed on the Interstate Commission as now organized it would be impossible for that body to carry it; for it is overworked in performing its present duties. Both the character of the commission's duties and its organization should be changed, first, to secure a more satisfactory application of sound principles, and, second, to prevent the machinery of regulation from being broken down. The commission is now required to serve as a kind of detective bureau for ascertaining whether the railways are violating the laws and for collecting evidence against them, as well as to adopt regulations regarding certain phases of operation and to hear rate cases. It cannot perform its functions as a detective bureau and prosecutor without acquiring, in doing so, a bias which will influence it in performing its quasi-judicial duties. Therefore, its duties of detecting and securing evidence regarding violations of law should be turned over to the department of justice. They could be performed by that department with greater efficiency, and the change would relieve the commission of a large amount of work.

While commerce does not move and railways are not built and operated according to State lines, commercial and transportation conditions differ widely in different sections. They are similar in adjacent States, as Massachusetts and Connecticut, or Kansas and Nebraska; but they are widely different in the Northwest and in New England, in the central States and in New Mexico and Arizona. Therefore, if State regulation is abolished there should be established a number of federal commissions subordinate to the Interstate Commerce Commission whose jurisdictions should correspond with these territorial differences in commercial and transportation conditions. The creation of these commissions would make it possible to adapt regulation to territorial conditions and needs and would prevent the Interstate Commerce Commission from being overloaded with work. Appeal should be allowed in most, or perhaps even all, cases to the central commission; but probably in most cases the decisions of the district commissions would be accepted.

The changes in the principles and machinery of regulation suggested in the foregoing would not weaken the protection afforded to any class of persons or concerns from the railways, but would make regulation more efficient and fair. They would abolish the evils arising from the railways being subjected to forty-nine masters, but would not lead to excessive centralization and its harmful consequences. They are indispensable to making regulation such that it will secure the greatest practicable benefits for the public.

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LONDON MEMORIES

[FIRST PAPER]

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

I HAD visited London repeatedly in my youth; and I had spent several weeks there in 1873 on my wedding trip. But the dingy town had never appealed to me as Paris did. I am inclined to think that this lack of attraction is to be attributed not so much to the contrast of the gray skies of the English city with the sparkling sunshine of its French rival, as to the fact that our family was likely always to find friends in Paris, whereas we had few acquaintances in London. In the seventies I looked upon the British metropolis as a place to be passed through swiftly, while the French capital was a place where we could settle down for a stay. In the eighties these conditions changed, and as I came to have more friends in London than in Paris I began to abridge my visits to France and to abide longer and longer in England. It was to Austin Dobson that I owed my introduction to a circle of literary men whose welcome soon made London rather than Paris the goal of my summer voyaging.

Ever since I had chanced to come across Frederick Locker's "Lyra Elegantiarum" —I think in 1870—I had delighted in society verse, as it is often miscalled, *vers de société;* "familiar verse," as Cowper termed it; the brief, brilliant, buoyant lyric of Praed and Locker and Holmes; and when I came into possession of Dobson's "Proverbs in Porcelain," in the spring of 1878, I was fascinated by the delicate art with which he had acclimated the foreign ballad and rondeau and triolet to our ruder tongue, bestowing upon his metrical experiments the blithe spirit of English familiar verse. I reviewed his poems promptly for the *Nation;* and I prepared a paper for *Appleton's Journal* explaining the principle of these fixed forms and illustrating the theory by examples taken from "Proverbs in Porcelain." Bunner shared my interest in these novel additions to metrical practise; and we published in *Scribner's Monthly* and in *Puck* the earliest American examples of the rondeau and the ballad. I believe that my paper in *Appleton's* on "Varieties of Verse" was the pioneer essay introducing the French forms to American readers.

With his customary kindness, Stedman forwarded this article of mine to Dobson, informing him that its author was going over to England that summer; and with his customary kindness Dobson wrote back, asking Stedman to send me word that he would be glad to see me when I was in London. So it was that I made the acquaintance of Austin Dobson, an acquaintance that immediately ripened into a friendship enduring now for nearly two score years. Like so many other English men of letters, Dobson had a position in the civil service; and I found him in a remote room in the inner recesses of the group of old rambling houses in Whitehall Gardens, behind the Banqueting House, whence Charles I went to his beheading. The office in which Dobson did his daily work was low-ceilinged and dim, although it had a window on the rear gardens that stretched down to the Thames Embankment. At that first meeting he called my attention to the fact that it was this dark and distant office he had in mind when he penned his lovely lyric, "To a Greek Girl," in which he recaptured not a little of the airy freedom and the ineffable grace of the lighter Alexandrian poets.

I had been able to go to the Board of Trade only a day or two before I left London for New York. In the three years that intervened before I went to Europe again Dobson and I corresponded frequently. I was able to place poems of

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his (and also of Andrew Lang's sent me by Dobson) in the pages of *Scribner's Monthly;* and at his request I was glad to procure for his friend Frederick Locker one or two first editions of American authors to fill vacancies in the Rowfant library.

Then in 1881 I crossed the Atlantic again, arriving in London more gladly than ever before since I now had there one friend at least; and almost immediately I made half a dozen others. The Austin Dobsons invited us out to Ealing to meet the Edmund Gosses; and the Gosses invited us to their very pleasant Sunday afternoons, at the first of which I met Andrew Lang.

From Dobson, Lang had learned that I was intending to write a life of Molière—the biography which was not to appear until nearly thirty years later, and from Dobson I had learned that Lang was also contemplating a life of Molière, which he had already outlined in an article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, but which he was never to begin. So far from feeling that I was poaching on his preserves, he seized an early occasion at this first meeting to take me aside and to proffer to me all the books he had collected for his own use. This was characteristic of his large-mindedness; and magnanimity was only one of the elements of his charm. He had at first, so it seemed to me then, what I can perhaps best describe as an outer crust of Oxford aloofness, intended for external use only and accompanied by a trace of toploftiness which temporarily concealed his incessant friendliness, his active sympathy, and his constant cordiality.

Lang was the most versatile, the most fecund, and the most learned man it was ever my good fortune to know intimately. He was the only scholar in the narrowest sense of the word (as well as in the widest) who was able to combine the pursuit of scholarship with the practise of daily and weekly journalism. When I first met him he was engaged in writing a daily editorial article in *Daily News* upon literary and social topics; and a selection of these has been replevined from the swift oblivion of the back number in a volume entitled "Lost Leaders." He was printing two or three or four long articles every week in the *Saturday Review*, besides contributing unceasingly to other weeklies, to many monthlies, and, not infrequently, to the quarterlies. He was ready to write at any time upon any subject; and upon almost every subject he seemed to have special knowledge. Even when he lacked solid information his mind was so alert and so keen that he was able swiftly to seize the essential principles needed to formulate a valuable opinion. Of course, he had sometimes to treat topics not congenial; and I recall one paper of his, on Zola, wherein I failed to find his customary felicity.

His fame suffered from the fact that he was, in the apt phrase of Mrs. Malaprop, "like Cerberus, three single gentlemen in one." He was first of all a working journalist; then he was a scholar, abundant in contribution and discovery; and finally he was a man of letters. Nor is this a full statement of his infinite variety, for as a man of letters he appeared in three guises: as a critic, as an essayist, and as a poet. It never need be wondered at that a versatility so truly unique should awaken doubts—doubts naturally increased by Lang's possession of the dangerous gift of humor, by his inability to be stolidly serious, by a tricky whimsicality which would sometimes flash across the pages of his graver inquiries, lightening them up and leavening scholarship with wit.

The general reader was made aware of his humor and his wit in the delightful "Letters to Dead Authors," essays in epistolary parody, one of the minor masterpieces of latter-day English literature and probably the single volume of Lang's likely to survive longest—playful in temper but acute in critical appreciation. He had the fourfold qualification of the genuine critic—insight, equipment, disinterestedness, and sympathy; and these qualifications lifted his incessant contributions to the *Saturday Review* far above the average level of journalistic book-reviewing. Whatever he did he did with zest and gusto; and he did it in his own fashion, without effort to disguise his own individuality. He told me once that he had been called upon to review anonymously a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica, to which he had contributed an important

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article, and that he fell foul of his own contribution because it did not contain certain facts that had come to his knowledge since he had passed it for press—to the natural dissatisfaction of the editors of the cyclopædia, who instantly recognized Lang's handiwork in the unsigned review.

He published three or four volumes of his lighter verse and of his metrical translations from the French and from the Greek. His only long poem, "Helen of Troy," never received the approbation it merited. I was glad to be able to arrange for an American edition, issued by Charles Scribner's Sons; and when he acknowledged the publishers' check, he remarked that "they have generous ideas of payment, those Scribneridæ." He wrote verse as easily as he wrote prose, with an instinct for the inevitable word. I told him one day of the French jibe against Scribe, who was asserted to lay the scene of his plays in a land of his own invention, where the manners and customs and laws were always precisely in accord with the necessities of his plot. This far country had been designated as La Scribie. The day after we had had this chat I read in an afternoon paper a copy of verses called "Partant pour la Scribie," in which Lang described the undiscovered country as

"A land of lovers false and gay;
A land where people dread a 'curse';
A land of letters gone astray,
Or intercepted, which is worse;
Where weddings false fond maids betray,
And all the babes are changed at nurse."

I recall one afternoon when we were discussing the ways of improvisers and when I challenged him to write a sonnet in fifteen minutes. He laughed and asked for a topic, which I gave him. He seized paper and pencil as I took out my watch. He wrote thirteen lines in thirteen minutes; and then, with another laugh, he tore up what he had set down. On another occasion I was telling him of a story which I was going to write (and which I did write, calling it "A Secret of the Sea"), wherein I proposed to have an ocean liner held up by a yacht and forced to surrender the specie it was carrying. "Why write about it?" Lang asked gravely. "Wouldn't it be more fun to do it yourself?"

He was a lover of beautiful books, learned in the lore of bindings and of collectors; and I persuaded him to permit an American publisher to make a volume out of his scattered essays on these subjects. I collected the papers and made them ready for the press; and Lang sent over a triolet in which he dedicated to me this volume, entitled "Books and Bookmen":

"You took my vagrom essays in,
You found them shelter over sea,—
Beyond the Atlantic's foam and din
You took my vagrom essays in!
If any reader there they win
To you he owes them, not to me.
You took my vagrom essays in,
You found them shelter over sea."

I may record also that, in testimony to our equal devotion to Molière, Lang inscribed to me the brilliant "Ballad of Old Plays," in which he resuscitated in successive stanzas the customs of the court, the town, and the theatre,—when these old plays were new.

II

THROUGH the kindness of Dobson I had the pleasure in 1881 of making the acquaintance of another of his intimate friends, Frederick Locker, who was soon after to assume the name of Locker-Lampson. He caused me to be invited to the Athenæum Club, always difficult of access to strangers; and at the Athenæum he introduced me one dismal afternoon to the dark-visaged Abraham Hayward, whom he persuaded to recite for us the ribald and libellous verses that Praed had rhymed in dishonor of Lady Blessington—verses that Hayward always refused to write out and that therefore perished with him. Like Hayward, who was the author of the article in the *Quarterly* which first proclaimed the value of "Vanity Fair," then midway in its course of publication in monthly parts—like Hayward, Locker had been a friend of Thackeray's. And it was Thackeray who had said to Locker when the latter was cast down by some editor's rejection of a poem: "Never mind, Locker, our verses may be small beer, but at any rate they are the right tap!"

It was the tap from which Thackeray

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had drawn "Without and Within" and the "Ballad of Bouillabaise," and from which Praed had drawn the "Belle of the Ball," that Locker drew "Piccadilly" and "St. James's Street." In the successive issues of his "London Lyrics" Locker had varied the contents, casting out earlier poems that had ceased to please him and inserting newer verses; and a little while before I met him he had asked Dobson to go over his poems and to make a selection of the best to appear as the definitive edition of "London Lyrics." This his younger friend had done with unerring discretion; and Locker gave to his friends, of whom I was then fortunately to be numbered, a privately printed volume, for which Dobson, who was responsible for the choice of its contents, had provided this condensed criticism in verse:

> "Apollo made, one April day,
> A new thing in the riming way;
> Its turn was neat, its wit was clear,
> It wavered 'twixt a smile and tear;
> Then Momus gave a touch satiric,
> And it became a 'London Lyric.'"

Locker was delighted with Dobson's selection of his best verses for this final book; but soon his heart began to yearn over the lost sheep, over the poems excluded to all eternity from paradise. At last he resisted no longer and herded all the outcasts into another privately printed volume which he entitled "London Rhymes." As he wrote me once, the worst in "London Lyrics" is better than the best in "London Rhymes"; none the less did the second little book go forth to take its place beside the first on the bookshelves of his friends.

Locker had sent this definitive edition of the "Lyrics" to Gilder as well as to me; and Gilder asked me to write a critical essay on Locker for *Scribner's Monthly*, which was about to become *The Century Magazine*. With the aid of advice from Dobson and from Bunner I prepared the paper. After it appeared Gilder agreed to let me write a companion piece on Dobson; and when next I went to London I sought counsel of Locker, as the one fellow poet most likely to help me to seize the essential traits of "Vignettes in Rhyme" and "Proverbs in Porcelain." He spent two or three hours with me going over Dobson's work; and at the end of our several meetings I made a curious discovery. All unconsciously to himself, for he was as loyal to Dobson as Dobson was to him, he had been constructing a ring-fence around the restricted domain of *vers de société*, with himself inside the enclosure and with Dobson outside. I think that if I had then put to him in plain words his unformulated thought, he would have admitted it frankly, explaining that Dobson was too emphatically a poet for his Pegasus to be wholly at ease in the narrow paddock of familiar verse, wherein ample pasturage might be found for half-poets like himself. And I perceived that what Locker did not say in so many words was absolutely just. Dobson's muse wore the flowing robe proper for climbing the slopes of Parnassus, and only on occasion was she willing to appear in the tailor-made garb of her sister who inspired the lyrist of London.

By these dark hints of Locker I profited when I penned my paper; and I did not hesitate to tell Dobson what Locker had intimated. For a moment, although for a moment only, Dobson was taken aback. Then he admitted that Locker was quite right. "I think that the best of my work is not purely familiar verse," he admitted. "In fact, I wrote verse of that kind mainly because I saw that it provided an opening for me when I was young and unknown."

I should be false to another friend if I failed to note here that Bunner's appreciation of Dobson's art was as helpful to me as Locker's. I find a letter of the time in which he sent me hints, calling the lines "To a Greek Girl" the most purely beautiful of all Dobson's work, resting the spirit if it did not touch the heart. "Most classicism shows us only the white temple, the clear high sky, the outward beauty of form and color. This ('To a Greek Girl') gives us the warm air of spring; the life that pulses in a girl's veins like the soft swelling of sap in a young tree. This is the same feeling that raises 'As You Like It' above all pastoral poetry. Our nineteenth-century sensibilities are so played on by the troubles, the sorrows, the little vital needs and anxieties of the world around us, that sometimes it does us good to get out into the woods and fields of another world en-

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tirely, if only the atmosphere is not chilled and rarefied by the lack of the breath of humanity."

A few years later when I reprinted the papers on Locker and Dobson in a volume called "Pen and Ink, essays on subjects of more or less importance," I asked Bunner and Dobson for poems to go in the front and at the back of my book. They acceded to my request; Bunner's epistle in rhyme will be found at the end of my volume; but when Dobson gave me his verses he expressed a doubt as to the propriety of his contributing to a book containing a criticism of his own work. Since this appeared to him to be a question of taste, I could do no more than yield to his feeling; and Lang supplied me with a prefatory poem, "Pen and Ink." Dobson's lines may now appear in print for the first time:

"With pen and ink full many a sin
The reckless race of men begin;
Not only with their black or blue
They stain the page of virgin hue;

"But thereupon, forsooth must spin
Their tangled web of false and true
With pen and ink!
And worse than this—they wily grin
To think how all their kith and kin,
Ay, and the long-eared Public, too,
Must buy these desperate things they do,
With pen and ink!"

Space may also be found here for a briefer effort of the playful poet, only a couplet, that he inscribed in a copy of the original edition of Sheridan's "Rivals," published in 1775, which he sent me, after an untoward delay, due to the dilatoriness of the bookbinders:

"Behold the long-hoped gift arrive:—
'Old Sherry—brand of Seventy-five.'"

Before leaving Locker I must record two remarks of his. He had a high regard for the lighter lyrics of Holmes, calling him—in the preface to "Lyra Elegantiarum"—"perhaps the best living writer" of familiar verse. He paid the American poet the sincerest of compliments by borrowing the form of the "Last Leaf" for his own "To My Grandmother":

"This relative of mine,
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she look'd at seventeen,
As a bride."

And one day when we were discussing the art of versification—it may have been during one of our long talks about Dobson—he drew my attention to the peculiarity of this six-line stanza, declaring that it seemed to be easy, although it was in fact very difficult. "In fact," he concluded, "I don't think that any one, excepting only Holmes and myself, has been really successful with it."

When Mr. Cobden-Sanderson set up as a binder, Locker sent to ask if he would cover some books for him. To which the craftsman, in the pride of his achievement, responded that he did not care to bind "anything ephemeral." Locker suspected that this reply was intended to prevent his request to have his own "London Lyrics" sumptuously preserved for posterity in one of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's magnificently decorated morocco covers; and this nettled him a little, so he sent word again that the volume he wished to have worthily bound was a first edition of Shakespeare's "Sonnets"—"if Mr. Cobden-Sanderson did not consider that too ephemeral."

III

Dobson and Lang and Gosse were members of the Savile Club, which had been founded by Sidney Colvin and which was then occupying a house in Savile Row, the same house in which Richard Brinsley Sheridan had died, as the tablet declared which the Society of Arts had placed on its front. One or another of my new-found friends put me up at the Savile during my successive visits to London until I was elected a member in 1885. A custom of the club made the path easy for the feet of the stranger within its doors; this was the social convention that those who chanced to sit side by side at luncheon or at dinner or in the smoking-room should feel at liberty to talk to one another without waiting for the formality of introduction. This is a sensible club tradition which makes for good-fellowship, as I soon found out for myself. One day I dropped in to lunch and sat at a table where I spied some one I knew.

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Next to him sat an alert little man with a keen face and sharp eyes; and before I had finished my lunch I recognized that I was in the presence of a master of conversation, a talker who could have held his own against John Hay or Clarence King. He was frank and unaffected, yet he had an air of distinction. His manner was most friendly and engaging, and when our modest meal was over, I followed him upstairs to the smoking-room for our coffee. As we took our seats I saw Lang in the next room and I rushed over to him with an eager inquiry as to the name of the unknown conversationalist. Lang glanced back and answered, "That's Jenkin—Fleeming Jenkin. He's the great authority on drains!"

At the moment the name did not mean anything to me; and I only wondered how it was that a personality so interesting happened to be an authority on drains. As a matter of fact, Fleeming Jenkin was the originator of the system of sewage-disposal introduced into America by Colonel George E. Waring; and he spoke to me later most appreciatively of the American engineer's work. But he was more than an authority on drains, since he had been closely associated with Lord Kelvin in the development of transatlantic telegraphing.

At the time I met him he was engaged in developing a method of aerial transportation by means of electrical appliances, a system which he called telpherage and in which he had as an associate a young electrical engineer, Gordon Wigan, soon also to become a friend of mine. But it was not as a practical scientist that Jenkin interested me but as an artist in conversation; and yet when I try to recall specimens of his talk my memory is empty, and I think that this must be because he was not primarily a wit, crackling with quips readily remembered. He had wit in abundance but he was no mere phrase-maker; his wit was not concentrated in portable epigram, but dispersed and generally illuminating. His was a wit of ideas rather than a wit of words; and in him wit was less obvious than the free play of intelligence. Once in the smoking-room, when a group of us were exchanging impressions, some one started a new topic and some one else turned to Jenkin and said, "You ought to have a theory about that."

"Of course I ought," Jenkin replied instantly. "And I'll make one on the spot just to satisfy you!"

He had been a professor at the University of Edinburgh when Robert Louis Stevenson was an undergraduate there; and as a consequence of the friendship then begun Stevenson prepared the prefatory memoir for the two volumes of his literary and scientific remains. Perhaps because Stevenson was desperately ill when he accepted this unwelcome task out of loyalty to his dead friend, writing it in bed and rewriting it repeatedly to please the widow of his old professor, this memoir has always seemed to me the least successful of all Stevenson's works. It would be unfair to describe it as patronizing; but when I first read it I could not but feel that Jenkin was a larger figure than he appeared in Stevenson's pages. Far better is the portrait in the pair of papers on "Talk and Talkers" in which Jenkin figures as Cockshot, being contrasted with Gosse and Henley and R. A. M. Stevenson, all of whom I knew, finding no one of them more satisfactory in conversation than Jenkin.

Fleeming Jenkin was one of the very few men I have met who knew anything about acting, the least understood of all the arts. Now and again I have found a player or a playwright who had an insight into the principles of this art; but almost the only laymen of my acquaintance possessed of a grasp of histrionic theory were Jenkin and his associate, Gordon Wigan—and the latter had it by inheritance, being a son of Alfred Wigan. It was Wigan who favored me with an annihilating criticism of a performer of long service, but still prominent in the London theatres. "I don't deny that he is the most scholarly and accomplished actor on our stage," was Wigan's remark; "but sooner than see him act I'd rather be all alone by myself in a dark room."

I recall that I capped this by quoting an American criticism of an American actor of equal prominence which was quite as damnatory, since it consisted of a single sentence, "Mr. Blank's 'Hamlet' is no way to behave."

With Wigan I had a point of contact

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other than our common enjoyment of acting; we were both students of the art of prestidigitation. So was a friend of his who soon became a friend of mine, Walter Herries Pollock, the brother of the present Sir Frederick Pollock and the son of the Sir Frederick Pollock who had edited Macready's "Reminiscences." When I made his acquaintance in the summer of 1881, Walter Pollock was the second in command in the editorial office of the *Saturday Review;* and in our first talk I expressed my delight in a review of one of "Professor" Hoffman's manuals of parlor-magic which had appeared in the *Saturday* a week or two earlier. "You shall meet the man who wrote that," said Pollock; "he is a very unusual man." And when I did meet him I soon found that this was not the overstatement of an enthusiastic friend, for the article on conjuring had been written by E. H. Palmer, professor of Arabic at Cambridge and also at that time a chief leader-writer for the *Standard.*

Palmer was an extraordinary creature of unusual appearance and of unusual attainments in out-of-the-way lines; and it was fortunate for me that I was able to make his acquaintance when I did, since the next summer when he was attached as interpreter in chief to the English expeditionary forces in Egypt, he was sent on a secret mission to the sheiks of the desert, in the course of which he was led into an ambush and slain. He and Wigan, Pollock and I were all followers of Robert-Houdin, and we choose to believe that as the original Rosicrucians had possibly been professional conjurers we felt ourselves authorized to revive the Brotherhood. Like all adepts in modern magic we took no stock in the manipulations of professional spiritual mediums; and as Pollock ascertained that a distinguished man of science, also a member of the Savile, had leanings toward spiritualism, he organized a séance at his house with intent to prove that the magicians who made no pretense to supernatural powers could work marvels quite as mysterious as those exhibited by the spiritualists.

The burden of this enterprise fell upon Palmer; and about a dozen of us, including the man of science, met at Pollock's for a couple of hours one evening. His house had on its main floor two rooms, a drawing-room and a dining-room, separated by a smaller antechamber. Two of the manifestations deserve a detailed record. In one of them, an illustration of thought-transference, Palmer sat himself down at the dining-table in the rear-room with his back to the drawing-room, in which Pollock was seated at another table, with his back to the dining-room; and before each of them was a chess-board with its complete complement of men. The rest of us wandered from one table to the other, while Wigan stood in the antechamber between, to act as umpire. With watch in hand he called out "Black can make his first move," whereupon Palmer pushed forward a pawn. Without any possibility of communication Pollock instantly copied that move on the board before him, and then pushed forward one of his own pawns, a move immediately repeated by Palmer in the other room. Then the umpire called on Black to make a second move, which Pollock imitated, making his second move in response. And so the silent game was played out to the end with no interchange of signals from one player to the other. I confess that this mystery might have baffled me—if I had not known in advance that the game had been memorized by both players.

Then Palmer was blindfolded and stationed in a far corner of the drawing-room, while the rest of us gathered in the dining-room about the scientific man who was to write a number which Palmer was to divine at a distance. I saw the number written; it was 666; and I saw also that the pre-arranged signal which was to convey it to the blindfold guesser had failed to reach him. While Pollock and Wigan were holding the attention of the others, in a vain effort to work the secret system of communication, I slipped back to Palmer and whispered the number to him. He gave me time to resume my place with the others who had not noticed my absence; and then with a shout he sprang up and tore the handkerchief from his eyes and rushed toward us, his grayish hair bristling as he came forward, as though under a potent spell. "What is this?" he cried in awe-struck tones. "I do not see a number. What I behold is a huge, horned beast—a beast with seven horns."

And we all know that the number of the Beast was six hundred and sixty and six.

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The chain of Mont Blanc from Courmayeur.

The Giant's Tooth, 13,170 feet, is barely seen, far to the right. The Col, 11,060 feet, is the lowest point to the left of the Tooth. Mont Blanc is hidden at the left.

CLIMBING THE GIANT'S TOOTH

A "FIRST-CLASS" CLIMB IN THE ALPS

By Dora Keen

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

CONSIDERING that we were right at the foot of Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in the Alps, it seemed unreasonably hot in Courmayeur, even for July and sunny Italy. The very idea of being 9,000 feet higher up and amid the eternal snows within twenty-four hours was alluring.

The form and name, too, of the Dent du Géant, or Giant's Tooth, the ascent of which my guides were proposing to me, had the fascination of a challenge. A fellow Alpinist in Chamonix, a few nights before, had told of a difficult ascent in Norway for which the so-called guide had presented himself without a rope, and upon demand for one had quietly taken the rope off the cow! Evidently the formidable rock "needle," or Aiguille, at which my guides were pointing would require the real ropes with which they were provided. Indeed, it ranked as one of the most difficult of the Aiguilles, those rock spikes that go to make up the chain of Mont Blanc. Yet I had not been a week in training.

I had arrived from America's flattest parts not a week before, from the top of Mont Blanc only the night before; for one must go while the weather was good, Joseph Démarchi, my leading guide, had insisted. So here I was, with him and the second guide, Comte, already midway on a six-day tour. After two days spent in practise climbs of short but sharp rock work, with unwonted snow, on the Aiguille de Glière, Aiguille de l'M, and Aiguille des Petits Charmoz—all above 9,000 feet—we had set off. In two days' march we had "traversed" Mont Blanc—that is, had come up on the Chamonix side, from France, and down the Italian side—from 3,415 feet up to 15,782 feet, and down again to the green Val d'Aosta nearly 12,000 feet below. Now we were starting back to Chamonix by way of an 11,000-foot snow pass, the Col du Géant. We were to spend two nights there in the

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stone hut of the Italian Alpine Club, and on the succeeding days climb two of the hardest of the Aiguilles, the Dent du Géant and the still more difficult Dent du Requin, or Shark's Tooth.

A practise climb. La Glière, 9,353 feet.

The tracks are those of an ascending *caravane*. On so steep a slope, with rocks at the bottom, only an expert can safely *glisser*, or slide down standing, for to keep ankles stiff and to brake with the ice-axe require practise. The cross in the background shows the location of the Grands Mulets cabin half-way up Mont Blanc.

The snow still lay deep on all the rocks where usually it was gone by this time of year. A bad season, with much snow the summer before, at Zermatt, had made my ascent of the Matterhorn nineteen and a half hours long. This season was even worse. And at their best these Aiguilles were reckoned "harder than the Matterhorn."

The day over Mont Blanc, from which we had come in at ten o'clock the night before, had also meant nineteen hours and a half of steady going. We had been snowbound for a day at the Grands Mulets cabin, on the rocks amid the glaciers half-way up the Chamonix side. We had left there at half past two in the morning, by lantern, and, after long hours of upward ploughing through fresh snow, had reached the summit at ten o'clock. But the descent by the Italian side is long and the Arête du Dôme steep and treacherous. We could not hurry, indeed we had been too anxious to speak, while on that perilous snow "cornice" or overhanging ridge, so that by the time we had reached the steep Glacier du Dôme below, the late hour had softened the deep snow over the innumerable crevasses. When at last we had come wearily stumbling into Courmayeur, it was a question which was most welcome, hot food, water to wash with, or a bed.

But the joy of strenuous exertion out-of-doors for a vacation is the new strength that it brings, the power to recover quickly from fatigue. It is like a tonic to one's

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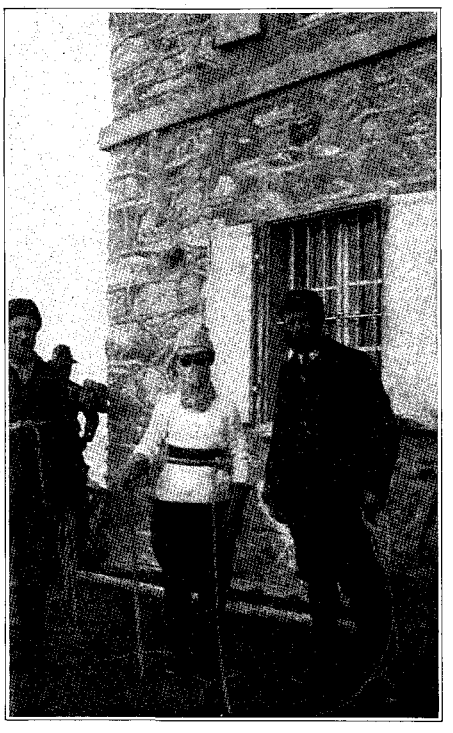
system. By half past four next morning I was awake, rested and ready to go on. Not so the guides. Their clothes were still wet from the long hours in melting snow, which also had ripped my boots, and to trudge along the hot valley road with heavy packs in the heat of the day would be too wearisome, they said. So it was two in the afternoon when we set off for the Rifugio Torino, with 7,000 feet to climb before supper.

The sun scorched us, and it was a relief to think we would soon feel the cool breezes on the mountain wall that so completely shut in this beautiful though hot Val d'Aosta. Wooded slopes framed a view over which fleecy clouds floated. But the Dent du Géant was not a peak to be undertaken in doubtful weather, and we grew anxious for the morrow.



The author and guides leaving the Rifugio Torino.

Démarchi is at the right. The mask and goggles are to protect against snow burn and the belt to keep the rope from cutting.

On the green slopes over which the path soon led, laughing peasants were cutting the hay with scythes, while, to complete the picture, purple crocuses dotted the way beside the tiny channels in which cool water gurgled pleasantly. As if their toil were but sport, each in turn stopped as we passed, first to stare and then to respond in friendly fashion to my "Buona sera."

In a few moments we were passing their picturesque little homes, some mere huts, all closely grouped and clinging to the steep slope. Soon the woods were so dense that no breath of air reached us, nor aught but an occasional peep at the peaks above. From below they had towered above us. Now through the tall pines they seemed actually to be sinking as we rose.

In two hours we were above timber, and the panorama opened out. At the Mont Fréty pavilion there was a halt for tea and for a look at our peak through the telescope. It had not been climbed until 1882, when the Duke of the Abruzzi had somehow perched a three-foot aluminum statue of the Virgin on that dizzy point. "A very difficult ascent, and only for Alpinists of first rank," was the guide-book's warning.

On the stony talus slopes sheep grazed amid the sparse grass, beside pools of melted snow—the last water we should pass for two days. Soon the trail was only stones and hard to follow, then wet from melted snow, then steep, making us look with jealous eyes at the tracks where some one had been expert enough to *glisser*, or slide standing, down the snow slopes in the early morning when they had been hard. Presently there were no more bare rocks, while the way had become so steep that we had to pull ourselves up over one pile after another of loose rocks fallen from walls oversteepened by the cutting of former glaciers. On the narrow ridges, now snow-covered, it was hard not to slip, and to warn me Démarchi told of a tourist that had slipped to his death on the rocks far below.

At seven we reached the hut. In five hours we had climbed 7,000 feet because of the easy trail. Just so must all supplies come up, and this year on men's backs instead of mules, because of the snow. Yet here, 3,000 feet above the snow-line, were not only shelter and fuel, as in all the "huts" of the High Alps, but even rooms,

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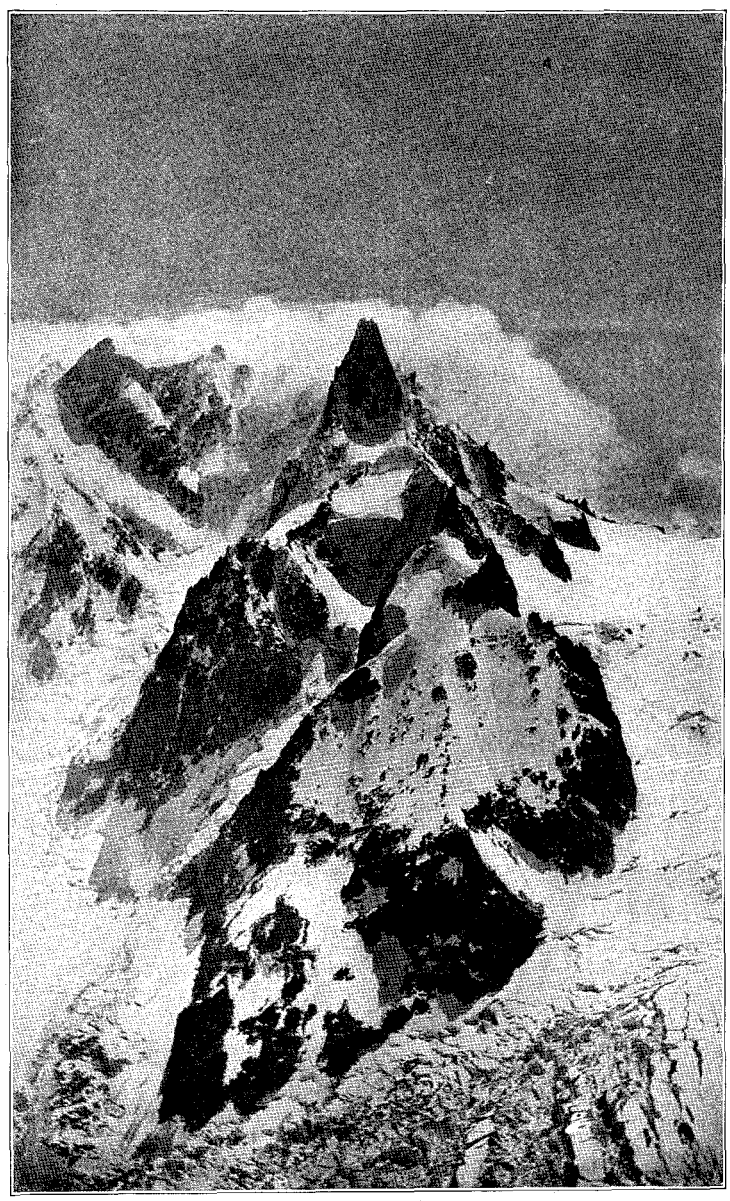
hot food, and a caretaker and family to serve us. A snow-slide had destroyed an earlier cabin, so this was in a protected spot and of stone. Beds cost only eighty cents, but all rooms were taken, and I was lucky to be alone in the attic, with fourteen beds, and no hob-nails overhead.



The Dent du Géant, or Giant's Tooth, 13,170 feet.

As thus seen, from the summit of the Dent du Requin, it rises 4,000 feet above the crevasses of the Mer de Glace below, known as the Seracs du Géant. (The higher point is the one behind. The Col is at the right.)

We were of varied nationalities. Four Germans, a man and three women, were merely going over the pass. Two Frenchmen, as likewise an Englishman and his sister, were bound for the same peak as I was. Another Englishman was to attempt Mont Blanc from here, by way of the Brenva Glacier, of evil repute. It was a new, difficult, and dangerous "course." Only that morning a great avalanche had swept it—the very time to try it, he said, and, as both he and his guide were of the best, they might be trusted to turn back in case of danger.

Most interesting of all was Monsieur Vallot, the distinguished scientist from Paris, who was mapping the glaciers. He sat covering his aching eyes, which the dazzling glare of the snow had nearly blinded, for the accurate reading of delicate instruments had compelled the removal of his goggles. Yet in spite of our sympathy it was hard not to laugh at the comical figure he presented. His face was all smeared with lampblack, against snowburn. He said

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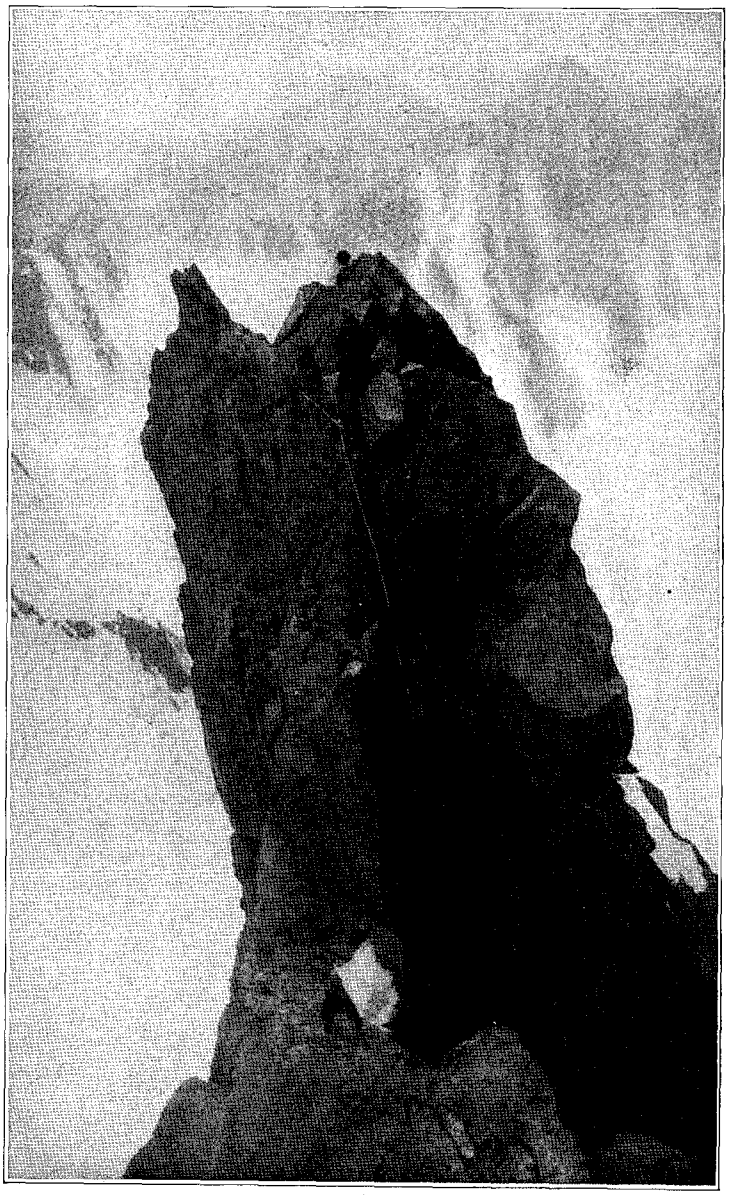
that water up here was too scarce for him to wash the black off each day.

Water, indeed, seemed the chief problem for the moment—to melt enough to drink, and to find a place for every one's wet clothes to dry by daybreak without being burnt. In the tiny kitchen all was confusion, for even under such conditions European traditions of the right of the upper classes to command prevailed. So orders were *à la carte*.

At half past four next morning a rare sight awaited us. Down below, the night before, tiny, far-away lights had told where Courmayeur lay. Now all was covered by a sea of clouds. Its filmy breakers dashed against the sharp reefs and promontories of the highest peaks, the tips of which were all that appeared, as if islands in this gently surging sea. Through the gossamer white of the clouds glistened the dazzling white of the Mont Pourri, the only snow peak of them all, the rising sun lighting its summit. Slowly the billows rolled upward toward the lofty dome of Mont Blanc far above. Then the sea broke with the sun's warmth. The clouds rose, past the jagged Aiguilles de Pétéret and the unapproachable Dames Anglaises, to hover and at last settle over the top of Mont Blanc.



The other *caravane* climbing the lower point.

The English girl is in the centre with her hand on the cable. Above her is the porter taking in the slack as she climbs. At the top is her brother, also braced. The guide is below her now but will be above the rest from the top down. The photograph was taken by the author from the higher peak (similar to the jagged point at the left) in a snow-storm, and is said to be the best picture ever taken on this peak.

The omens for fair weather were not

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good, so we waited a little before starting.

Within a half-hour from the cabin our peak came in full view, looking so near, indeed, that it was hard to believe it would take an hour to cross the snow to its base. Soon the sun grew hazy, then the sky became gray, but as yet there seemed no need to turn back.

Crossing a crevasse on the Glacier du Géant, or upper Mer de Glace.

The white line, marking the depression, has given warning and the guide has turned to hold the rope taut as soon as the picture is taken.

Footprints appeared. Evidently some other party was ahead, another *caravane*, as each tiny human group in the desert of peaks and glaciers of the High Alps is called. Seldom do two *caravanes* join forces, for it is safer and quicker to avoid the detentions and rolling stones of a party ahead. Only once could we make them out, tiny moving objects on the rocks at the base of the peak. And as they disappeared before our very gaze, while my guides assured me that they could be nowhere but on that side, I began to realize the proportions of the rock fortress we were about to assail.

It was the 29th of July, yet the rocks were still covered with deep snow. Seldom had there been such a season for snow. Because of it all the rock climbs were doubly long and difficult, some few impossible throughout the season; for when the only holds for hands and feet are rock ledges, unless the rocks are bare, the fingers grow too numb and cold to hold.

With care, in three-quarters of an hour we had pulled ourselves safely up the loose rocks and the steep, deep snow-drifts about the base, all exceedingly slippery. Slowly we rounded a pile of pointed rocks, to take breath, eat, leave our packs, and prepare for the battle ahead; when all of a sudden, as we reached the north side, the sky grew leaden, the wind bitterly cold and furious in its intensity, while each nook and corner in which we sought shelter seemed the one place where there was most draft.

In an instant we were pierced through with the cold. Mittens, helmets, sweaters, the icy blast went through them all. It swept upward from the sea of ice 4,000 feet beneath us, the Mer de Glace. The Alaska parka, although only of khaki, yet hooded and wind-proof, should be introduced into the Alps. With misgivings we looked upward. Could we climb those ice-cold, snowy rocks without mittens? Could we hold with them? We must try. As I remembered the heat in Courmayeur

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I thought of a lady whom I had once met in the tropics, who had told me that after nine months of steaming heat she was going up to the Himalayas, and "*hoped* she would have a chill."

A shout from close by startled us. The English girl and her brother appeared. Already they had been far out on a ridge from which the wind had nearly blown them. They had abandoned all idea of this ascent, but our decision to try it determined them to go on. Etiquette demanded that they go ahead, although one of the party proved slow, detaining us every few moments. But for the heat of the fray we would have become numb with the cold, but there was no room to pass.

We had started up the tower, a two-hour struggle so awful that it will always remain one of the most vivid experiences of my life. For two long hours, which seemed as if they would never end, I was straining every muscle, every nerve, panting, tugging, struggling, in a frantic effort to pull myself up, three feet at a time—up 500 feet of sheer precipice. Only because the holds were firm could such a climb be made at all.

The immense relief and triumph that came with each difficult bit accomplished as quickly gave way to dread, anxiety, even dismay, as I saw that the next effort must be even greater. What I remember chiefly, what I shall never forget, indeed, are the awful moments when I seemed to feel in vain for a foothold, while my arms grew weary of holding my weight, so weary that I felt they could not hold much longer; and yet my foot could find no resting-place. Time after time I would feel about, first feebly, then madly, then desperately, but still often in vain, now with one foot, now both, for even a toe-hold, while I hung only by my fingers from some rock above.

Still worse was it when I obeyed the scolding, anxious, peremptory shouts of command of Démarchi above me *not to let go of the fixed cable, always to keep at least one hand on the cable*. It was meant as a help, but to me it was not a help, rather another source of worry as it swayed with my grasp. The rocks, at least, held still instead of swinging me out into space. I was roped securely by the waist both to the guide above and the one below. But to be pulled up is not climbing, and the

A crevasse that is treacherous because half concealed by snow.

Its upper end, over which the snow almost meets, hiding the danger, shows how easy it is to step into such a hole unawares. For safety, a *caravane* travels roped together and as far apart as the rope permits, at least twenty feet between each two persons, and with three or more in the party.

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rope was merely for safety. It was a last resort in case of a slip or for such places as might be beyond the stretch of my five-foot stature. But on this peak I did not slip nor once have to be pulled up.

Démarchi was always above. As truly as the captain of a ship, the "first guide" commands the *caravane*. He is morally and legally responsible for the safety of all. His position is always above. He leads the way, directs those below, and is the anchor for all in case of a slip. In ascending he goes first, in descending last. He makes all decisions, and when he pronounces the way "dangerous" the *caravane* turns back. To the guides of the Alps, those masters of the art of mountain-climbing, not to the tourists whom they lead, belongs the credit for most of the difficult ascents that are made there.

The rope was now a constant problem. It was heavy, a dead weight that all must drag after them, and it kept catching on the rocks at critical moments. For on so difficult a peak there had to be fifty feet of rope between each two of us, so that each might have leeway to climb until he reached a point where he could hold on and brace himself while the next one was climbing. In dangerous places only one moved at a time, while the rest stood prepared for a jerk in case of a slip and kept the rope taut.

But in his efforts to keep it taut or to help me Démarchi would too often pull the rope at the wrong moment, so that I in my turn had constantly to be shouting up to him *to keep it taut, but not to pull.* For just as I would be almost at the top of some bad place, my breath nearly gone, my balance insecure, suddenly would come a jerk at my waist that all but dislodged me or took my last breath.

Limb from limb, truly I seemed to be pulling myself limb from limb.

But there was a zest in the combat, a challenge to will-power and tactics as well as to endurance and muscle in that seemingly inaccessible summit. There was the thrill of adventure in every step, and with every foot won a sense of accomplishment, a new consciousness of power, which brought confidence and strength for the fray. In the space of a few hours, more than in years before, I seemed to be acquiring all the qualities needed for the hard battles and decisions of life. The rocks were pitiless. Help was far. There must be no mistakes, whether of action or judgment, no slips, no moment when each was not doing his best, his part for the success of all.

Nor was the effort all muscular. Every sense was keyed to the immediate perception and solution of each difficult problem, and both mind and body seemed to grow stronger with every hour. Indeed, just because a difficult mountain ascent is so completely absorbing as well as interesting a sport, so engrossing a campaign to be waged, it has been the favorite vacation of such men as Tyndall and others, who have sought rest and relief on the high mountains from labors of a different sort indoors and in cities, and have thus redoubled their usefulness.

The peak above us did not appear high, but quite unattainable, at least for me. So there was a victory in every step upward that brought its own reward. It was the joy of achievement, of proving oneself equal to a hard test.

Once the cable passed around a corner which was a mere slab, with no holds except for the feet, and those too far apart for my reach. At one such point the cable itself was just above my reach, so that all I could do was to call to the guides to keep the rope taut and to brace themselves for a slip, while I clung as best I could with the palms of my hands and my body flat against the rocks, and somehow got around—perhaps, as one of my friends has said, by the roughness of my clothes. The guides held me easily, yet the momentary terror at finding nothing to hold onto was a startling sensation.

It was the unpleasantness of uncertainty rather than fear, for little by little I was losing all sense of fear, all vague dread of the unknown. Instead, I was learning to reason out the dangers, to avoid or overcome them, and never again to be afraid when there was nothing definite to fear.

The fixed ropes were a help, but they did not make it easy, any more than the few loose cords under the summit of the Matterhorn had made that easy. As there, each of us must pull himself up, and let himself down again, by his own efforts. The guide only showed the way, no more.

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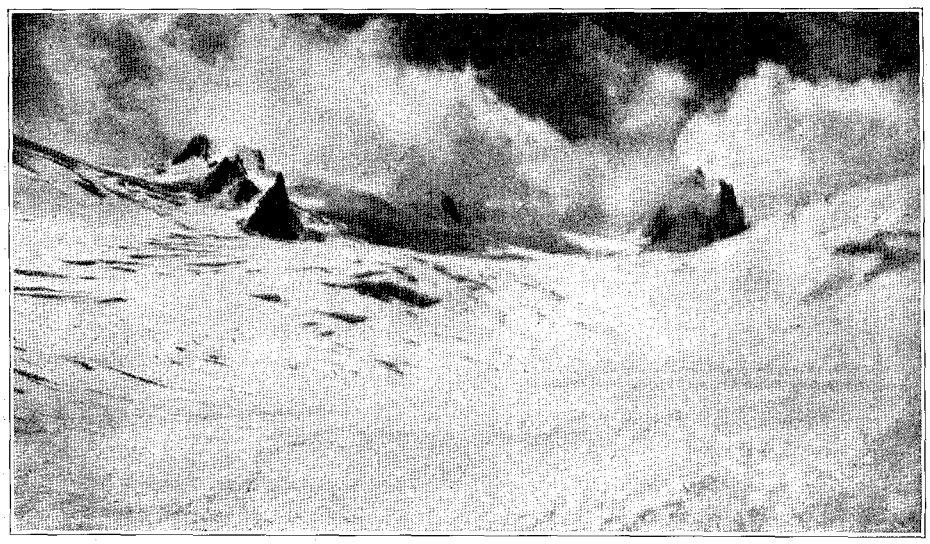
Each must work out his own salvation, or fail. So, like the Matterhorn, the difficult Aiguilles are *immer anstrengend*, as the Germans say, a very great strain. Crevices and ledges there were, but not always where they were needed, nor enough of them.

In one crack, a veritable "chimney," there was not even room for me to squirm up in the usual fashion with knees against one side and back against the other. I could only hang in space, trying at least to keep my hold, while my foot would slip from each apparently secure support just as the other foot tried to find a ledge higher up. At each point I had to kneel as high as I could, then reach as much higher as possible, pull myself up, then step as far up as I could, and finally get all the way up, at the second or third attempt if the first one failed.

"It's a bit exhausting, isn't it?" called the English girl from above. "I think it's terrific," I replied.

I was even beginning to wonder whether I could hold out. Always, too, there was the delay and complication of having to find my own holds when those I had watched Démarchi use proved beyond my reach, for where he climbed with one step I would first have to kneel up half-way. "Now, that pleases me," he would finally say, as if reluctantly, "to see that you can find your own holds." Nor does anything irritate a guide more than to have to *tell* his patron to keep his eyes on the man ahead and to note with which foot he starts. My arms were growing limp. And each time that I had to keep watching, watching for fifty feet above me before Démarchi halted, I found it hard to recall just where the holds had been at the start. At times he would even be out of sight around some corner before he called to me to come on.



After the storm.

The Col du Géant is at the left, beyond the Flambeau, or Beacon. At the right is the Tour Ronde. The dark lines mark the crevasses of the Glacier du Géant, most glorious after a storm.

It had begun to snow. We must hurry, if we were to get safely up and down again. As we neared the top, each little bit seemed the last, certainly the last I could do that day. Yet the next moment, after but a moment's halt to pant, I had no thought but to go on all the way to that vanishing summit.

At last we seemed surely to be reaching it, only to find that it was not quite as high as the twin point beyond, for the Giant's Tooth is a molar with the narrowest of ridges between its two points. The other *caravane* was on its way to the higher peak, and as there was only one place

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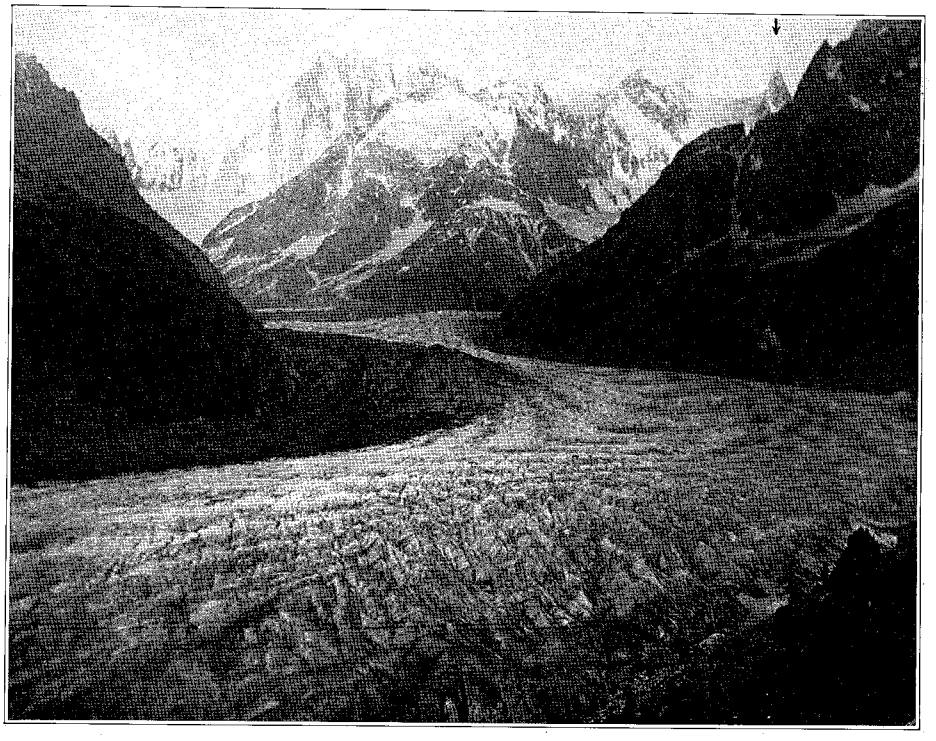
where we could pass, we must wait, watch, and be there at the right moment.

Cautiously we descended, passed them with care, then climbed to the highest point breathlessly, as Démarchi suggested that I get a picture of them climbing the lower point to descend it on the other side.

Far away through the mists lay the snowy summit of Mont Blanc, so high that its snows are eternal, its dome shape still little affected by the action of the glaciers, which have cut away all else around it except these resistant Aiguilles. Its top was veiled, mysterious, while in



The lower Mer de Glace.

Showing the great bend, the crevasses, and, far to the right (under the arrow), the peak of the Dent du Géant. The glory of the snow-fields is never seen by the tourist, who usually stops here, at the Montanvert.

There was not room for more than him and me on that veritable needle of rock, so little room that I had to hold on and had only one hand for my camera. On the whole tower there had been no other point at which there were both the chance to free one hand and also to point the camera in any other direction than up or down.

We were on top at last, and as if on a church steeple. The abruptness of Alpine peaks above the green valleys below is one of their finest features, and this one rose so straightly above the Chain of Mont Blanc, that down in Courmayeur the English girl's mother was watching her through a telescope.

contrast, below us in all their impressive depth the yawning crevasses of the Glacier du Géant stood out in bold relief. Beyond them, opposite us, rose the rock "needle" we were to attempt on the morrow, the jagged, turreted Dent du Requin, the "Shark's Tooth," a longer and harder climb than the Giant's Tooth, and with no cables at all. Behind us was the steep parapet of the Grandes Jorasses, cut away so sharply, indeed, on all sides that it was but a wall, seemingly too steep for the snow to lodge on, yet now white in every nook and crack. But the view to which my eyes turned oftenest was the unbroken sweep of white of the Vallée Blanche, the

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great snow-field descending from Mont Blanc in which the upper Mer de Glace, the Glacier du Géant, has its chief source.

Perched thus high in mid-air, apart, and far from the hurry and worry of human activities, we seemed but atoms in this majestic world of ice and snow and rock. I was awed by those immutable forces. The stillness of all but the elements, the might, the isolation of these fastnesses into which so few ever penetrate, brought peace to the soul and new strength to the spirit. It was as if I had found rest in a strength so much greater than my own that there was a conscious sense of the eternal all about me, of an ordered world, with a plan of which I was a part, no matter how dim my understanding of my part.

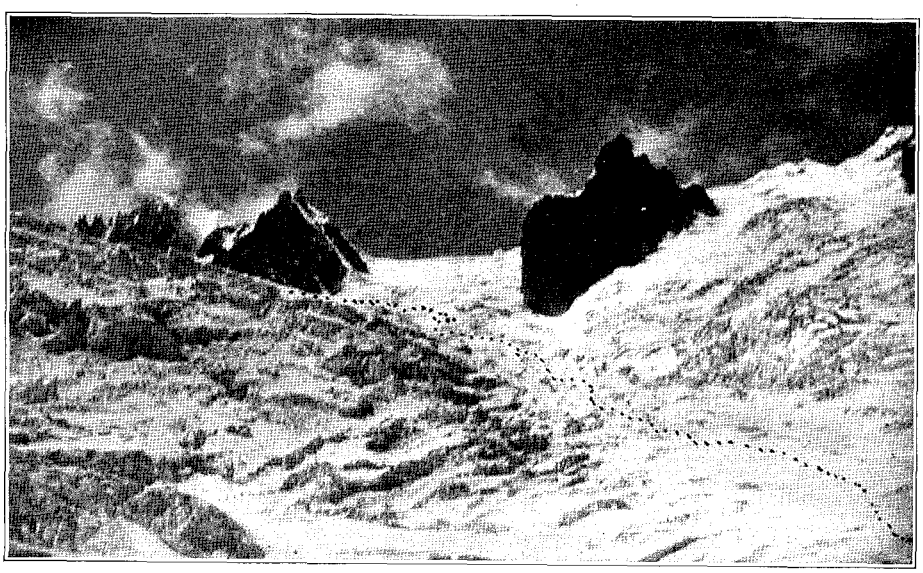
The snow had been falling steadily, and now I learned why the guides had hurried me so. They were anxious lest the storm become electrical, for two men had once been struck by lightning on this peak. Ten minutes were all that we could stay.

We descended from our aerie pinnacle, crept across the narrow ridge back to the base of the lower peak, and were soon at its top, preparing for the long descent. Again our safety would depend on the leading guide, our anchor. Only after long apprenticeship may the guides receive their licenses, and they seem never to slip. The accidents occur almost without exception to those who go without guides. Still, for greater security, when possible the rope was swung over a projecting ledge or rock.

We started down, but, on such rocks, to go down took almost as long as to go up and was almost as anxious work. At least there was no such panting for breath. But again there was the strain to find or to reach the holds, and the added fear lest I slide too fast down the cables or grow weary in my hold if I slid too slowly. Once more we were kept back by the *caravane* ahead. In an hour and a half we were down—an hour and a half to climb *down* only five hundred feet!

At last there was less wind and it was not quite so cold. The struggle was over. We had reached our packs at the foot of the tower and could stop to eat. Yet all the way to the base there was need for care, still plenty of places where a slip might endanger the whole *caravane*. Down on the snow-fields the new snow was growing deep as we trudged back to the Col, and crevasses made the rope still needed all the way.

We had been gone only seven and a half



Our trail around the Seracs du Géant, the ice falls in the Mer de Glace.

Usually a two-hour task, this year the deep snow made it possible to find a way around them in fifteen minutes.

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hours when we reached the cabin again at two o'clock. Again it was crowded, yet cold, so cold that Monsieur Vallot seated himself upon the stove as he talked of his work and of that at the Observatory that bears his name at 14,000 feet on Mont Blanc. The storm had become so bad as to detain us all.

Next morning it was no better. The Dent du Requin must be postponed. Its rocks were too snowy to be safe. Too late for our purpose there was a lull in the storm, and at eight o'clock we started down for the Montanvert and Chamonix. We should have to pass under instead of over the Dent du Requin, down the full length of the Mer de Glace; but in spite of those miles of crevasses, even when all foot-prints were thus covered by fresh snow, the way there was so well established as to be almost a highway. Within an hour four tiny specks appeared below us, another *caravane*, three men and a woman toiling slowly upward from the Montanvert, while our descent was so rapid that within fifteen minutes they were out of sight behind us.

A rare *caravane*, indeed, was all that disturbed the perfect peace, their trail the only sign of life on the vast expanse of snow. The clouds began to break. The veil of mist and mystery rose, and a new world stood revealed. Peaks only half visible the day before stood out in all their glory, all glistening in a mantle of fresh snow. A film blew softly past first one then another, for the moment concealing them. Soon, like a pantomime, the clouds massed and clustered in fantastic shapes about the high peaks, while the only sound was of the new loose snow sliding off the rocks in constant avalanches.

We were descending the Glacier du Géant. Soon we reached the crevasses, but the tracks of the ascending *caravane* we had passed showed where to cross safely. When a snow-bridge looked weak, the first guide would test it with his ice-axe and hold the rope taut while the rest crossed. At the great *seracs*, or "ice falls," of the Mer de Glace, the unusual snow had so filled and levelled the maze of fissures in the ice that with only a few flying leaps, only a few steps to cut, in fifteen minutes we had come safely over crevasses that had taken two hours for me to cross two years before. A bad season makes rock climbs dangerous, but is the safest time for glaciers, the heavy layer of snow and absence of sunshine preventing the melting of the ice and the opening of crevasses.

In another hour we had come down so low that the ice was bare of snow. All crevasses were visible, and we could unrope and avoid them. A little farther and we had reached pools and streams of water on the glacier, and soon we passed around its great bend, down onto the dirty, ugly lower portion of this river of ice. The tourist who does not go beyond the Montanvert sees only this part, only the dregs of the Mer de Glace, and wonders that it can be called beautiful. Its glory is in the snow-fields above, which he never sees.

Three hours from the Col the Montanvert Hotel came in view, a mere speck on the brink of the treacherous ice river. To reach it seemed a matter of twenty minutes but proved an hour and twenty. Crevasses grew wide and deep and the narrow slivers of ice connecting them hard to cross safely. In the middle of one such narrow bridge two feet wide, but with sheer, bottomless depths on both sides, I had refused the guide's hand, when I looked down, got a panic and ran, to be severely scolded afterward.

In six hours we had travelled nearly the full length of the Mer de Glace.

Our six-day tour was over, but not its memories. We were back to the littleness of man and his world, back from the great silence, from the remoteness and peace of the long days in the solitude of the earth's high places. We had come down to earth, from that which is spiritual and eternal to that which is material and fleeting. But as I took a last lingering look at the resplendent summit of the Dent du Géant, of which now only the peak could be seen, gleaming in the setting sun, it was as if I had descended from a temple not made with hands, a temple of the spirit.

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BUNNER SISTERS

BY EDITH WHARTON

PART I

I

IN the days when New York's traffic moved at the pace of the drooping horse-car, when society applauded Christine Nilsson at the Academy of Music and basked in the sunsets of the Hudson River School on the walls of the National Academy of Design, an inconspicuous shop with a single show-window was intimately and favourably known to the feminine population of the quarter bordering on Stuyvesant Square.

It was a very small shop, in a shabby basement, in a side-street already doomed to decline; and from the miscellaneous display behind the window-pane, and the brevity of the sign surmounting it (merely "Bunner Sisters" in blotchy gold on a black ground) it would have been difficult for the uninitiated to guess the precise nature of the business carried on within. But that was of little consequence, since its fame was so purely local that the customers on whom its existence depended were almost congenitally aware of the exact range of "goods" to be found at Bunner Sisters'.

The house of which Bunner Sisters had annexed the basement was a private dwelling with a brick front, green shutters on weak hinges, and a dress-maker's sign in the window above the shop. On each side of its modest three stories stood higher buildings, with fronts of brown stone, cracked and blistered, cast-iron balconies and cat-haunted grass-patches behind twisted railings. These houses too had once been private, but now a cheap lunch-room filled the basement of one, while the other announced itself, above the knotty wistaria that clasped its central balcony, as the Mendoza Family Hotel. It was obvious from the chronic cluster of refuse-barrels at its area-gate and the blurred surface of its curtainless windows, that the families frequenting the Mendoza Hotel were not exacting in their tastes; though they doubtless indulged in as much fastidiousness as they could afford to pay for, and rather more than their landlord thought they had a right to express.

These three houses fairly exemplified the general character of the street, which, as it stretched eastward, rapidly fell from shabbiness to squalor, with an increasing frequency of projecting sign-boards, and of swinging doors that softly shut or opened at the touch of red-nosed men and pale little girls with broken jugs. The middle of the street was full of irregular depressions, well adapted to retain the long swirls of dust and straw and twisted paper that the wind drove up and down its sad untended length; and toward the end of the day, when traffic had been active, the fissured pavement formed a mosaic of coloured hand-bills, lids of tomato-cans, old shoes, cigar-stumps and banana skins, cemented together by a layer of mud, or veiled in a powdering of dust, as the state of the weather determined.

The sole refuge offered from the contemplation of this depressing waste was the sight of the Bunner Sisters' window. Its panes were always well-washed, and though their display of artificial flowers, bands of scalloped flannel, wire hat-frames, and jars of home-made preserves, had the undefinable greyish tinge of objects long preserved in the show-case of a museum, the window revealed a background of orderly counters and white-washed walls in pleasant contrast to the adjoining dinginess.

The Bunner sisters were proud of the neatness of their shop and content with its humble prosperity. It was not what they had once imagined it would be, but though it presented but a shrunken image of their earlier ambitions it enabled them to pay their rent and keep themselves

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alive and out of debt; and it was long since their hopes had soared higher.

Now and then, however, among their greyer hours there came one not bright enough to be called sunny, but rather of the silvery twilight hue which sometimes ends a day of storm. It was such an hour that Ann Eliza, the elder of the firm, was soberly enjoying as she sat one January evening in the back room which served as bedroom, kitchen and parlour to herself and her sister Evelina. In the shop the blinds had been drawn down, the counters cleared and the wares in the window lightly covered with an old sheet; but the shop-door remained unlocked till Evelina, who had taken a parcel to the dyer's, should come back.

In the back room a kettle bubbled on the stove, and Ann Eliza had laid a cloth over one end of the centre table, and placed near the green-shaded sewing lamp two tea-cups, two plates, a sugar-bowl and a piece of pie. The rest of the room remained in a greenish shadow which discreetly veiled the outline of an old-fashioned mahogany bedstead surmounted by a chromo of a young lady in a night-gown who clung with eloquently-rolling eyes to a crag described in illuminated letters as the Rock of Ages; and against the unshaded windows two rocking-chairs and a sewing-machine were silhouetted on the dusk.

Ann Eliza, her small and habitually anxious face smoothed to unusual serenity, and the streaks of pale hair on her veined temples shining glossily beneath the lamp, had seated herself at the table, and was tying up, with her usual fumbling deliberation, a knobby object wrapped in paper. Now and then, as she struggled with the string, which was too short, she fancied she heard the click of the shop-door, and paused to listen for her sister; then, as no one came, she straightened her spectacles and entered into renewed conflict with the parcel. In honour of some event of obvious importance, she had put on her double-dyed and triple-turned black silk. Age, while bestowing on this garment a *patine* worthy of a Renaissance bronze, had deprived it of whatever curves the wearer's pre-Raphaelite figure had once been able to impress on it; but this stiffness of outline gave it an air of sacerdotal state which seemed to emphasize the importance of the occasion.

Seen thus, in her sacramental black silk, a wisp of lace turned over the collar and fastened by a mosaic brooch, and her face smoothed into harmony with her apparel, Ann Eliza looked ten years younger than behind the counter, in the heat and burden of the day. It would have been as difficult to guess her approximate age as that of the black silk, for she had the same worn and glossy aspect as her dress; but a faint tinge of pink still lingered on her cheek-bones, like the reflection of sunset which sometimes colours the west long after the day is over.

When she had tied the parcel to her satisfaction, and laid it with furtive accuracy just opposite her sister's plate, she sat down, with an air of obviously-assumed indifference, in one of the rocking-chairs near the window; and a moment later the shop-door opened and Evelina entered.

The younger Bunner sister, who was a little taller than her elder, had a more pronounced nose, but a weaker slope of mouth and chin. She still permitted herself the frivolity of waving her pale hair, and its tight little ridges, stiff as the tresses of an Assyrian statue, were flattened under a dotted veil which ended at the tip of her cold-reddened nose. In her scant jacket and skirt of black cashmere she looked singularly nipped and faded; but it seemed possible that under happier conditions she might still warm into relative youth.

"Why, Ann Eliza," she exclaimed, in a thin voice pitched to chronic fretfulness, "what in the world you got your best silk on for?"

Ann Eliza had risen with a blush that made her steel-bowed spectacles incongruous.

"Why, Evelina, why shouldn't I, I sh'ld like to know? Ain't it your birthday, dear?" She put out her arms with the awkwardness of habitually repressed emotion.

Evelina, without seeming to notice the gesture, threw back the jacket from her narrow shoulders.

"Oh, pshaw," she said, less peevishly. "I guess we'd better give up birthdays. Much as we can do to keep Christmas nowadays."

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"You hadn't oughter say that, Evelina. We ain't so badly off as all that. I guess you're cold and tired. Set down while I take the kettle off: it's right on the boil."

She pushed Evelina toward the table, keeping a sideward eye on her sister's listless movements, while her own hands were busy with the kettle. A moment later came the exclamation for which she waited.

"Why, Ann Eliza!" Evelina stood transfixed by the sight of the parcel beside her plate.

Ann Eliza, tremulously engaged in filling the teapot, lifted a look of hypocritical surprise.

"Sakes, Evelina! What's the matter?"

The younger sister had rapidly untied the string, and drawn from its wrappings a round nickel clock of the kind to be bought for a dollar-seventy-five.

"Oh, Ann Eliza, how could you?" She set the clock down, and the sisters exchanged agitated glances across the table.

"Well," the elder retorted, "*ain't* it your birthday?"

"Yes, but——"

"Well, and ain't you had to run round the corner to the Square every morning, rain or shine, to see what time it was, ever since we had to sell mother's watch last July? Ain't you, Evelina?"

"Yes, but——"

"There ain't any buts. We've always wanted a clock and now we've got one: that's all there is about it. Ain't she a beauty, Evelina?" Ann Eliza, putting back the kettle on the stove, leaned over her sister's shoulder to pass an approving hand over the circular rim of the clock. "Hear how loud she ticks. I was afraid you'd hear her soon as you come in."

"No. I wasn't thinking," murmured Evelina.

"Well, ain't you glad now?" Ann Eliza gently reproached her. The rebuke had no acerbity, for she knew that Evelina's seeming indifference was alive with unexpressed scruples.

"I'm real glad, sister; but you hadn't oughter. We could have got on well enough without."

"Evelina Bunner, just you sit down to your tea. I guess I know what I'd oughter and what I'd hadn't oughter just as well as you do—I'm old enough!"

"You're real good, Ann Eliza; but I know you've given up something you needed to get me this clock."

"What do I need, I'd like to know? Ain't I got a best black silk?" the elder sister said with a laugh full of nervous pleasure.

She poured out Evelina's tea, adding some condensed milk from the jug, and cutting for her the largest slice of pie; then she drew up her own chair to the table.

The two women ate in silence for a few moments before Evelina began to speak again. "The clock is perfectly lovely and I don't say it ain't a comfort to have it; but I hate to think what it must have cost you."

"No, it didn't, neither," Ann Eliza retorted. "I got it dirt cheap, if you want to know. And I paid for it out of a little extra work I did the other night on the machine for Mrs. Hawkins."

"The baby-waists?"

"Yes."

"There, I knew it! You swore to me you'd buy a new pair of shoes with that money."

"Well, and s'posin' I didn't want 'em—what then? I've patched up the old ones as good as new—and I do declare, Evelina Bunner, if you ask me another question you'll go and spoil all my pleasure."

"Very well, I won't," said the younger sister.

They continued to eat without farther words. Evelina yielded to her sister's entreaty that she should finish the pie, and poured out a second cup of tea, into which she put the last lump of sugar; and between them, on the table, the clock kept up its sociable tick.

"Where'd you get it, Ann Eliza?" asked Evelina, fascinated.

"Where'd you s'pose? Why, right round here, over acrost the Square, in the queerest little store you ever laid eyes on. I saw it in the window as I was passing, and I stepped right in and asked how much it was, and the store-keeper he was real pleasant about it. He was just the nicest man. I guess he's a German. I told him I couldn't give much, and he said, well, he knew what hard times was too. His name's Ramy—Herman Ramy: I

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saw it written up over the store. And he told me he used to work at Tiff'ny's, oh, for years, in the clock-department, and three years ago he took sick with some kinder fever, and lost his place, and when he got well they'd engaged somebody else and didn't want him, and so he started this little store by himself. I guess he's real smart, and he spoke quite like an educated man—but he looks sick."

Evelina was listening with absorbed attention. In the narrow lives of the two sisters such an episode was not to be under-rated.

"What you say his name was?" she asked as Ann Eliza paused.

"Herman Ramy."

"How old is he?"

"Well, I couldn't exactly tell you, he looked so sick—but I don't b'lieve he's much over forty."

By this time the plates had been cleared and the teapot emptied, and the two sisters rose from the table. Ann Eliza, tying an apron over her black silk, carefully removed all traces of the meal; then, after washing the cups and plates, and putting them away in a cupboard, she drew her rocking-chair to the lamp and sat down to a heap of mending. Evelina, meanwhile, had been roaming about the room in search of an abiding-place for the clock. A rosewood what-not with ornamental fret-work hung on the wall beside the devout young lady in dishabille, and after much weighing of alternatives the sisters decided to dethrone a broken china vase filled with dried grasses which had long stood on the top shelf, and to put the clock in its place; the vase, after farther consideration, being relegated to a small table covered with blue and white beadwork, which held a Bible and prayer-book, and an illustrated copy of Longfellow's poems given as a school-prize to their father.

This change having been made, and the effect studied from every angle of the room, Evelina languidly put her pinking-machine on the table, and sat down to the monotonous work of pinking a heap of black silk flounces. The strips of stuff slid slowly to the floor at her side, and the clock, from its commanding altitude, kept time with the dispiriting click of the instrument under her fingers.

II

The purchase of Evelina's clock had been a more important event in the life of Ann Eliza Bunner than her younger sister could divine. In the first place, there had been the demoralizing satisfaction of finding herself in possession of a sum of money which she need not put into the common fund, but could spend as she chose, without consulting Evelina, and then the excitement of her stealthy trips abroad, undertaken on the rare occasions when she could trump up a pretext for leaving the shop; since, as a rule, it was Evelina who took the bundles to the dyer's, and delivered the purchases of those among their customers who were too genteel to be seen carrying home a bonnet or a bundle of pinking—so that, had it not been for the excuse of having to see Mrs. Hawkins's teething baby, Ann Eliza would hardly have known what motive to allege for deserting her usual seat behind the counter.

The infrequency of her walks made them the chief events of her life. The mere act of going out from the monastic quiet of the shop into the tumult of the streets filled her with a subdued excitement which grew too intense for pleasure as she was swallowed by the engulfing roar of Broadway or Third Avenue, and began to do timid battle with their incessant cross-currents of humanity. After a glance or two into the great show-windows she usually allowed herself to be swept back into the shelter of a side-street, and finally regained her own roof in a state of breathless bewilderment and fatigue; but gradually, as her nerves were soothed by the familiar quiet of the little shop, and the click of Evelina's pinking-machine, certain sights and sounds would detach themselves from the torrent along which she had been swept, and she would devote the rest of the day to a mental reconstruction of the different episodes of her walk, till finally it took shape in her thought as a consecutive and highly-coloured experience, from which, for weeks afterwards, she would detach some fragmentary recollection in the course of her long dialogues with her sister.

But when, to the unwonted excitement of going out, was added the intenser inter-

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est of looking for a present for Evelina, Ann Eliza's agitation, sharpened by concealment, actually preyed upon her rest; and it was not till the present had been given, and she had unbosomed herself of the experiences connected with its purchase, that she could look back with anything like composure to that stirring moment of her life. From that day forward, however, she began to take a certain tranquil pleasure in thinking of Mr. Ramy's small shop, not unlike her own in its countrified obscurity, though the layer of dust which covered its counter and shelves made the comparison only superficially acceptable. Still, she did not judge the state of the shop severely, for Mr. Ramy had told her that he was alone in the world, and lone men, she was aware, did not know how to deal with dust. It gave her a good deal of occupation to wonder why he had never married, or if, on the other hand, he were a widower, and had lost all his dear little children; and she scarcely knew which alternative seemed to make him the more interesting. In either case, his life was assuredly a sad one; and she passed many hours in speculating on the manner in which he probably spent his evenings. She knew he lived at the back of his shop, for she had caught, on entering, a glimpse of a dingy room with a tumbled bed; and the pervading smell of cold fry suggested that he probably did his own cooking. She wondered if he did not often make his tea with water that had not boiled, and asked herself, almost jealously, who looked after the shop while he went to market. Then it occurred to her as likely that he bought his provisions at the same market as Evelina; and she was fascinated by the thought that he and her sister might constantly be meeting in total unconsciousness of the link between them. Whenever she reached this stage in her reflexions she lifted a furtive glance to the clock, whose loud staccato tick was becoming a part of her inmost being.

The seed sown by these long hours of meditation germinated at last in the secret wish to go to market some morning in Evelina's stead. As this purpose rose to the surface of Ann Eliza's thoughts she shrank back shyly from its contemplation. A plan so steeped in duplicity had never before taken shape in her crystalline soul. How was it possible for her to consider such a step? And, besides, (she did not possess sufficient logic to mark the downward trend of this "besides"), what excuse could she make that would not excite her sister's curiosity? From this second query it was an easy descent to the third: how soon could she manage to go?

It was Evelina herself, who furnished the necessary pretext by awaking with a sore throat on the day when she usually went to market. It was a Saturday, and as they always had their bit of steak on Sunday the expedition could not be postponed, and it seemed natural that Ann Eliza, as she tied an old stocking around Evelina's throat, should announce her intention of stepping round to the butcher's.

"Oh, Ann Eliza, they'll cheat you so," her sister wailed.

Ann Eliza brushed aside the imputation with a smile, and a few minutes later, having set the room to rights, and cast a last glance at the shop, she was tying on her bonnet with fumbling haste.

The morning was damp and cold, with a sky full of sulky clouds that would not make room for the sun, but as yet dropped only an occasional snow-flake. In the early light the street looked its meanest and most neglected; but to Ann Eliza, never greatly troubled by any untidiness for which she was not responsible, it seemed to wear a singularly friendly aspect.

A few minutes' walk brought her to the market where Evelina made her purchases, and where, if he had any sense of topographical fitness, Mr. Ramy must also deal.

Ann Eliza, making her way through the outskirts of potato-barrels and flabby fish, found no one in the shop but the gory-aproned butcher who stood in the background cutting chops.

As she approached him across the tesselation of fish-scales, blood and saw-dust, he laid aside his cleaver and not unsympathetically asked: "Sister sick?"

"Oh, not very—jest a cold," she answered, as guiltily as if Evelina's illness had been feigned. "We want a steak as usual, please—and my sister said you was to be sure to give me jest as good a cut as if it was her," she added with child-like candour.

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"Oh, that's all right." The butcher picked up his weapon with a grin. "Your sister knows a cut as well as any of us," he remarked.

In another moment, Ann Eliza reflected, the steak would be cut and wrapped up, and no choice left her but to turn her disappointed steps toward home. She was too shy to try to delay the butcher by such conversational arts as she possessed, but the approach of a deaf old lady in an antiquated bonnet and mantle gave her her opportunity.

"Wait on her first, please," Ann Eliza whispered. "I ain't in any hurry."

The butcher advanced to his new customer, and Ann Eliza, palpitating in the back of the shop, saw that the old lady's hesitations between liver and pork chops were likely to be indefinitely prolonged. They were still unresolved when she was interrupted by the entrance of a blowsy Irish girl with a basket on her arm. The newcomer caused a momentary diversion, and when she had departed the old lady, who was evidently as intolerant of interruption as a professional story-teller, insisted on returning to the beginning of her complicated order, and weighing anew, with an anxious appeal to the butcher's arbitration, the relative advantages of pork and liver. But even her hesitations, and the intrusion on them of two or three other customers, were of no avail, for Mr. Ramy was not among those who entered the shop; and at last Ann Eliza, ashamed of staying longer, reluctantly claimed her steak, and walked home through the thickening snow.

Even to her simple judgment the vanity of her hopes was plain, and in the clear light that disappointment turns upon our actions she wondered how she could have been foolish enough to suppose that, even if Mr. Ramy *did* go to that particular market, he would hit on the same day and hour as herself.

There followed a colourless week unmarked by farther incident. The old stocking cured Evelina's throat, and Mrs. Hawkins dropped in once or twice to talk of her baby's teeth; some new orders for pinking were received, and Evelina sold a bonnet to the lady with puffed sleeves. The lady with puffed sleeves—a resident of "the Square," whose name they had never learned, because she always carried her own parcels home—was the most distinguished and interesting figure on their horizon. She was youngish, she was elegant (as the title they had given her implied), and she had a sweet sad smile about which they had woven many histories; but even the news of her return to town—it was her first apparition that year—failed to arouse Ann Eliza's interest. All the small daily happenings which had once sufficed to fill the hours now appeared to her in their deadly insignificance; and for the first time in her long years of drudgery she rebelled at the dullness of her life. With Evelina such fits of discontent were habitual and openly proclaimed, and Ann Eliza still excused them as one of the prerogatives of youth. Besides, Evelina had not been intended by Providence to pine in such a narrow life: in the original plan of things, she had been meant to marry and have a baby, to wear silk on Sundays, and take a leading part in a Church circle. Hitherto opportunity had played her false; and for all her superior aspirations and carefully crimped hair she had remained as obscure and unsought as Ann Eliza. But the elder sister, who had long since accepted her own fate, had never accepted Evelina's. Once a pleasant young man who taught in Sunday-school had paid the younger Miss Bunner a few shy visits. That was years since, and he had speedily vanished from their view. Whether he had carried with him any of Evelina's illusions, Ann Eliza had never discovered; but his attentions had clad her sister in a halo of exquisite possibilities.

Ann Eliza, in those days, had never dreamed of allowing herself the luxury of self-pity: it seemed as much a personal right of Evelina's as her elaborately crinkled hair. But now she began to transfer to herself a portion of the sympathy she had so long bestowed on Evelina. She had at last recognized her right to set up some lost opportunities of her own; and once that dangerous precedent established, they began to crowd upon her memory.

It was at this stage of Ann Eliza's transformation that Evelina, looking up one evening from her work, said suddenly: "My! She's stopped."

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Ann Eliza, raising her eyes from a brown merino seam, followed her sister's glance across the room. It was a Monday, and they always wound the clock on Sundays.

"Are you sure you wound her yesterday, Evelina?"

"Jest as sure as I live. She must be broke. I'll go and see."

Evelina laid down the hat she was trimming, and took the clock from its shelf.

"There—I knew it! She's wound jest as *tight*—what you suppose's happened to her, Ann Eliza?"

"I dunno, I'm sure," said the elder sister, wiping her spectacles before proceeding to a close examination of the clock.

With anxiously bent heads the two women shook and turned it, as though they were trying to revive a living thing; but it remained unresponsive to their touch, and at length Evelina laid it down with a sigh.

"Seems like somethin' *dead*, don't it, Ann Eliza? How still the room is!"

"Yes, ain't it?"

"Well, I'll put her back where she belongs," Evelina continued, in the tone of one about to perform the last offices for the departed. "And I guess," she added, "you'll have to step round to Mr. Ramy's to-morrow, and see if he can fix her."

Ann Eliza's face burned. "I—yes, I guess I'll have to," she stammered, stooping to pick up a spool of cotton which had rolled to the floor. A sudden heart-throb stretched the seams of her flat alpaca bosom, and a pulse leapt to life in each of her temples.

That night, long after Evelina slept, Ann Eliza lay awake in the unfamiliar silence, more acutely conscious of the nearness of the crippled clock than when it had volubly told out the minutes. The next morning she woke from a troubled dream of having carried it to Mr. Ramy's, and found that he and his shop had vanished; and all through the day's occupations the memory of this dream oppressed her.

It had been agreed that Ann Eliza should take the clock to be repaired as soon as they had dined; but while they were still at table a weak-eyed little girl in a black apron stabbed with innumerable pins burst in on them with the cry: "Oh, Miss Bunner, for mercy's sake! Miss Mellins has been took again."

Miss Mellins was the dress-maker upstairs, and the weak-eyed child one of her youthful apprentices.

Ann Eliza started from her seat. "I'll come at once. Quick, Evelina, the cordial!"

By this euphemistic name the sisters designated a bottle of cherry brandy, the last of a dozen inherited from their grandmother, which they kept locked in their cupboard against such emergencies. A moment later, cordial in hand, Ann Eliza was hurrying upstairs behind the weak-eyed child.

Miss Mellins' "turn" was sufficiently serious to detain Ann Eliza for nearly two hours, and dusk had fallen when she took up the depleted bottle of cordial and descended again to the shop. It was empty, as usual, and Evelina sat at her pinking-machine in the back room. Ann Eliza was still agitated by her efforts to restore the dress-maker, but in spite of her preoccupation she was struck, as soon as she entered, by the loud tick of the clock, which still stood on the shelf where she had left it.

"Why, she's going!" she gasped, before Evelina could question her about Miss Mellins. "Did she start up again by herself?"

"Oh, no; but I couldn't stand not knowing what time it was, I've got so accustomed to having her round; and just after you went upstairs Mrs. Hawkins dropped in, so I asked her to tend the store for a minute, and I clapped on my things and ran right round to Mr. Ramy's. It turned out there wasn't anything the matter with her—nothin' on'y a speck of dust in the works—and he fixed her for me in a minute and I brought her right back. Ain't it lovely to hear her going again? But tell me about Miss Mellins, quick!"

For a moment Ann Eliza found no words. Not till she learned that she had missed her chance did she understand how many hopes had hung upon it. Even now she did not know why she had wanted so much to see the clock-maker again.

"I s'pose it's because nothing's ever happened to me," she thought, with a twinge of envy for the fate which gave

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Evelina every opportunity that came their way. "She had the Sunday-school teacher too," Ann Eliza murmured to herself; but she was well-trained in the arts of renunciation, and after a scarcely perceptible pause she plunged into a detailed description of the dress-maker's "turn."

Evelina, when her curiosity was roused, was an insatiable questioner, and it was supper-time before she had come to the end of her enquiries about Miss Mellins; but when the two sisters had seated themselves at their evening meal Ann Eliza at last found a chance to say: "So she on'y had a speck of dust in her."

Evelina understood at once that the reference was not to Miss Mellins. "Yes—at least he thinks so," she answered, helping herself as a matter of course to the first cup of tea.

"On'y to think!" murmured Ann Eliza.

"But he isn't *sure*," Evelina continued, absently pushing the teapot toward her sister. "It may be something wrong with the—I forget what he called it. Anyhow, he said he'd call round and see, day after to-morrow, after supper."

"Who said?" gasped Ann Eliza.

"Why, Mr. Ramy, of course. I think he's real nice, Ann Eliza. And I don't believe he's forty; but he *does* look sick. I guess he's pretty lonesome, all by himself in that store. He as much as told me so, and somehow"—Evelina paused and bridled—"I kinder thought that maybe his saying he'd call round about the clock was on'y just an excuse. He said it just as I was going out of the store. What you think, Ann Eliza?"

"Oh, I don't har'ly know." To save herself, Ann Eliza could produce nothing warmer.

"Well, I don't pretend to be smarter than other folks," said Evelina, putting a conscious hand to her hair, "but I guess Mr. Herman Ramy wouldn't be sorry to pass an evening here, 'stead of spending it all alone in that poky little place of his."

Her self-consciousness irritated Ann Eliza.

"I guess he's got plenty of friends of his own," she said, almost harshly.

"No, he ain't, either. He's got hardly any."

"Did he tell you that too?" Even to her own ears there was a faint sneer in the interrogation.

"Yes, he did," said Evelina, dropping her lids with a smile. "He seemed to be just crazy to talk to somebody—somebody agreeable, I mean. I think the man's unhappy, Ann Eliza."

"So do I," broke from the elder sister.

"He seems such an educated man, too. He was reading the paper when I went in. Ain't it sad to think of his being reduced to that little store, after being years at Tiff'ny's, and one of the head men in their clock-department?"

"He told you all that?"

"Why, yes. I think he'd a' told me everything ever happened to him if I'd had the time to stay and listen. I tell you he's dead lonely, Ann Eliza."

"Yes," said Ann Eliza.

III

Two days afterward, Ann Eliza noticed that Evelina, before they sat down to supper, pinned a crimson bow under her collar; and when the meal was finished the younger sister, who seldom concerned herself with the clearing of the table, set about with nervous haste to help Ann Eliza in the removal of the dishes.

"I hate to see food mussing about," she grumbled. "Ain't it hateful having to do everything in one room?"

"Oh, Evelina, I've always thought we was so comfortable," Ann Eliza protested.

"Well, so we are, comfortable enough; but I don't suppose there's any harm in my saying I wisht we had a parlour, is there? Anyway, we might manage to buy a screen to hide the bed."

Ann Eliza coloured. There was something vaguely embarrassing in Evelina's suggestion.

"I always think if we ask for more what we have may be taken from us," she ventured.

"Well, whoever took it wouldn't get much," Evelina retorted with a laugh as she swept up the table-cloth.

A few moments later the back room was in its usual flawless order and the two sisters had seated themselves near the lamp. Ann Eliza had taken up her sewing, and Evelina was preparing to make artificial flowers. The sisters usually relegated

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this more delicate business to the long leisure of the summer months; but to-night Evelina had brought out the box which lay all winter under the bed, and spread before her a bright array of muslin petals, yellow stamens and green corollas, and a tray of little implements curiously suggestive of the dental art. Ann Eliza made no remark on this unusual proceeding; perhaps she guessed why, for that evening her sister had chosen a graceful task.

Presently a knock on the outer door made them look up; but Evelina, the first on her feet, said promptly: "Sit still. I'll see who it is."

Ann Eliza was glad to sit still: the baby's petticoat that she was stitching shook in her fingers.

"Sister, here's Mr. Ramy come to look at the clock," said Evelina, a moment later, in the high drawl she cultivated before strangers; and a shortish man with a pale bearded face and upturned coat-collar came stiffly into the room.

Ann Eliza let her work fall as she stood up. "You're very welcome, I'm sure, Mr. Ramy. It's real kind of you to call."

"Nod ad all, ma'am." A tendency to illustrate Grimm's law in the interchange of his consonants betrayed the clock-maker's nationality, but he was evidently used to speaking English, or at least the particular branch of the vernacular with which the Bunner sisters were familiar. "I don't like to led any clock go out of my store without being sure it gives satisfaction," he added.

"Oh,—but we were satisfied," Ann Eliza assured him.

"But I wasn't, you see, ma'am," said Mr. Ramy looking slowly about the room, "nor I won't be, not till I see that clock's going all right."

"May I assist you off with your coat, Mr. Ramy?" Evelina interposed. She could never trust Ann Eliza to remember these opening ceremonies.

"Thank you, ma'am," he replied, and taking his thread-bare over-coat and shabby hat she laid them on a chair with the gesture she imagined the lady with the puffed sleeves might make use of on similar occasions. Ann Eliza's social sense was roused, and she felt that the next act of hospitality must be hers. "Won't you suit yourself to a seat?" she suggested. "My sister will reach down the clock; but I'm sure she's all right again. She's went beautiful ever since you fixed her."

"Dat's good," said Mr. Ramy. His lips parted in a smile which showed a row of yellowish teeth with one or two gaps in it; but in spite of this disclosure Ann Eliza thought his smile extremely pleasant: there was something wistful and conciliating in it which agreed with the pathos of his sunken cheeks and prominent eyes. As he took the clock from Evelina and bent toward the lamp, the light fell on his bulging forehead and wide skull thinly covered with grayish hair. His hands were pale and broad, with knotty joints and square finger-tips rimmed with grime; but his touch was as light as a woman's.

"Well, ladies, dat clock's all right," he pronounced.

"I'm sure we're very much obliged to you," said Evelina, throwing a glance at her sister.

"Oh," Ann Eliza murmured, involuntarily answering the admonition. She selected a key from the bunch that hung at her waist with her cutting-out scissors, and fitting it into the lock of the cupboard, brought out the cherry brandy and three old-fashioned glasses engraved with vine-wreaths.

"It's a very cold night," she said, "and maybe you'd like a sip of this cordial. It was made a great while ago by our grandmother."

"It looks fine," said Mr. Ramy bowing, and Ann Eliza filled the glasses. In her own and Evelina's she poured only a few drops, but she filled their guest's to the brim. "My sister and I seldom take wine," she explained.

With another bow, which included both his hostesses, Mr. Ramy drank off the cherry brandy and pronounced it excellent.

Evelina meanwhile, with an assumption of industry intended to put their guest at ease, had taken up her instruments and was twisting a rose-petal into shape.

"You make artificial flowers, I see, ma'am," said Mr. Ramy with interest. "It's very pretty work. I had a lady-vriend in Shermany dat used to make flowers." He put out a square finger-tip to touch the petal.

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Evelina blushed a little. "You left Germany long ago, I suppose?"

"Dear me yes, a goot while ago. I was only ninedeen when I come to the States."

After this the conversation dragged on intermittently till Mr. Ramy, peering about the room with the short-sighted glance of his race, said with an air of interest: "You're pleasantly fixed here; it looks real cosy." The note of wistfulness in his voice was obscurely moving to Ann Eliza.

"Oh, we live very plainly," said Evelina, with an affectation of grandeur deeply impressive to her sister. "We have very simple tastes."

"You look real comfortable, anyhow," said Mr. Ramy. His bulging eyes seemed to muster the details of the scene with a gentle envy. "I wisht I had as good a store; but I guess no blace seems homelike when you're always alone in it."

For some minutes longer the conversation moved on at this desultory pace, and then Mr. Ramy, who had been obviously nerving himself for the difficult act of departure, took his leave with an abruptness which would have startled anyone used to the subtler gradations of intercourse. But to Ann Eliza and her sister there was nothing surprising in his abrupt retreat. The long-drawn agonies of preparing to leave, and the subsequent dumb plunge through the door, were so usual in their circle that they would have been as much embarrassed as Mr. Ramy if he had tried to put any fluency into his adieux.

After he had left both sisters remained silent for a while; then Evelina, laying aside her unfinished flower, said: "I'll go and lock up."

IV

INTOLERABLY monotonous seemed now to the Bunner sisters the treadmill routine of the shop, colourless and long their evenings about the lamp, aimless their habitual interchange of words to the weary accompaniment of the sewing and pinking machines.

It was perhaps with the idea of relieving the tension of their mood that Evelina, the following Sunday, suggested inviting Miss Mellins to supper. The Bunner sisters were not in a position to be lavish of the humblest hospitality, but two or three times in the year they shared their evening meal with a friend; and Miss Mellins, still flushed with the importance of her "turn," seemed the most interesting guest they could invite.

As the three women seated themselves at the supper-table, embellished by the unwonted addition of pound cake and sweet pickles, the dress-maker's sharp swarthy person stood out vividly between the neutral-tinted sisters. Miss Mellins was a small woman with a glossy yellow face and a frizz of black hair bristling with imitation tortoise-shell pins. Her sleeves had a fashionable cut, and half a dozen metal bangles rattled on her wrists. Her voice rattled like her bangles as she poured forth a stream of anecdote and ejaculation; and her round black eyes jumped with acrobatic velocity from one face to another. Miss Mellins was always having or hearing of amazing adventures. She had surprised a burglar in her room at midnight (though how he got there, what he robbed her of, and by what means he escaped had never been quite clear to her auditors); she had been warned by anonymous letters that her grocer (a rejected suitor) was putting poison in her tea; she had a customer who was shadowed by detectives, and another (a very wealthy lady) who had been arrested in a department store for kleptomania; she had been present at a spiritualist seance where an old gentleman had died in a fit on seeing a materialization of his mother-in-law; she had escaped from two fires in her night-gown, and at the funeral of her first cousin the horses attached to the hearse had run away and smashed the coffin, precipitating her relative into an open man-hole before the eyes of his distracted family.

A sceptical observer might have explained Miss Mellins's proneness to adventure by the fact that she derived her chief mental nourishment from the *Police Gazette* and the *Fireside Weekly;* but her lot was cast in a circle where such insinuations were not likely to be heard, and where the title-role in blood-curdling drama had long been her recognized right.

"Yes," she was now saying, her emphatic eyes on Ann Eliza, "you may not believe it, Miss Bunner, and I don't

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know's I should myself if anybody else was to tell me, but over a year before ever I was born, my mother she went to see a gypsy fortune-teller that was exhibited in a tent on the Battery with the green-headed lady, though her father warned her not to—and what you s'pose she told her? Why, she told her these very words—says she: 'Your next child'll be a girl with jet-black curls, and she'll suffer from spasms.'"

"Mercy!" murmured Ann Eliza, a ripple of sympathy running down her spine.

"D'you ever have spasms before, Miss Mellins?" Evelina asked.

"Yes, ma'am," the dress-maker declared. "And where'd you suppose I had 'em? Why, at my cousin Emma McIntyre's wedding, her that married the apothecary over in Jersey City, though her mother appeared to her in a dream and told her she'd rue the day she done it, but as Emma said, she got more advice than she wanted from the living, and if she was to listen to spectres too she'd never be sure what she'd ought to do and what she'd oughtn't; but I will say her husband took to drink, and she never was the same woman after her fust baby—well, they had an elegant church wedding, and what you s'pose I saw as I was walkin' up the aisle with the wedding percession?"

"Well?" Ann Eliza whispered, forgetting to thread her needle.

"Why, a coffin, to be sure, right on the top step of the chancel—Emma's folks is 'piscopalians and she would have a church wedding, though *his* mother raised a terrible rumpus over it—well, there it set, right in front of where the minister stood that was going to marry 'em, a coffin covered with a black velvet pall with a gold fringe, and a 'Gates Ajar' in white camellias atop of it."

"Goodness," said Evelina, starting, "there's a knock!"

"Who can it be?" shuddered Ann Eliza, still under the spell of Miss Mellins's hallucination.

Evelina rose and lit a candle to guide her through the shop. They heard her turn the key of the outer door, and a gust of night air stirred the close atmosphere of the back room; then there was a sound of vivacious exclamations, and Evelina returned with Mr. Ramy.

Ann Eliza's heart rocked like a boat in a heavy sea, and the dress-maker's eyes, distended with curiosity, sprang eagerly from face to face.

"I just thought I'd call in again," said Mr. Ramy, evidently somewhat disconcerted by the presence of Miss Mellins. "Just to see how the clock's behaving," he added with his hollow-cheeked smile.

"Oh, she's behaving beautiful," said Ann Eliza; "but we're real glad to see you all the same. Miss Mellins, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Ramy."

The dress-maker tossed back her head and dropped her lids in condescending recognition of the stranger's presence; and Mr. Ramy responded by an awkward bow. After the first moment of constraint a renewed sense of satisfaction filled the consciousness of the three women. The Bunner sisters were not sorry to let Miss Mellins see that they received an occasional evening visit, and Miss Mellins was clearly enchanted at the opportunity of pouring her latest tale into a new ear. As for Mr. Ramy, he adjusted himself to the situation with greater ease than might have been expected, and Evelina, who had been sorry that he should enter the room while the remains of supper still lingered on the table, blushed with pleasure at his good-humored offer to help her "glear away."

The table cleared, Ann Eliza suggested a game of cards; and it was after eleven o'clock when Mr. Ramy rose to take leave. His adieux were so much less abrupt than on the occasion of his first visit that Evelina was able to satisfy her sense of etiquette by escorting him, candle in hand, to the outer door; and as the two disappeared into the shop Miss Mellins playfully turned to Ann Eliza.

"Well, well, Miss Bunner," she murmured, jerking her chin in the direction of the retreating figures, "I'd no idea your sister was keeping company. On'y to think!"

Ann Eliza, roused from a state of dreamy beatitude, turned her timid eyes on the dress-maker.

"Oh, you're mistaken, Miss Mellins. We don't har'ly know Mr. Ramy."

Miss Mellins smiled incredulously. "You go 'long, Miss Bunner. I guess there'll be a wedding somewheres round

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here before spring, and I'll be real offended if I ain't asked to make the dress. I've always seen her in a gored satin with rooshings."

Ann Eliza made no answer. She had grown very pale, and her eyes lingered searchingly on Evelina as the younger sister re-entered the room. Evelina's cheeks were pink, and her blue eyes glittered; but it seemed to Ann Eliza that the coquettish tilt of her head regrettably emphasized the weakness of her receding chin. It was the first time that Ann Eliza had ever seen a flaw in her sister's beauty, and her involuntary criticism startled her like a secret disloyalty.

That night, after the light had been put out, the elder sister knelt longer than usual at her prayers. In the silence of the darkened room she was offering up certain dreams and aspirations whose brief blossoming had lent a transient freshness to her days. She wondered now how she could ever have supposed that Mr. Ramy's visits had another cause than the one Miss Mellins suggested. Had not the sight of Evelina first inspired him with a sudden solicitude for the welfare of the clock? And what charms but Evelina's could have induced him to repeat his visit? Grief held up its torch to the frail fabric of Ann Eliza's illusions, and with a firm heart she watched them shrivel into ashes; then, rising from her knees full of the chill joy of renunciation, she laid a kiss on the crimping pins of the sleeping Evelina and crept under the bedspread at her side.

V

During the months that followed, Mr. Ramy visited the sisters with increasing frequency. It became his habit to call on them every Sunday evening, and occasionally during the week he would find an excuse for dropping in unannounced as they were settling down to their work beside the lamp. Ann Eliza noticed that Evelina now took the precaution of putting on her crimson bow every evening before supper, and that she had refurbished with a bit of carefully washed lace the black silk which they still called new because it had been bought a year after Ann Eliza's.

Mr. Ramy, as he grew more intimate, became less conversational, and after the sisters had blushingly accorded him the privilege of a pipe he began to permit himself long stretches of meditative silence that were not without charm to his hostesses. There was something at once fortifying and pacific in the sense of that tranquil male presence in an atmosphere which had so long quivered with little feminine doubts and distresses; and the sisters fell into the habit of saying to each other, in moments of uncertainty: "We'll ask Mr. Ramy when he comes," and of accepting his verdict, whatever it might be, with a fatalistic readiness that relieved them of all responsibility.

When Mr. Ramy drew the pipe from his mouth and became, in his turn, confidential, the acuteness of their sympathy grew almost painful to the sisters. With passionate participation they listened to the story of his early struggles in Germany, and of the long illness which had been the cause of his recent misfortunes. The name of the Mrs. Hochmüller (an old comrade's widow) who had nursed him through his fever was greeted with reverential sighs and an inward pang of envy whenever it recurred in his biographical monologues, and once when the sisters were alone Evelina called a responsive flush to Ann Eliza's brow by saying suddenly, without the mention of any name: "I wonder what she's like?"

One day toward spring Mr. Ramy, who had by this time become as much a part of their lives as the letter-carrier or the milkman, ventured the suggestion that the ladies should accompany him to an exhibition of stereopticon views which was to take place at Chickering Hall on the following evening.

After their first breathless "Oh!" of pleasure there was a silence of mutual consultation, which Ann Eliza at last broke by saying: "You better go with Mr. Ramy, Evelina. I guess we don't both want to leave the store at night."

Evelina, with such protests as politeness demanded, acquiesced in this opinion, and spent the next day in trimming a white chip bonnet with forget-me-nots of her own making. Ann Eliza brought out her mosaic brooch, a cashmere scarf of their mother's was taken from its linen

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cerements, and thus adorned Evelina blushingly departed with Mr. Ramy, while the elder sister sat down in her place at the pinking-machine.

It seemed to Ann Eliza that she was alone for hours, and she was surprised, when she heard Evelina tap on the door, to find that the clock marked only half-past ten.

"It must have gone wrong again," she reflected as she rose to let her sister in.

The evening had been brilliantly interesting, and several striking stereopticon views of Berlin had afforded Mr. Ramy the opportunity of enlarging on the marvels of his native city.

"He said he'd love to show it all to me!" Evelina declared as Ann Eliza conned her glowing face. "Did you ever hear anything so silly? I didn't know which way to look."

Ann Eliza received this confidence with a sympathetic murmur.

"My bonnet *is* becoming, isn't it?" Evelina went on irrelevantly, smiling at her reflection in the cracked glass above the chest of drawers.

"You're jest lovely," said Ann Eliza.

Spring was making itself unmistakably known to the distrustful New Yorker by an increased harshness of wind and prevalence of dust, when one day Evelina entered the back room at supper-time with a cluster of jonquils in her hand.

"I was just that foolish," she answered Ann Eliza's wondering glance, "I couldn't help buyin' 'em. I felt as if I must have something pretty to look at right away."

"Oh, sister," said Ann Eliza, in trembling sympathy. She felt that special indulgence must be conceded to those in Evelina's state since she had had her own fleeting vision of such mysterious longings as the words betrayed.

Evelina, meanwhile, had taken the bundle of dried grasses out of the broken china vase, and was putting the jonquils in their place with touches that lingered down their smooth stems and blade-like leaves.

"Ain't they pretty?" she kept repeating as she gathered the flowers into a starry circle. "Seems as if spring was really here, don't it?"

Ann Eliza remembered that it was Mr. Ramy's evening.

When he came, the Teutonic eye for anything that blooms made him turn at once to the jonquils.

"Ain't dey pretty?" he said. "Seems like as if de spring was really here."

"Don't it?" Evelina exclaimed, thrilled by the coincidence of their thought. "It's just what I was saying to my sister."

Ann Eliza got up suddenly and moved away: she remembered that she had not wound the clock the day before. Evelina was sitting at the table; the jonquils rose slenderly between herself and Mr. Ramy.

"Oh," she murmured with vague eyes, "how I'd love to get away somewheres into the country this very minute—somewheres where it was green and quiet. Seems as if I couldn't stand the city another day." But Ann Eliza noticed that she was looking at Mr. Ramy, and not at the flowers.

"I guess we might go to Cendral Park some Sunday," their visitor suggested. "Do you ever go there, Miss Evelina?"

"No, we don't very often; leastways we ain't been for a good while." She sparkled at the prospect. "It would be lovely, wouldn't it, Ann Eliza?"

"Why, yes," said the elder sister, coming back to her seat.

"Well, why don't we go next Sunday?" Mr. Ramy continued. "And we'll invite Miss Mellins too—that'll make a gosy little party."

That night when Evelina undressed she took a jonquil from the vase and pressed it with a certain ostentation between the leaves of her prayer-book. Ann Eliza, covertly observing her, felt that Evelina was not sorry to be observed, and that her own acute consciousness of the act was somehow regarded as magnifying its significance.

The following Sunday broke blue and warm. The Bunner sisters were habitual church-goers, but for once they left their prayer-books on the what-not, and ten o'clock found them, gloved and bonneted, awaiting Miss Mellins's knock. Miss Mellins presently appeared in a glitter of jet sequins and spangles, with a tale of having seen a strange man prowling under her windows till he was called off at dawn by a confederate's whistle; and shortly afterward came Mr. Ramy, his hair

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brushed with more than usual care, his broad hands encased in gloves of olive-green kid.

The little party set out for the nearest street-car, and a flutter of mingled gratification and embarrassment stirred Ann Eliza's bosom when it was found that Mr. Ramy intended to pay their fares. Nor did he fail to live up to this opening liberality; for after guiding them through the Mall and the Ramble he led the way to a rustic restaurant where, also at his expense, they fared idyllically on milk and lemon-pie.

After this they resumed their walk, strolling on with the slowness of unaccustomed holiday-makers from one path to another—through budding shrubberies, past grass-banks sprinkled with lilac crocuses, and under rocks on which the forsythia lay like sudden sunshine. Everything about her seemed new and miraculously lovely to Ann Eliza; but she kept her feelings to herself, leaving it to Evelina to exclaim at the hepaticas under the shady ledges, and to Miss Mellins, less interested in the vegetable than in the human world, to remark significantly on the probable history of the persons they met. All the alleys were thronged with promenaders and obstructed by perambulators; and Miss Mellins's running commentary threw a glare of lurid possibilities over the placid family groups and their romping progeny.

Ann Eliza was in no mood for such interpretations of life; but, knowing that Miss Mellins had been invited for the sole purpose of keeping her company she continued to cling to the dress-maker's side, letting Mr. Ramy lead the way with Evelina. Miss Mellins, stimulated by the excitement of the occasion, grew more and more discursive, and her ceaseless talk, and the kaleidoscopic whirl of the crowd, were unspeakably bewildering to Ann Eliza. Her feet, accustomed to the slippered ease of the shop, ached with the unfamiliar effort of walking, and her ears with the din of the dress-maker's anecdotes; but every nerve in her was aware of Evelina's enjoyment, and she was determined that no weariness of hers should curtail it. Yet even her heroism shrank from the significant glances which Miss Mellins presently began to cast at the couple in front of them: Ann Eliza could bear to connive at Evelina's bliss, but not to acknowledge it to others.

At length Evelina's feet also failed her, and she turned to suggest that they ought to be going home. Her flushed face had grown pale with fatigue, but her eyes were radiant.

The return lived in Ann Eliza's memory with the persistence of an evil dream. The horse-cars were packed with the returning throng, and they had to let a dozen go by before they could push their way into one that was already crowded. Ann Eliza had never before felt so tired. Even Miss Mellins's flow of narrative ran dry, and they sat silent, wedged between a negro woman and a pock-marked man with a bandaged head, while the car rumbled slowly down a squalid avenue to their corner. Evelina and Mr. Ramy sat together in the forward part of the car, and Ann Eliza could catch only an occasional glimpse of the forget-me-not bonnet and the clock-maker's shiny coat-collar; but when the little party got out at their corner the crowd swept them together again, and they walked back in the effortless silence of tired children to the Bunner sisters' basement. As Miss Mellins and Mr. Ramy turned to go their various ways Evelina mustered a last display of smiles; but Ann Eliza crossed the threshold in silence, feeling the stillness of the little shop reach out to her like consoling arms.

That night she could not sleep; but as she lay cold and rigid at her sister's side, she suddenly felt the pressure of Evelina's arms, and heard her whisper: "Oh, Ann Eliza, warn't it heavenly?"

VI

For four days after their Sunday in the Park the Bunner sisters had no news of Mr. Ramy. At first neither one betrayed her disappointment and anxiety to the other; but on the fifth morning Evelina, always the first to yield to her feelings, said, as she turned from her untasted tea: "I thought you'd oughter take that money out by now, Ann Eliza."

Ann Eliza understood and reddened. The winter had been a fairly prosperous one for the sisters, and their slowly accumulated savings had now reached the

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handsome sum of two hundred dollars; but the satisfaction they might have felt in this unwonted opulence had been clouded by a suggestion of Miss Mellins's that there were dark rumours concerning the savings bank in which their funds were deposited. They knew Miss Mellins was given to vain alarms; but her words, by the sheer force of repetition, had so shaken Ann Eliza's peace that after long hours of midnight counsel the sisters had decided to advise with Mr. Ramy; and on Ann Eliza, as the head of the house, this duty had devolved. Mr. Ramy, when consulted, had not only confirmed the dress-maker's report, but had offered to find some safe investment which should give the sisters a higher rate of interest than the suspected savings bank; and Ann Eliza knew that Evelina alluded to the suggested transfer.

"Why, yes, to be sure," she agreed. "Mr. Ramy said if he was us he wouldn't want to leave his money there any longer'n he could help."

"It was over a week ago he said it," Evelina reminded her.

"I know; but he told me to wait till he'd found out for sure about that other investment; and we ain't seen him since then."

Ann Eliza's words released their secret fear. "I wonder what's happened to him," Evelina said. "You don't suppose he could be sick?"

"I was wondering too," Ann Eliza rejoined; and the sisters looked down at their plates.

"I should think you'd oughter do something about that money pretty soon," Evelina began again.

"Well, I know I'd oughter. What would you do if you was me?"

"If I was *you*," said her sister, with perceptible emphasis and a rising blush, "I'd go right round and see if Mr. Ramy was sick. *You* could."

The words pierced Ann Eliza like a blade. "Yes, that's so," she said.

"It would only seem friendly, if he really *is* sick. If I was you I'd go to-day," Evelina continued; and after dinner Ann Eliza went.

On the way she had to leave a parcel at the dyer's, and having performed that errand she turned toward Mr. Ramy's shop. Never before had she felt so old, so hopeless and humble. She knew she was bound on a love-errand of Evelina's, and the knowledge seemed to dry the last drop of young blood in her veins. It took from her, too, all her faded virginal shyness; and with a brisk composure she turned the handle of the clock-maker's door.

But as she entered her heart began to tremble, for she saw Mr. Ramy, his face hidden in his hands, sitting behind the counter in an attitude of strange dejection. At the click of the latch he looked up slowly, fixing a lustreless stare on Ann Eliza. For a moment she thought he did not know her.

"Oh, you're sick!" she exclaimed; and the sound of her voice seemed to recall his wandering senses.

"Why, if it ain't Miss Bunner!" he said, in a low thick tone; but he made no attempt to move, and she noticed that his face was the colour of yellow ashes.

"You *are* sick," she persisted, emboldened by his evident need of help. "Mr. Ramy, it was real unfriendly of you not to let us know."

He continued to look at her with dull eyes. "I ain't been sick," he said. "Leastways not very: only one of my old turns." He spoke in a slow laboured way, as if he had difficulty in getting his words together.

"Rheumatism?" she ventured, seeing how unwillingly he seemed to move.

"Well—somethin' like, maybe. I couldn't hardly put a name to it."

"If it *was* anything like rheumatism, my grandmother used to make a tea—" Ann Eliza began: she had forgotten, in the warmth of the moment, that she had only come as Evelina's messenger.

At the mention of tea an expression of uncontrollable repugnance passed over Mr. Ramy's face. "Oh, I guess I'm getting on all right. I've just got a headache to-day."

Ann Eliza's courage dropped at the note of refusal in his voice.

"I'm sorry," she said gently. "My sister and me'd have been glad to do anything we could for you."

"Thank you kindly," said Mr. Ramy wearily; then, as she turned to the door, he added with an effort: "Maybe I'll step round to-morrow."

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"We'll be real glad," Ann Eliza repeated. Her eyes were fixed on a dusty bronze clock in the window. She was unaware of looking at it at the time, but long afterward she remembered that it represented a Newfoundland dog with his paw on an open book.

When she reached home there was a purchaser in the shop, turning over hooks and eyes under Evelina's absent-minded supervision. Ann Eliza passed hastily into the back room, but in an instant she heard her sister at her side.

"Quick! I told her I was goin' to look for some smaller hooks—how is he?" Evelina gasped.

"He ain't been very well," said Ann Eliza slowly, her eyes on Evelina's eager face; "but he says he'll be sure to be round to-morrow night."

"He will? Are you telling me the truth?"

"Why, Evelina Bunner!"

"Oh, I don't care!" cried the younger recklessly, rushing back into the shop.

Ann Eliza stood burning with the shame of Evelina's self-exposure. She was shocked that, even to her, Evelina should lay bare the nakedness of her emotion; and she tried to turn her thoughts from it as though its recollection made her a sharer in her sister's debasement.

The next evening, Mr. Ramy reappeared, still somewhat sallow and red-lidded, but otherwise like his usual self. Ann Eliza consulted him about the investment he had recommended, and after it had been settled that he should attend to the matter for her he took up the illustrated volume of Longfellow—for, as the sisters had learned, his culture soared beyond the newspapers—and read aloud, with a fine confusion of consonants, the poem on "Maidenhood." Evelina lowered her lids while he read. It was a very beautiful evening, and Ann Eliza thought afterward how different life might have been with a companion who read poetry like Mr. Ramy.

VII

During the ensuing weeks Mr. Ramy, though his visits were as frequent as ever, did not seem to regain his usual spirits. He complained frequently of headache, but rejected Ann Eliza's tentatively proffered remedies, and seemed to shrink from any prolonged investigation of his symptoms. July had come, with a sudden ardour of heat, and one evening, as the three sat together by the open window in the back room, Evelina said: "I dunno what I wouldn't give, a night like this, for a breath of real country air."

"So would I," said Mr. Ramy, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "I'd like to be setting in an arbour dis very minute."

"Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?"

"I always think it's real cool here—we'd be heaps hotter up where Miss Mellins is," said Ann Eliza.

"Oh, I daresay—but we'd be heaps cooler somewhere else," her sister snapped: she was not infrequently exasperated by Ann Eliza's furtive attempts to mollify Providence.

A few days later Mr. Ramy appeared with a suggestion which enchanted Evelina. He had gone the day before to see his friend, Mrs. Hochmüller, who lived in the outskirts of Hoboken, and Mrs. Hochmüller had proposed that on the following Sunday he should bring the Bunner sisters to spend the day with her.

"She's got a real garden, you know," Mr. Ramy explained, "wid trees and a real summer-house to set in; and hens and chickens too. And it's an elegant sail over on de ferry-boat."

The proposal drew no response from Ann Eliza. She was still oppressed by the recollection of her interminable Sunday in the Park; but, obedient to Evelina's imperious glance, she finally faltered out an acceptance.

The Sunday was a very hot one, and once on the ferry-boat Ann Eliza revived at the touch of the salt breeze, and the spectacle of the crowded waters; but when they reached the other shore, and stepped out on the dirty wharf, she began to ache with anticipated weariness. They got into a street-car, and were jolted from one mean street to another, till at length Mr. Ramy pulled the conductor's sleeve and they got out again; then they stood in the blazing sun, near the door of a crowded beer-saloon, waiting for another car to come; and that carried them out to a thinly settled district, past vacant lots

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and narrow brick houses standing in unsupported solitude, till they finally reached an almost rural region of scattered cottages and low wooden buildings that looked like village "stores." Here the car finally stopped of its own accord, and they walked along a rutty road, past a stone-cutter's yard with a high fence tapestried with theatrical advertisements, to a little red house with green blinds and a garden paling. Really, Mr. Ramy had not deceived them. Clumps of dielytra and day-lilies bloomed behind the paling, and a crooked elm hung romantically over the gable of the house.

At the gate Mrs. Hochmüller, a broad woman in brick-brown merino, met them with nods and smiles, while her daughter Linda, a flaxen-haired girl with mottled red cheeks and a sidelong stare, hovered inquisitively behind her. Mrs. Hochmüller, leading the way into the house, conducted the Bunner sisters the way to her bedroom. Here they were invited to spread out on a mountainous white feather-bed the cashmere mantles under which the solemnity of the occasion had compelled them to swelter, and when they had given their black silks the necessary twitch of readjustment, and Evelina had fluffed out her hair before a looking-glass framed in pink-shell work, their hostess led them to a stuffy parlour smelling of gingerbread. After another ceremonial pause, broken by polite enquiries and shy ejaculations, they were shown into the kitchen, where the table was already spread with strange-looking spice-cakes and stewed fruits, and where they presently found themselves seated between Mrs. Hochmüller and Mr. Ramy, while the staring Linda bumped back and forth from the stove with steaming dishes.

To Ann Eliza the dinner seemed endless, and the rich fare strangely unappetizing. She was abashed by the easy intimacy of her hostess's voice and eye. With Mr. Ramy Mrs. Hochmüller was almost flippantly familiar, and it was only when Ann Eliza pictured her generous form bent above his sick-bed that she could forgive her for tersely addressing him as "Ramy." During one of the pauses of the meal Mrs. Hochmüller laid her knife and fork against the edges of her plate, and, fixing her eyes on the clock-maker's face, said accusingly: "You hat one of dem turns again, Ramy."

"I dunno as I had," he returned evasively.

Evelina glanced from one to the other. "Mr. Ramy *has* been sick," she said at length, as though to show that she also was in a position to speak with authority. "He's complained very frequently of headaches."

"Ho!—I know him," said Mrs. Hochmüller with a laugh, her eyes still on the clock-maker. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Ramy?"

Mr. Ramy, who was looking at his plate, said suddenly one word which the sisters could not understand; it sounded to Ann Eliza like "Shwike."

Mrs. Hochmüller laughed again. "My, my," she said, "wouldn't you think he'd be ashamed to go and be sick and never dell me, me that nursed him troo dat awful fever?"

"Yes, I *should*," said Evelina, with a spirited glance at Ramy; but he was looking at the sausages that Linda had just put on the table.

When dinner was over Mrs. Hochmüller invited her guests to step out of the kitchen-door, and they found themselves in a green enclosure, half garden, half orchard. Grey hens followed by golden broods clucked under the twisted apple-boughs, a cat dozed on the edge of an old well, and from tree to tree ran the network of clothes-line that denoted Mrs. Hochmüller's calling. Beyond the apple trees stood a yellow summer-house festooned with scarlet runners; and below it, on the farther side of a rough fence, the land dipped down, holding a bit of woodland in its hollow. It was all strangely sweet and still on that hot Sunday afternoon, and as she moved across the grass under the apple-boughs Ann Eliza thought of quiet afternoons in church, and of the hymns her mother had sung to her when she was a baby.

Evelina was more restless. She wandered from the well to the summer-house and back, she tossed crumbs to the chickens and disturbed the cat with arch caresses; and at last she expressed a desire to go down into the wood.

"I guess you got to go round by the road, then," said Mrs. Hochmüller. "My

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Linda she goes troo a hole in de fence, but I guess you'd tear your dress if you was to dry."

"I'll help you," said Mr. Ramy; and guided by Linda the pair walked along the fence till they reached a narrow gap in its boards. Through this they disappeared, watched curiously in their descent by the grinning Linda, while Mrs. Hochmüller and Ann Eliza were left alone in the summer-house.

Mrs. Hochmüller looked at her guest with a confidential smile. "I guess dey'll be gone quite a while," she remarked, jerking her double chin toward the gap in the fence. "Folks like dat don't never remember about de dime." And she drew out her knitting.

Ann Eliza could think of nothing to say.

"Your sister she thinks a great lot of him, don't she?" her hostess continued.

Ann Eliza's cheeks grew hot. "Ain't you a teeny bit lonesome away out here sometimes?" she asked. "I should think you'd be scared nights, all alone with your daughter."

"Oh, no, I ain't," said Mrs. Hochmüller. "You see I take in washing—dat's my business—and it's a lot cheaper doing it out here dan in de city: where'd I get a drying-ground like dis in Hobucken? And den it's safer for Linda too; it geeps her outer de streets."

"Oh," said Ann Eliza, shrinking. She began to feel a distinct aversion for her hostess, and her eyes turned with involuntary annoyance to the square-backed form of Linda, still inquisitively suspended on the fence. It seemed to Ann Eliza that Evelina and her companion would never return from the wood; but they came at length, Mr. Ramy's brow pearled with perspiration, Evelina pink and conscious, a drooping bunch of ferns in her hand; and it was clear that, to her at least, the moments had been winged.

"D'you suppose they'll revive?" she asked, holding up the ferns; but Ann Eliza, rising at her approach, said stiffly: "We'd better be getting home, Evelina."

"Mercy me! Ain't you going to take your coffee first?" Mrs. Hochmüller protested; and Ann Eliza found to her dismay that another long gastronomic ceremony must intervene before politeness permitted them to leave. At length, however, they found themselves again on the ferry-boat. Water and sky were grey, with a dividing gleam of sunset that sent sleek opal waves in the boat's wake. The wind had a cool tarry breath, as though it had travelled over miles of shipping, and the hiss of the water about the paddles was as delicious as though it had been splashed into their tired faces.

Ann Eliza sat apart, looking away from the others. She had made up her mind that Mr. Ramy had proposed to Evelina in the wood, and she was silently preparing herself to receive her sister's confidence that evening.

But Evelina was apparently in no mood for confidences. When they reached home she put her faded ferns in water, and after supper, when she had laid aside her silk dress and the forget-me-not bonnet, she remained silently seated in her rocking-chair near the open window. It was long since Ann Eliza had seen her in so uncommunicative a mood.

The following Saturday Ann Eliza was sitting alone in the shop when the door opened and Mr. Ramy entered. He had never before called at that hour, and she wondered a little anxiously what had brought him.

"Has anything happened?" she asked, pushing aside the basketful of buttons she had been sorting.

"Not's I know of," said Mr. Ramy tranquilly. "But I always close up the store at two o'clock Saturdays at this season, so I thought I might as well call round and see you."

"I'm real glad, I'm sure," said Ann Eliza; "but Evelina's out."

"I know dat," Mr. Ramy answered. "I met her round de corner. She told me she got to go to dat new dyer's up in Forty-eighth Street. She won't be back for a couple of hours, har'ly, will she?"

Ann Eliza looked at him with rising bewilderment. "No, I guess not," she answered; her instinctive hospitality prompting her to add: "Won't you set down jest the same?"

Mr. Ramy sat down on the stool beside the counter, and Ann Eliza returned to her place behind it.

"I can't leave the store," she explained.

"Well, I guess we're very well here." Ann Eliza had become suddenly aware that Mr. Ramy was looking at her with

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unusual intentness. Involuntarily her hand strayed to the thin streaks of hair on her temples, and thence descended to straighten the brooch beneath her collar.

"You're looking very well to-day, Miss Bunner," said Mr. Ramy, following her gesture with a smile.

"Oh," said Ann Eliza nervously. "I'm always well in health," she added.

"I guess you're healthier than your sister, even if you are less sizeable."

"Oh, I don't know. Evelina's a mite nervous sometimes, but she ain't a bit sickly."

"She eats heartier than you do; but that don't mean nothing," said Mr. Ramy.

Ann Eliza was silent. She could not follow the trend of his thought, and she did not care to commit herself farther about Evelina before she had ascertained if Mr. Ramy considered nervousness interesting or the reverse.

But Mr. Ramy spared her all farther indecision.

"Well, Miss Bunner," he said, drawing his stool closer to the counter, "I guess I might as well tell you fust as last what I come here for to-day. I want to get married."

Ann Eliza, in many a prayerful midnight hour, had sought to strengthen herself for the hearing of this avowal, but now that it had come she felt pitifully frightened and unprepared. Mr. Ramy was leaning with both elbows on the counter, and she noticed that his nails were clean and that he had brushed his hat; yet even these signs had not prepared her!

At last she heard herself say, with a dry throat in which her heart was hammering: "Mercy me, Mr. Ramy!"

"I want to get married," he repeated. "I'm too lonesome. It ain't good for a man to live all alone, and eat noding but cold meat every day."

"No," said Ann Eliza softly.

"And the dust fairly beats me."

"Oh, the dust—I know!"

Mr. Ramy stretched one of his blunt-fingered hands toward her. "I wisht you'd take me."

Still Ann Eliza did not understand. She rose hesitatingly from her seat, pushing aside the basket of buttons which lay between them; then she perceived that Mr. Ramy was trying to take her hand, and as their fingers met a flood of joy swept over her. Never afterward, though every other word of their interview was stamped on her memory beyond all possible forgetting, could she recall what he said while their hands touched; she only knew that she seemed to be floating on a summer sea, and that all its waves were in her ears.

"Me—me?" she gasped.

"I guess so," said her suitor placidly. "You suit me right down to the ground, Miss Bunner. Dat's the truth."

A woman passing along the street paused to look at the shop-window, and Ann Eliza half hoped she would come in; but after a desultory inspection she went on.

"Maybe you don't fancy me?" Mr. Ramy suggested, discountenanced by Ann Eliza's silence.

A word of assent was on her tongue, but her lips refused it. She must find some other way of telling him.

"I don't say that."

"Well, I always kinder thought we was suited to one another," Mr. Ramy continued, eased of his momentary doubt. "I always liked de quiet style—no fuss and airs, and not afraid of work." He spoke as though dispassionately cataloguing her charms.

Ann Eliza felt that she must make an end. "But, Mr. Ramy, you don't understand. I've never thought of marrying."

Mr. Ramy looked at her in surprise. "Why not?"

"Well, I don't know, har'ly." She moistened her twitching lips. "The fact is, I ain't as active as I look. Maybe I couldn't stand the care. I ain't as spry as Evelina—nor as young," she added, with a last great effort.

"But you do most of de work here, anyways," said her suitor doubtfully.

"Oh, well, that's because Evelina's busy outside; and where there's only two women the work don't amount to much. Besides, I'm the oldest; I have to look after things," she hastened on, half pained that her simple ruse should so readily deceive him.

"Well, I guess you're active enough for me," he persisted. His calm determination began to frighten her; she trembled lest her own should be less staunch.

"No, no," she repeated, feeling the tears on her lashes. "I couldn't, Mr. Ramy, I couldn't marry. I'm so sur-

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prised. I always thought it was Evelina —always. And so did everybody else. She's so bright and pretty—it seemed so natural."

"Well, you was all mistaken," said Mr. Ramy obstinately.

"I'm so sorry."

He rose, pushing back his chair.

"You'd better think it over," he said, in the large tone of a man who feels he may safely wait.

"Oh, no, no. It ain't any sorter use, Mr. Ramy. I don't never mean to marry. I get tired so easily—I'd be afraid of the work. And I have such awful headaches." She paused, racking her brain for more convincing infirmities.

"Headaches, do you?" said Mr. Ramy, turning back.

"My, yes, awful ones, that I have to give right up to. Evelina has to do everything when I have one of them headaches. She has to bring me my tea in the mornings."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear it," said Mr. Ramy.

"Thank you kindly all the same," Ann Eliza murmured. "And please don't—don't—" She stopped suddenly, looking at him through her tears.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered. "Don't you fret, Miss Bunner. Folks have got to suit themselves." She thought his tone had grown more resigned since she had spoken of her headaches.

For some moments he stood looking at her with a hesitating eye, as though uncertain how to end their conversation; and at length she found courage to say (in the words of a novel she had once read): "I don't want this should make any difference between us."

"Oh, my, no," said Mr. Ramy, absently picking up his hat.

"You'll come in just the same?" she continued, nerving herself to the effort. "We'd miss you awfully if you didn't. Evelina, she—" She paused, torn between her desire to turn his thoughts to Evelina, and the dread of prematurely disclosing her sister's secret.

"Don't Miss Evelina have no headaches?" Mr. Ramy suddenly asked.

"My, no, never—well, not to speak of, anyway. She ain't had one for ages, and when Evelina *is* sick she won't never give in to it," Ann Eliza declared, making some hurried adjustments with her conscience.

"I wouldn't have thought that," said Mr. Ramy.

"I guess you don't know us as well as you thought you did."

"Well, no, that's so; maybe I don't. I'll wish you good day, Miss Bunner"; and Mr. Ramy moved toward the door.

"Good day, Mr. Ramy," Ann Eliza answered.

She felt unutterably thankful to be alone. She knew the crucial moment of her life had passed, and she was glad that she had not fallen below her own ideals. It had been a wonderful experience, full of undreamed-of fear and fascination; and in spite of the tears on her cheeks she was not sorry to have known it. Two facts, however, took the edge from its perfection: that it had happened in the shop, and that she had not had on her black silk.

She passed the next hour in a state of dreamy ecstasy. Something had entered into her life of which no subsequent impoverishment could rob it: she glowed with the same rich sense of possessorship that once, as a little girl, she had felt when her mother had given her a gold locket and she had sat up in bed in the dark to draw it from its hiding-place beneath her night-gown.

At length a dread of Evelina's return began to mingle with these musings. How could she meet her younger sister's eye without betraying what had happened? She felt as though a visible glory lay on her, and she was glad that dusk had fallen when Evelina entered. But her fears were superfluous. Evelina, always self-absorbed, had of late lost all interest in the simple happenings of the shop, and Ann Eliza, with mingled mortification and relief, perceived that she was in no danger of being cross-questioned as to the events of the afternoon. She was glad of this; yet there was a touch of humiliation in finding that the portentous secret in her bosom did not visibly shine forth. It struck her as dull, and even slightly absurd, of Evelina not to know at last that they were equals.

(To be concluded.)

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A stream of shadowy figures that padded, barefooted, barebacked, in a panicky gallop to the gig that strained astern.—Page 462.

THE GOLDEN GLOW OF VICTORY

By Thomas Jeffries Betts

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

THIS is a story told me by Pat Evans as we sat by a sun-splashed gravel walk in the Shanghai Public Gardens. I wish I could tell it as he did, but I lack the vocabulary and the pungent slang of the Seven Tongues. Evans is a tall man, whose long, thin mouth writhes like an angleworm in its effort to keep up with the moods that sparkle from his dark eyes. He practises the extreme leisure only enjoyed by the very rich and the very indigent of the Model Settlement, and lavishes much of his time and conversation upon me, to my lasting edification.

It was a lovely morning, with the gardens crowded by the children of the port, who, under the blank-eyed watchfulness of their amahs, hunted for mud-turtles and chased fiddler-crabs to their lairs.

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The April sun turned every yellow wavelet of the Soo Chow creek into a heliograph, and the air was tepidly urging the two of us to the inviting of our ease, when Evans made out the Bannisters—John Bannister of Liao Shan and his wife. As their carriage rolled over the Victoria Bridge, Pat told me rapidly how they came down to Shanghai every spring, just as soon as the ice was out at Liao Shan; how they always rode in the victoria, even when travelling the three hundred yards between the Astor House and the gardens ("There's only a quarter of a mile of macadam in all Liao Shan," explained Evans, "so they never get a chance to drive there"); and how John Bannister possessed thirty blue-serge suits, all exactly alike.

"Look—see as they go by the fence," he concluded. "Tell me what you think of 'em."

I stared at the two as their victoria dawdled past, its silver trappings aglimmer in the sun. His hair was slightly grizzled, his face lined with the wrinkles of the commander. The close-fitting blue suit seemed to hint that its twenty-nine brethren had all but exhausted the serge supply before its turn for cutting. And as for her, her gray tailor-made shrieked Rue-de-la-Paix from every seam, the northern complexion was a rose in the midst of the abounding Shanghai sallowness, and her hair rolled into the depths of her hat like a golden tidal wave. Dainty she was, and fair—the kind of woman you associate with elusive jasmine perfume. Evans looked at me quizzically.

"Well?"

"Do they—do they get along together?"

"Wait."

In an instant they came down the walk together—carriages are not tolerated in the gardens—the gravel sliding under their feet. Very gravely they nodded to Evans. Very gravely he returned their bow. And I, leaning hard against the bench back, looked and looked and wondered. Evans grinned understandingly.

"I think it's their walk," he explained. "Did you see how they step out from the hip? Only free people walk that way."

But I knew better. I had seen their eyes with something that burned clear and warm and tawny under the outer blue. There was the bond, the oneness, that held them together. They both had it, that glow that gave them the appearance of being alone in the world, of being elevated above a sun-tanned desert of humanity over which they—by virtue of each other—could preside. And I felt that Evans, for all his attempted ingenuousness as to their walk, knew where the real twinship lay between them.

"It's their eyes, Pat," I corrected patiently. "Tell me how they got that light back of 'em."

"Bannister's always had it. It means victory—victory over yourself and all the world. I—I call it the golden glow of victory." Evans is usually quite unabashed in his fantasies.

"But what about the woman?"

And then he cast his diffidence aside and plunged in.

Madge Kerrigan—her maiden name was Kerrigan—reached Liao Shan in the spring of nineteen-seven, a slip of a girl who could wear clothes, drive men crazy, and do very little else.

"Just a type," explained Evans—"just a type. You see 'em come through in shoals, at the Astor here, at the Wagons Lits in Peking. Their eyes can't laugh y' know; just glazed and dead. They've only touched at the rim of things, and they don't understand. That's it; they just don't know."

"Don't know what?"

"Oh—everything." Then thoughtfully: "Wish to God I knew. Maskee! That b'long Madge."

Of course Madge was not alone. There were Pa and Ma Kerrigan—so called out of sheer appropriateness—and a young man who had thrown up a good billet with the Russo-Asiatic Bank in Hankow to follow in Madge's train. An upstanding chap he was, full of the glory and foolishness of his four-and-twenty years, who, previous to Madge's advent, had rejoiced in an endless capacity for Scotches-and-sodas and for semi-platonic affairs with any married woman available—"an out-an'-out drottle," summed up Evans, as if the word contained it all. From Hankow on he had tagged faithfully after

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Madge—perhaps the worst thing he could have done, as his following enabled her to postpone a decision. "She just didn't know," Pat conclusively explained.

When they arrived at Liao Shan, however, and the Kerrigans, thanks to a bale of credentials carried by ma in her official capacity—she was the niece of a cousin of an ex-vice-president—were installed as guests in the Consulate, a complication was introduced. Bannister was the complication.

By infinite tact and resource Mrs. Blake managed to unearth him from the big, white-stuccoed barn that was part dwelling, part office, part warehouse, and to shepherd him into a dinner-party. He sat through it like a granite rock, smoked three cigars after the women had gone out, and proposed to Madge Kerrigan the next day. All Liao Shan settled back gleefully to watch the race.

It was a neck-and-neck affair. Madge frowned on The Drottle because she had had so much of his kind of infatuation at home. Also she smiled on him because he was the only specimen of his type available. As for Bannister, sometimes she called his attitude "egotistic assurance," sometimes she referred to it as "iron determination," and spoke of "superhuman inflexibility of purpose." Madge liked that kind of speech. She was fascinated by the big man with the yellow glow behind his eyes, but there was a blundering solidity about him that held her off; and the race resolved itself into a series of spurts, with neither man leading very far.

At first it was largely Drottle. He used to take Madge out to the tennis-courts every afternoon—he had the figure and elasticity of a white corset stay—and together they would hammer the local talent; while Bannister would sit in the pavilion, scald himself out with tea, and glower at his rival. Two weeks it lasted, and then the big north-of-England man countered with the *Ho Feng*.

Ho Feng means "river breeze." She was the survivor from the wreck of an unsuccessful wharfage company of Bannister's—a seventy-foot tug with a temperamental, double-expansion engine. Her owner took her and crowded a top-heavy, comfortable deck-house on her stern and cleared a little space forward as a deck. Then he fitted her out with a Japanese crew—they were smarter, he said, and he never expected to rely on them—two quarter-ton anchors, a fire-fighting equipment, and, in addition to the twenty-foot gig that towed behind on an inch-and-a-half hawser, stowed a small dory—he boasted that it could ride out any gale—on her cabin roof. It was all typically Bannisterian. Liao Shan giggled at the result and urged him to complete her with a hurricane-deck.

The move worked for a while. All the mixed-doubles combinations of the port had about admitted the mastery of Madge and her partner, and she was looking for other worlds to conquer. And so, most afternoons at four, you could see the *Ho Feng* pull out from the Hai Chang wharf and go puffing and blowing—she was a scandalous coal-eater—up or down the river, as the case might be. "The water is just as muddy as this," said Evans, pointing to the lapping wavelets of the creek at our feet, "and that made the *Ho Feng* look all the whiter."

Perhaps it was the mud that fed Madge up with it at last. Perhaps it was the sameness—you can only go two ways on a river. But, finally, she commenced to talk of the joy of seeing blue water again, so Bannister got out his very complete sets of admiralty charts, went down and patted the engine encouragingly, and told his *lowdah*, Yoshino, to stock up for a week-end trip of fifty miles down the coast to clear water and Tower Hill.

And when Saturday came, beaming and bright, Bannister crammed the Kerrigans, the Blakes, and The Drottle—he was tactician enough to include his rival—upon the tiny poop, and, with much panting of exhaust and belching of Fu Shun coal smoke, they bobbed down the river, with the engine and tide shaking a fair twelve knots out of her, with every one gulping down the fresh, salt air and watching for the mud to fade out of the sea. Down the channel and across the bar they crawled; and they were just making out Lung Chou—that's the promontory just this side of Tower Hill—and the water was beginning to sallow, when the on-shore squall broke on them.

"You savvy Gulf of Pechili," Evans

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put it. "S'no deeper than a frying-pan. Breathe hard an' you blow her clean dry."

As soon as Yoshino saw the cloud line top the horizon, he sputtered for the engineer to crack on every pound of steam he had, and headed her for Lung Chou; and the old *Ho Feng* began to beat her cylinders out as she streaked it for the promontory. But before they got halfway the seas were toppling over abeam and she was showing her bilges at every roll. Still, they carried on, with the water all around a nasty yellow lather, until a very scared Jap put his head in the cabin door to report that a comber had just smashed the engine-room deadlights and that the machinery was "makee swim."

"Good," grunted Bannister, and he dug a set of oilskins from a seat-locker—they had been driven into the cabin. "Good. Got to buck it. No danger. Squall'll be over in two hours. You stay here. Hold tight when we turn."

He left them, and presently the water-carafes turned upside down as he headed her into it. Then things quieted down a bit. Forward, Yoshino and Bannister wrestled her straight into the seas, with the water all but washing them out, but the launch herself snored into it steadily, racked by her racing-screw, but with the deadly cross-buck a thing of the past. The women were even beginning to laugh at The Drottle's jokes, when the *Ho Feng* mounted a wave, poised herself on its top, waggled her old tail of a propeller in the air, and then fell off, swerving to port as, with the racket of all hell let loose, a connecting-rod broke under the strain.

Bannister automatically spun the wheel hard down and swore. Then the engine-room hatch opened and spewed forth a cloud of steam and a stream of shadowy figures that padded, barefooted, bare-backed, in a panicky gallop to the gig that strained astern. The grizzle-haired *lowdah* ducked out from the pilot-house.

"Yoshino!" called Bannister. The captain stopped for an instant, half-turned his head, then yielded to the call of the *sauve qui peut* and shuffled aft. And then, beyond the steam-cloud, Bannister saw the nose of the gig poke out, the rowers' backs shining in the spray, and he knew that his crew was gone. He gave the wheel one final turn, then fought his way aft to the cabin door, reeling as the *Ho Feng* reeled, and clinging to the taffrail as the toppling seas tried to lick him from the launch's side. With a last swing he lurched around the deck-house corner and thrust his dripping sou'wester into the cabin door.

"All you men on deck! No time for oilskins. Quick!" Then, as they cowered on the little patch of sheltered deck, safe from the women's ears: "Engine's gone to hell. Get out sea-anchor. Lee shore." And he drove them forward while the *Ho Feng* wallowed in the trough.

Down in the forecastle they broke up the heavy wooden bunks and dragged them up the slithering ladder. Crudely and tightly they bound them together around a punctured drum of oil that Bannister had dragged from the scalding engine-room. Over the side they dumped it all, at the end of a fifty-foot rope; and the *Ho Feng* slowly turned her nose to the wind and bobbed in the oil-smoothed sea.

Then, when the launch no longer burrowed into the seas, but rose and fell and jerked over the surges with an occasional kiss of spray coming aboard, Bannister led the other three into the wheel-house, closed the windows, produced a well-thumbed chart and held a council of war. That is, he let the others know his plans.

"Here's where we are." His thumb jabbed down in a nest of water depths. "There's the coast—it's about ten miles. See?" As the launch rose they caught a glimpse to leeward of a saffron cord between the gray that was the sea and the gray that was the sky. "We're driftin' down on it at about five knots. It'll get slower as we go in; there's a hell of an offset current from the point, here." The thumb shifted over a couple of miles to promontory-sheltered Lung Chou Bay. "That gives us, say, two hours to the four-mile curve. Maybe the blow'll have gone down enough by that time to anchor—it'd pull the bows out of the rotten old tub if we tried it now. If she's still blowin', the four miles'll give enough sea room to make the point in the dory, sure. No worry. Don't tell the women."

The two hours' wait began. The men herded back to the cabin and lent moral

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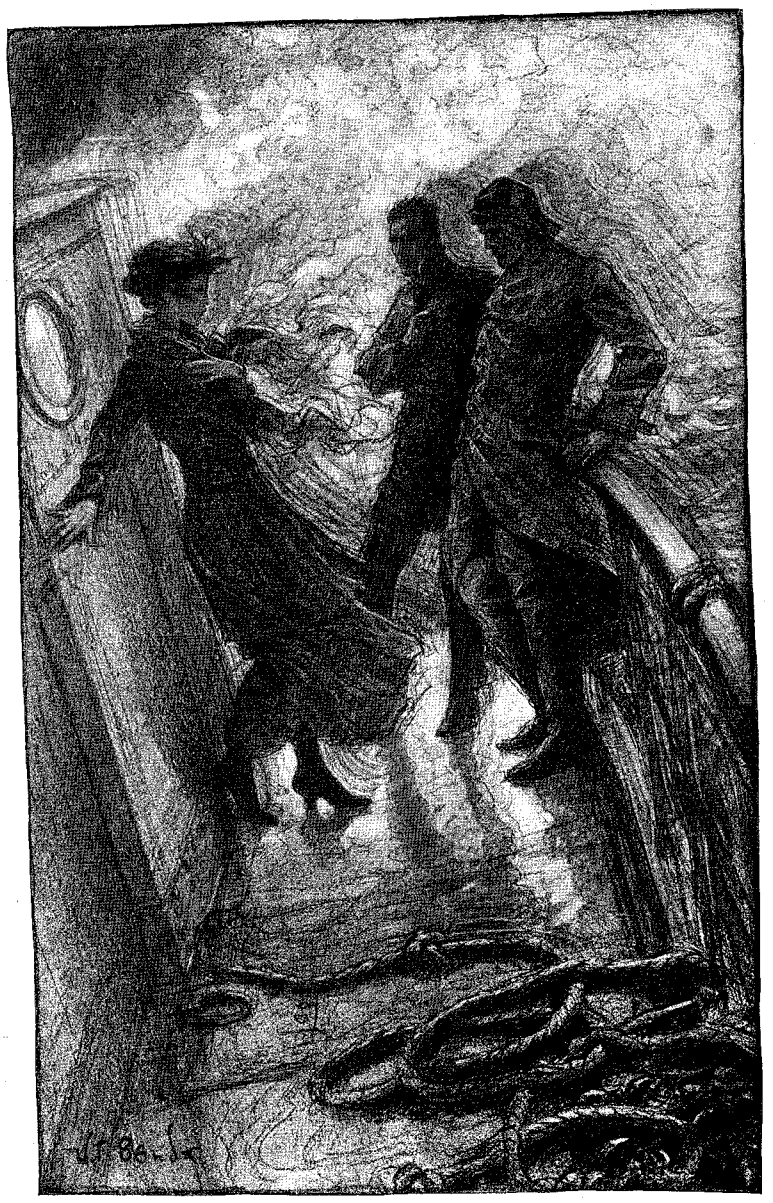
support to Bannister as he explained: "Slight engine-room defect. Have to ride out the storm. No danger. No reason to be uneasy." Then, impelled by the feeling of impotency and fear of the theatrical that overcomes the male before his mate in distress, they solemnly filed forward to the wheel-house, where they chewed savagely at battered brier pipes. Only The Drottle showed restlessness; every few minutes he would dodge in or out of the house. Sometimes he would stagger back for a peep through the cabin windows. At times a clanging would come from the engines as he hammered at the dangling rods. He even tried to



She was sure now that . . . she could only love the one who stayed behind for her.
—Page 465.

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make conversation with the older men, but his efforts broke down before the barrier of their stolidity. The habits of their three diverse lives had united in one result, the formation of a common stoicism. So they leaned against the wheelhouse walls, giving to the lurches of the craft, taking now and then a brief glance at the clouds to leeward and at the nearing coast, exchanging an occasional pipe-load or monosyllable. They had long since learned how to wait.

To the women in the cabin it was more of a nightmare. Nothing to be seen, their sensations were bounded by the *Ho Feng's* jerky rises and swooping descents; that and the breathing of the fetid cabin air. Ma was hopeless and complaining. Loudly she lamented the pass to which their gadding had brought her. Madge was huddled in a cushioned corner, emitting an occasional tired whimper. Only Mrs. Blake sat quiet, tight of lip and open-eyed. They were all too frightened to be sick. And so the two hours passed away, ticked off by the pendulum of the *Ho Feng's* rise and fall.

Finally, there came the jar of footsteps overhead and the heavy grating of the dory as it was pulled to the stern. Then there was solitude again. At last Bannister's head appeared in the door.

"Sorry. Have to take you off. No danger. Dory'll live through any sea. No danger, I say. Wrap up warm; it'll be wet."

As if herding a flock of chickens, he drove them out on the foreshortened poop. The two elder men, by virtue of their weight, were already in the stern of the dory that bucked and swerved in the twisting seas. The high-built deck-house, breaking the sweep of the wind, made a shouted conversation possible, and, with his verbless exhortations, Bannister set about bullying them into the boat. Mary Blake got in dumbly, efficiently; with ma there was more difficulty.

"For God's sake, stiffen your knees! Jump on the rise. There! Miss Kerrigan!"

But Madge drew back.

"Why, there's only room for six," she called out, pointing to the dory. "There's only room for six!"

"Get in! Plenty of room! Get in!"

"But I say," broke in The Drottle, "this won't do at all. We can't leave you here."

"Get in! Plenty of room, I tell you. Do ye want us all to drift on the coast? Get in if ye want to make the point. Sharp's the word!"

Madge backed against the cabin wall. The Drottle came close to Bannister.

"But we can't leave you here. We never——"

"Where would ye put me, then? Will ye take seven in a number six dory? Do I command here or no? Get in, the two of ye!"

"No one commands now. We're man and man." Suddenly he turned to Madge. "Madge, which of us shall go?"

The girl went pale and seemed to crumple against the door. Which? Her look flickered from one to the other. Which? And it seemed as if her eyes, her head, all of her, were dropping—down and down and down.

"Oh—don't! Don't! I don't know! I don't know!"

And even as she said it she knew; and a great surge of despair swept over her at the knowledge. She knew!

"Madge! Madge!" shrilled Mrs. Kerrigan from the dory.

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She knew. Deep within her the hopelessness of it all spread and tore. For she was sure now that of the two that stood before her she could only love the one who stayed behind for her. And she hated herself for it; and then she tried to pray.

"'Our Father, who art in heaven——'"

"Ah!" Madge could not keep in the exclamation. As the coin soared above the shelter of the deck-house the wind caught it and flicked it into the sea.

"Madge! Madge!" came Mrs. Kerrigan's shriek. "Aren't you coming?"

Bannister grinned and fumbled anew.

Up she raised her head, with the yellow light still glowing in her eyes.—Page 466.

"Which of us shall go, Madge?"

"Don't! It's not fair! I can't; I can't!" She had turned her face to the cabin wall.

Then it was that The Drottle had an inspiration.

"Look here," he shouted. "I'll match you to see who stays." Bannister—he would have staked his soul on the turn of a card—half-closed his eyes, then smiled a smile that was all angles and fumbled through his oilskins to a trousers pocket. As if moved by an irresistible windlass, Madge turned and watched the men.

"Call!" shouted Bannister, and flipped the coin.

"Tails."

"My luck piece," he confided. "Looks bad for old John. Call."

"Tails."

The piece flipped aloft and seemed to flutter down, to Madge's big, white eyes. She closed them. She must not see; she must not see! And then they sprang open again and she saw Bannister nodding friendlily to The Drottle.

"Congratulations, sir. Hope you're satisfied. Get in!" Then it was that Madge found her face against the sticky oilskins and felt the encrusted salt bite into her eyes, while a far-off voice, that she felt must be hers, cried:

"John! John! Don't leave me! Don't!"

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And Bannister, exalted, gently pushed her to one side and faced The Drottle.

"Congratulations," smiled the latter a bit strangely. "You win. You're the better man."

"I've lost." He held up the coin. "Get in!"

"You fool, she loves you. I'm damned if she leaves you."

"Go aboard or go to hell! Are you going?" Bannister's hand dropped back to the rail and twined around a belaying-pin.

"No!"

There was a sweep of his arm and The Drottle dropped in a lump on the deck. With a quick swing of his arms, John tossed him into the dory.

"Now, Madge."

And then Madge knew why she had been born, and that it was not to desert this, her man. She looked up at him, and there, back of her eyes as she winked at the tears, burned a coal, a gleam, a flare—the golden glow of victory.

"I'm damned if I go!" she shouted. There was a red streak in the air as she seized one of Bannister's cherished fire-axes and brought it down where the dory painter crossed the rail. And she mingled the salt of her tears with the salt of the sea on his oilskins, while the boat scudded off to leeward. And he, very illogically, held her close and was very glad at heart.

Then slowly she became aware that he was calling her.

"Madge! Madge! Look! It's breaking!" Up she raised her head, with the yellow light still glowing in her eyes, and saw, some four miles off, the foam-fringed sand. Between, she could at times make out the white handkerchief of the dory's sail against the yellow of the sea. And to the left she saw the glory of a sun shaft shining through the clouds like a pillar of golden gauze.

Evans stopped abruptly—as usual. He always halts at the ends of his stories, as if waiting to be disbelieved. Then, semi-apologetically, he went on:

"That's all. The *Ho Feng* pulled out one of Bannister's anchors, bitts and all, but the other held. Bishop Scott married 'em a month later, an' they've been happy ever since. Yes, very happy. No children; but then they haven't needed any other bonds. Yes—they're—happy."

He tried to twist the thin, red ends of his mouth up into a smile, but they sagged miserably. Then his head followed them down and his cane rattled as it fell on the walk. There was a gnawing silence.

"But—but The Drottle— What became of The Drottle?"

"Oh, I was The Drottle." Wearily he lifted the mass of black hair from his left temple, disclosing a long scar glistening white. "Here's where Bannister hit me."

He sagged into his dejection again. A full minute passed with us both motionless. Then he reached down, picked up the cane, and stood up very straight.

"Vamos, let's go over to the club an' lap up one."

But I, as once before, leaned back hard against the bench. It made the second time that day that I had seen the golden glow of victory.

CARPENTRY

By Carroll Aikins

In this belittered room the candle-sprite
Cuts and is quit of the uneven walls,
Flickers and dies on chisel, plane, and saw,
But lingers ever by the unfinished crib
As if the unborn tenant, girl or boy,
Already peered between the latticed chinks
And loved the play, and laughed with shining eyes.
And on that younger face the glory shone
Of our own spring-time; and the Love that fled
Into our friendlier summer shyly came
And put his arms about me, wistfully.

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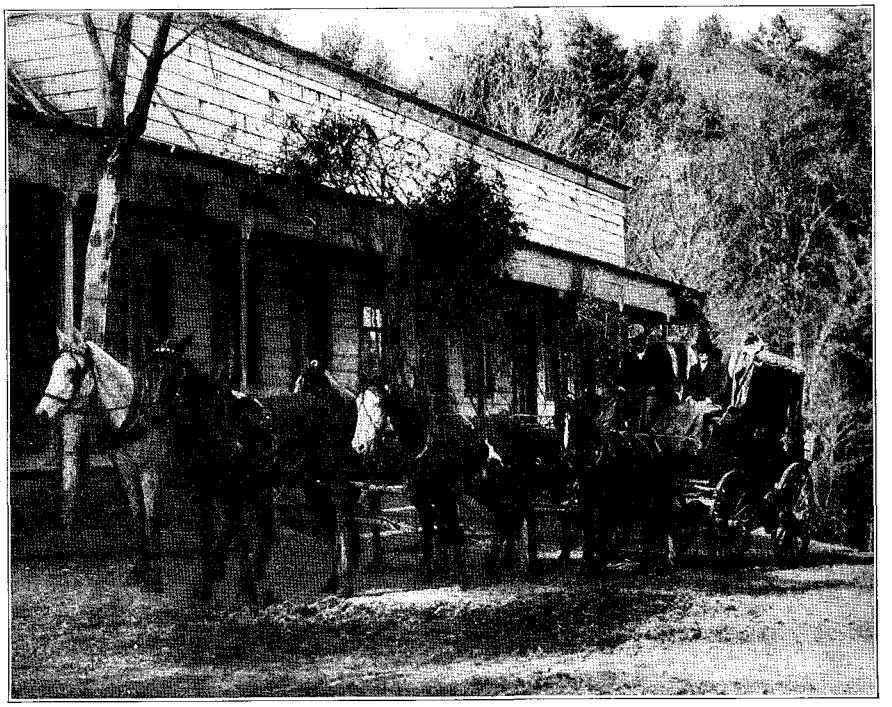

From a photograph by J. E. Carrington.

The Toll House.

IN CALIFORNIA WITH ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

By Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez

IN the year 1879 there remained one spot in practical America where the spirit of romance still lingered, though even there she stood a-tiptoe, ready to take wing into the mists of the Pacific. It seems fitting that it should have been at that place, Monterey, California, that I first knew Robert Louis Stevenson, prince of romance. Although the passing of the years has dimmed the memory of those days to a certain degree, yet here and there a high light gleams out in the shadowy haze of the picture and brings back the impression of his face and personality and of the surroundings and little events of our daily life in his company as though they had happened but yesterday. The little town of Monterey, being out of the beaten track of travel, and having no mines or large agricultural tracts in its vicinity to stimulate trade, had dreamed away the years since American occupation and still retained much of the flavor of the pastoral days of Spanish California. It is true that the time had forever gone when the man who found himself without food had naught to do but ask his richer neighbor for beef or corn to have it granted, free and without price, as a right, not as a charity, but life still flowed along easily on those shores of eternal spring upon which the struggle for dollars had not yet placed its blighting touch. It is true that at the *cascarone* balls,* at which the entire population, irrespective of age or worldly position, dressed in silks or in flannel shirts, as the case might be, still

*These entertainments were so called in allusion to the custom of breaking *cascarones* (egg-shells), previously filled with finely cut colored and tinsel paper, upon the heads of the dancers. By the time the midnight hour rolled around, every head glittered with the confetti and the floor was piled several inches deep with it. In early days, the *caballero* who wished to make a special "hit" with the lady of his heart sometimes went to the extreme of filling his shells with gold-dust.

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gathered almost weekly in truly democratic comradeship, the egg-shells were no longer filled with gold-dust, as sometimes happened in the prodigal Spanish days, yet time was still regarded as a thing of so little value that no one thought of abandoning the pleasures of the dance until broad daylight. Along the narrow, crooked streets of the little town, with its wooden sidewalks built at different levels connected by short flights of steps, upon which the wayfarer daring enough to venture their passage at night took great chances of breaking his shins or perhaps even his neck, the language of old Castile, spoken with surprising purity, was heard more often than English. In fact, as Mr. Stevenson himself says in his essay on "The Old Pacific Capital," "it was difficult to get along without a word or two of that language for an occasion." High adobe walls, topped with tiles, concealed pleasant secluded gardens, from which the heavy perfume of the floribundia and other semitropical flowers poured out upon the evening air. Behind such a wall and

A bit of the Señorita Bonifacio's garden.

in the midst of such a garden stood the two-story adobe dwelling of the Señorita Maria Ygnacia Bonifacio, known to her intimates as Doña Nachita. In the "clean empty rooms" of this house, furnished with Spanish abstemiousness and kept in shining whiteness, "where the roar of the water dwelt as in a shell upon the chimney," we had our temporary residence, and here he came often to visit us and share our simple meals, each of which became a little fête in the thrill of his presence and conversation. Something he had in him that made life seem a

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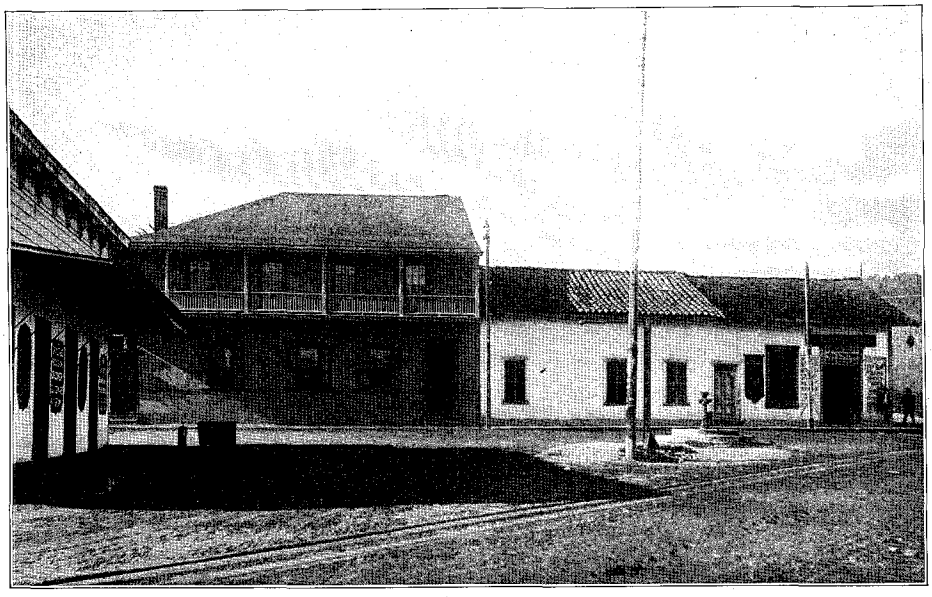

Building in which Simoneau had his old restaurant. This building has been remodelled.

more exciting thing, better worth living, to every one associated with him, and it seemed impossible to be dull or bored in his company. It is true that he loved to talk, and one of his friends complained that he was "too deuced explanatory," but it seemed to me that the flood of talk he sometimes poured out was the overflow of a full mind, a mind so rich in ideas that he could well afford to bestow some of it upon his friends without hope of return. His was no narrow vein to be jealously hoarded for use in his writings, but his difficulty lay rather in choosing from the wealth of his store. He once remarked that he could not understand a man's having to struggle to find "something to write about," and perhaps it is true that one who has to do that has no real vocation as a writer.

When he came to us at Monterey he was newly arrived in this country, and seemed to be in a rather peculiar state of mind concerning it, complaining that it was too much like England to have the piquancy of a foreign land, and yet not enough like it to have the restfulness of home, therefore it left him with a strange, unsatisfied feeling that he found hard to explain. One of the things in the new land that pleased him much was its food, for he believed in enjoying the good things of this life, though always in self-respecting moderation, and he was like a second Christopher Columbus, just discovering green corn and sweet potatoes. In a letter to his friend, Mr. Sidney Colvin, he says: "In America you eat better than anywhere else; fact. The food is heavenly!" During his first days at Monterey he kept singing the praises of certain delectable "little cakes" which he had found much to his liking in the railroad eating-houses while crossing the continent. These were a great mystery to us until one day Ah Sing, the Chinese cook, placed upon the table a plate of smoking-hot baking-powder biscuits. Behold the famous "little cakes"! The very things we should have thought a "Britisher" would have shrunk from in unfeigned horror! The unexpected discovery in the town of Jules Simoneau, to whom he refers in his letters as "a most pleasant old boy, with whom I discuss the universe and play chess," a man of varied talents, who was able to furnish him with an excellent dinner, as well as the intelligent companionship which he valued more than food, was a great satisfaction to him. Often we all repaired together to Simoneau's little restaurant, where we were served meals that were a rare combination of French and Spanish cookery, for our host's wife, Doña Martina, was a native of Miraflores, in Lower California, and was well skilled

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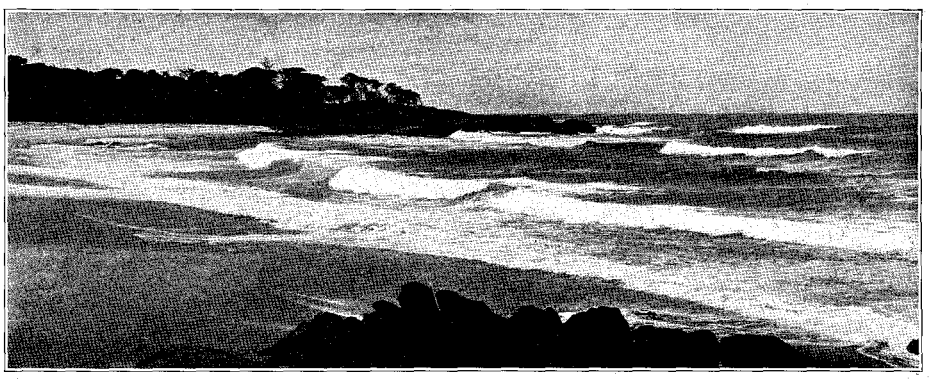
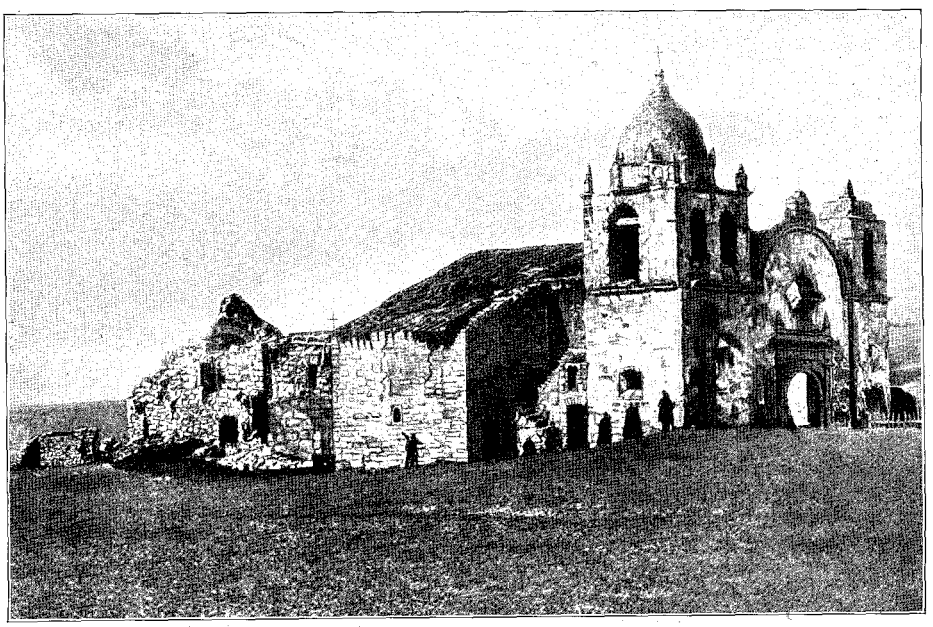


On the shore near Monterey.

in the preparation of the *tamales* and *carne con chile** of the Southwest. It has always seemed to me that in the oft-told story of the friendship between Jules Simoneau and Robert Louis Stevenson but scant justice has been done to that uncommonly fine woman, Doña Martina, who, no doubt, had her part in caring for the sick writer when he lay so ill in Monterey. Perhaps more often than not it was her kind and skilful hand that prepared the broth and smoothed the pillow for Don Roberto Luís, as she called him; and though she had but little book knowledge, she was, in her native good sense, her well-chosen language, and the dignity and courtesy of her manners, what people call "a born lady." Mrs. Stevenson was profoundly grateful to Jules Simoneau for his early kindness to her husband and had a sincere admiration for his wife as well. When he fell into straitened circumstances in his old age she went to his rescue and provided him with a comfortable living

* *Tamales*, perhaps the most famous culinary product of the Southwest, were probably of Indian origin, rather than Spanish, for they are frequently mentioned in the documents of the early explorers as forming a part of the native dietary. Their construction is too complicated to explain here, further than to say that they are made of corn-meal and chopped meat rolled in corn-husks and boiled. *Carne con chile* (meat with chile) is what its name indicates—a stew of meat and red peppers.



The mission church of San Carlos Borroméo, at Monterey, as it was at the time when Mr. Stevenson visited it.
From the historical collection of Charles B. Turrill, of San Francisco.

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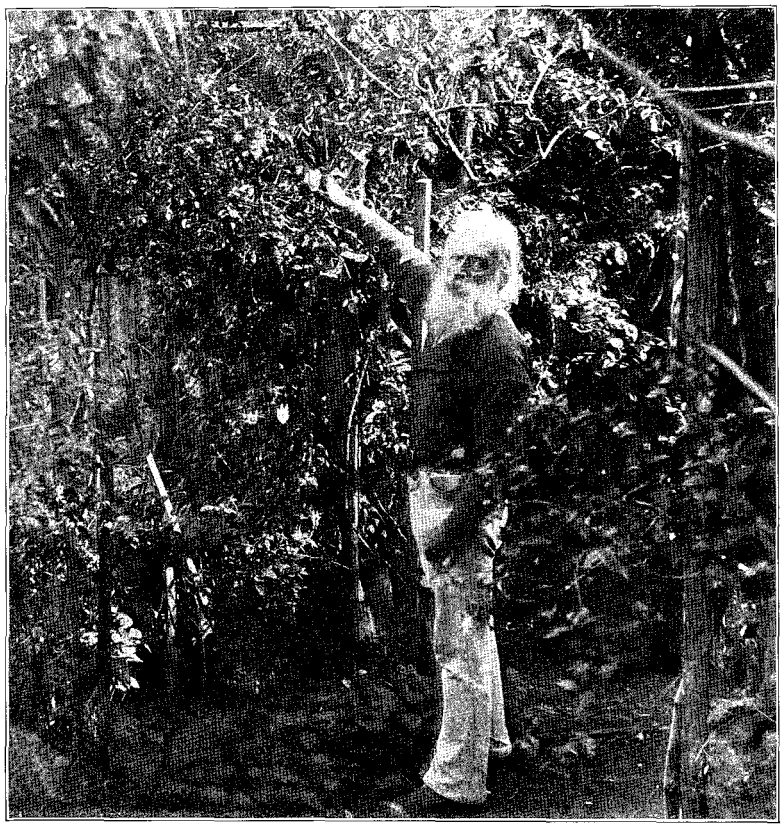
during his last years. When he died she followed him to his last resting-place, and afterward erected a suitable monument to mark it, upon which she stipulated that the name of Doña Martina should also be placed.

In the Señorita Bonifacio's garden, with us at table in her large, clean rooms, through whose deep-embrasured windows we watched her flitting about among her roses and geraniums, have gone now to "that bourne whence no traveller returns"; the señorita herself continued to walk her garden paths with her youthful



Jules Simoneau in his garden.

where we spent much of our time, there was a riot of flowers—rich yellow masses of enormous cloth-of-gold roses, or the delicate pink of the old-fashioned Castilian, which the señorita carefully gathered each year to make rose pillows, besides fuchsias as large as young trees and a thousand other blooms of incredible size and beauty. Among the plants their little mistress flitted about like a bird, alert, active, bright-eyed, straight as an arrow, and as springy of step as a girl of sixteen, although even then she was past her first youth.* At least three of those who sat

* Concerning this lady some apocryphal romances have been concocted—most unnecessarily, for in her real person and story she is sufficiently interesting without the addition of fiction.

sprightliness almost unimpaired until her recent death (in January, 1916) at the age of eighty-six. As to flowers, it seemed to me that they made no particular appeal to Mr. Stevenson except for their scent, in which he was very like the rest of his sex all over the world. He cared rather for Nature's larger effects—a noble cloud in the sky, the thunder of the surf upon the beach, or the fresh, resinous smell of the pine forest.

To this house he came often of an afternoon to read the results of his morning's work to the assembled family. While we sat in a circle, listening in appreciative silence, he nervously paced the room, read-

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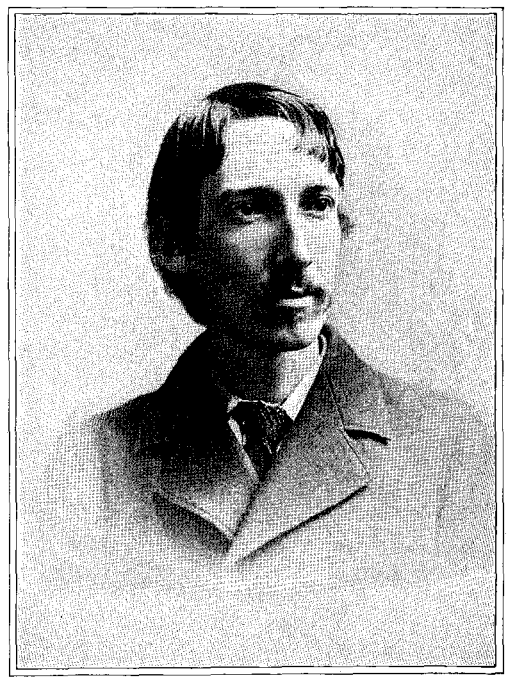
ing aloud in his full, sonorous voice—a voice that always seemed remarkable in so frail a man—his face flushed and his manner rather embarrassed, for, far from being overconfident about his work, he always seemed to feel a sort of shy anxiety lest it should not be up to the mark. He invariably gave respectful attention and careful consideration to the criticism of the humblest of his hearers, but in the end clung with Scotch pertinacity to his own opinion if sure of its justice. There was about him little or nothing of the arrogance of the successful writer, and it may be that his open-minded willingness to hear and weigh the suggestions of others was a strong factor in the development of his powers. He was not too proud to learn from the meanest tramp met by the wayside, if so be that the tramp had something to teach him. . . . In this way we heard "The Pavilion on the Links," which he wrote while at Monterey and read to us chapter by chapter as they came from his pen. While there he began another story which was to have been called "Arizona Breckinridge, or A Vendetta in the West." This story, with its rather lurid title, was to have been based upon some of his impressions of Western America, but his heart could not have been in it, for it was never finished. The name Arizona came out of his intense delight in the "songful, tuneful" nomenclature of the United States, in which terms he refers to it in "The Amateur Emigrant." The name Susquehanna was a special joy to him, and he took pleasure in rolling it upon his tongue, adding to its music with the rich tones of his voice, as he repeated it: "Susquehanna! Oh, beautiful!" While on the train passing through Pennsylvania, he wrote some verses about the beautiful river with the "tuneful" name in a letter to his friend, Mr. Sidney Colvin, of which one stanza runs thus:



Robert Louis Stevenson.
From a portrait taken at San Francisco in 1879.

"I think, I hope, I dream no more
The dreams of otherwhere;
The cherished thoughts of yore;
I have been changed from what I was
before;

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And drunk too deep perchance the lotus of the air
Beside the Susquehanna and along the Delaware."

Again, in writing the poem entitled "Ticonderoga," it was the name that first drew his attention, and

"It sang in his sleeping ears,
It hummed in his waking head;
The name—Ticonderoga."

Some story that we told him about a man who named his numerous family of daughters after the States: Indiana, Nebraska, etc., took his fancy and suggested the name of Arizona to him.

Out of the mist arise memories of walks along the beach—the long beach of clean white sand that stretches unbroken for a distance of many miles around the great sweeping curve of Monterey Bay, where we "watched the tiny sandy-pipers, and the huge Pacific seas." Sometimes we walked there at night, when the blood-red harvest-moon sprang suddenly like a great ball of fire above the rim of the horizon on the opposite side of the circling bay, sending a glittering track across the water to our very feet. To walk with Stevenson on such a night, and watch "the waves come in slowly, vast and green, curve their translucent necks and burst with a surprising uproar"—to walk with him on such a night and listen to his inimitable talk is the sort of memory that cannot fade. On other nights when the waters of the bay were all alight with the glow of phosphorescence, we walked upon the old wooden pier and marvelled at the billows of fire sent rolling in beneath us by the splashing porpoises.

Perhaps nothing about the place interested him more deeply than the old mission of San Carlos Borroméo, once the home of the illustrious Junípero Serra and now the last resting-place of his earthly remains. Once a year, on San Carlos Day, November 4, the entire population, Catholic and Protestant, young and old, dropped all other occupation and travelled, some on horseback, some in wagons, and a goodly number on foot, over the four miles of dusty road out to the mission which, having been founded in 1770, six years earlier than our Declaration of Independence, may lay claim to a respectable antiquity, as such things go in the New World. At the time of Mr. Stevenson's visit to Monterey the church was fast falling into ruin, and presented a picturesque but melancholy spectacle of decay. Nothing of the roof remained except a few rafters, from which hung bits of the leather thongs by which they had been

Cottage at the northwest corner of Eleventh Avenue and East Eighteenth Street, Oakland, where Mr. Stevenson lived for some months during the winter of 1879–80.

This picture was taken from an oil sketch made by Mrs. Stevenson.

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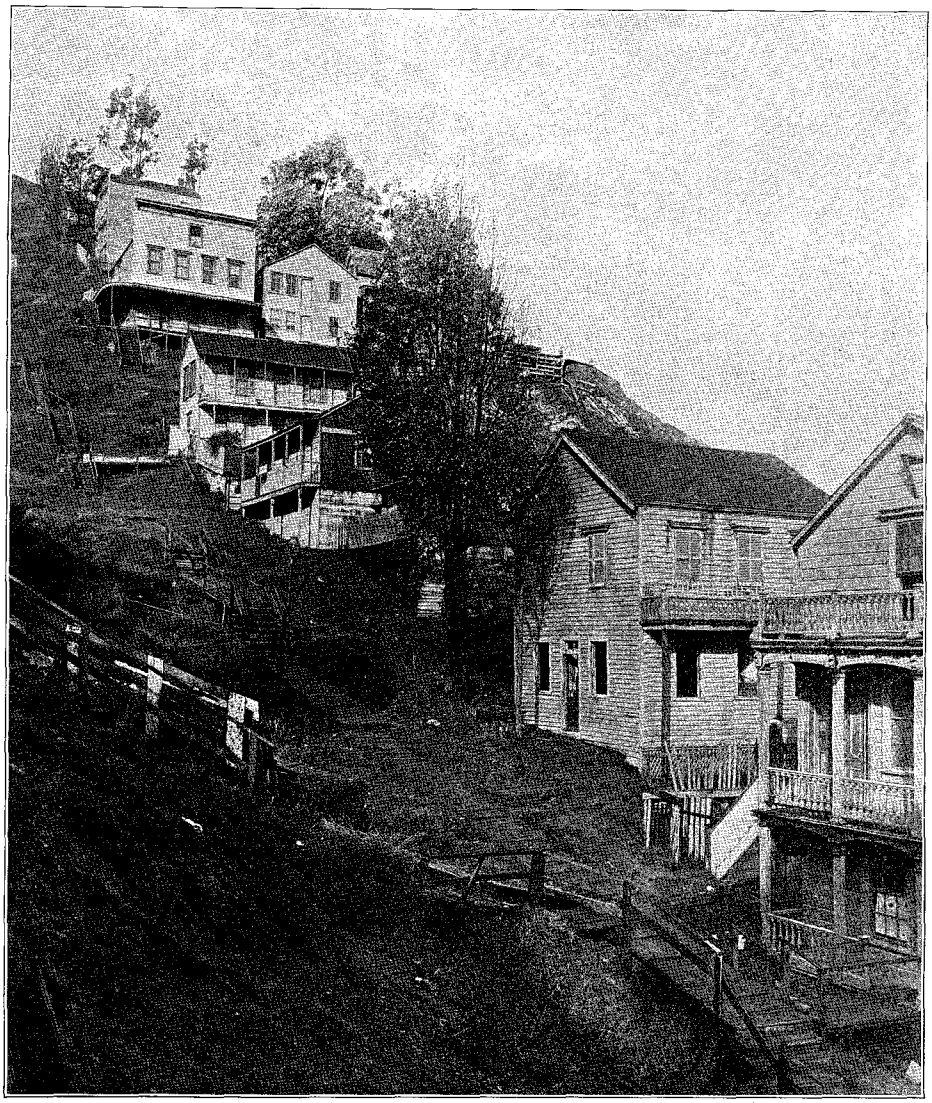

Telegraph Hill.

From a photograph in the historical collection of Mr. Charles B. Turrill, of San Francisco. This photograph was taken before the fire of 1906.

bound together, for no nails were used in its construction. Within its ruined walls mass was celebrated once a year in honor of its patron, Saint Charles Borroméo, and after the religious services were over all the people joined in a joyous *merienda* under the trees, during which vast quantities of *tamales*, *enchiladas*,* and other distinctive Spanish-American viands were generously distributed to friend and stranger, Catholic and Protestant. Mr. Stevenson attended one of these celebrations, and was greatly moved by the sight of the pitiful remnant of aged Indians, sole survivors of Father Serra's once numerous flock, who lifted their quavering voices in the mass. He expressed much surprise at the clarity of their pronunciation of the Latin, and in his essay on "The Old Pacific Capital" he says: ". . . there you may hear God served with perhaps more touching circumstances than in any other temple under heaven. . . . These Indians have the Gregorian music

* *Merienda*, noonday luncheon. *Enchiladas* are a sort of corn-meal pancake rolled up and stuffed with cheese and dressed with a sauce made of red peppers.

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at their finger-ends, and pronounce the Latin so correctly that I could follow the meaning as they sang." Much has changed since then, for the church has been "restored," unfortunately, with a modern shingled roof instead of the appropriate tiles, and the little band of Indians have long since quavered out their last mass and gone to meet their beloved pastor, the saintly Serra.

Those were *dolce-far-niente* days at Monterey, dreamy, romantic days, spent beneath the bluest sky, beside the bluest sea, and in the best company on earth, and all was glorified by the rainbow hues of youth. But, as Mr. Stevenson prophesied, "the little town was not strong enough to resist the influence of the flaunting caravanserai which sprang up in the desert by the railway," and after the coming of the fashionable hotel the commercial spirit came to life in the place. The tile-topped adobe walls, hiding their sweet, secluded gardens, gave way to new frame or brick buildings, the narrow, crooked streets were straightened and graded, the break-neck sidewalks replaced by neat cement pavements, and, at last, the Spirit of Romance spread her wings and vanished into the mists of the Pacific.

The setting of the picture is now changed to Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, where we lived for some months in the little house which Mr. Stevenson himself describes in the dedication to "Prince Otto" as "far gone in the respectable stages of antiquity, and which seemed indissoluble from the green garden in which it stood, and that yet was a sea-traveller in its younger days, and had come round the Horn piecemeal in the belly of a ship, and might have heard the seamen stamping and shouting and the note of the boatswain's whistle." This cottage was of the variety known as "cloth and paper," a flimsy construction permitted by the kindly climate of California, and on winter nights, when the wind blew in strongly from the sea, its sides puffed in and out, greatly to the amusement of the "Scot," accustomed as he was to the solid buildings of his native land. It was, as he says, "embowered in creepers," for over its front a cloth-of-gold rose spread its clinging arms, and over one side a Banksia flung a curtain of green and yellow. It was during his stay in this house that we first realized the serious nature of his illness, and yet there was none of the depressing atmosphere of sickness, for he refused to be the regulation sick man. Every day he worked for a few hours at least, one of us acting as amanuensis in order to save him the physical labor of writing. In this way the first rough draft of "Prince Otto" was written, and here, too, he tried his hand at poetry, producing some of the poems that afterward appeared in the collection called "Underwoods," although it is certain that he never believed himself to be possessed of the true poetic fire. Brave as his spirit was, yet he had his dark moments when the dread of premature death weighed upon him. It was probably in such a mood that he wrote the poem called "Not Yet, My Soul," an appeal to Fate in which he expressed his rebellion against an untimely end:

"Not yet, my soul, these friendly fields desert,

. . . . . .

The ship rides trimmed, and from the eternal shore
Thou hearest airy voices; but not yet
Depart, my soul, not yet awhile depart.

. . . . . .

Leave not, my soul, the unfoughten field, nor leave
Thy debts dishonored, nor thy place desert
Without due service rendered. For thy life,
Up, spirit, and defend that fort of clay,
Thy body, now beleaguered."

While engaged in dictating he had a habit of walking up and down the room, his pace growing faster and faster as his enthusiasm rose higher. We feared that this was not very good for him, so we quietly devised a scheme to prevent it without his knowledge by hemming him in with tables and chairs, so that each time he sprang up to walk he sank back discouraged at sight of the obstructions. When I recall the sleepless care with which Mrs. Stevenson watched over him at that critical point in his life, it seems to me that it is not too much to say that the world owes it to her that he lived to produce his best works. To her thousand other accomplishments she added those of skilful cook and nurse, and the varied experiences of her life, particularly in early mining days at Virginia City, Nevada, had taught her how to produce a good

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dinner out of a tin can, at a pinch, or to manufacture serviceable furniture with the assistance of a hatchet and nails and a few packing-boxes—an ability that often served them in good stead in their subsequent wanderings in the wild places of the earth. Some of our furniture in our rooms at Monterey was of this home-made variety, and, when we were about to leave there, I have a picture in my mind of Louis with a hatchet in his hand raised high, ready to come down with a whack upon some of the said furniture, when he was arrested by a cry from the señorita, whose economical Spanish soul could not bear such wanton waste. "But," he remonstrated, "I never before had the fun of breaking up housekeeping by smashing the furniture!" One of his favorite jokes was to refer to his wife as "the forty-niner." But above and beyond her care for his physical well-being was the strong courage with which she stood behind him in his hours of gloom and heartened him up to the fight. Her profound faith in his genius before the rest of the world had come to recognize it had a great deal to do with keeping up his faith in himself, and her discriminating taste in literature was such that he had begun even then to submit all his writings to her criticism. How many-sided she was in her relations to him he himself tells best in the verses inscribed to her:

"Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free
The august Father
Gave to me."

Although his own life-work lay entirely in the field of letters, he had a sincere admiration for work with the hands, and often expressed his surprise at the mechanical cleverness of American women. He took pleasure in seeing that we could cut, fit, and make our own clothing, and do a pretty good job of it, too, and looked on at the operation with serious interest, sometimes making useful suggestions. He had none of that spirit which is sometimes called "the aristocracy of brains," and seemed to feel a genuine and unaffected sympathy with the work and aims of other people, no matter how humble they might be. Any one might go to him with a tale of daily struggle, of little ambitions bravely fought for, even though it were nothing more than a job as waiter in a restaurant, and be sure of his respectful consideration and sincere advice, always granting that the ambition were honest and the fight well fought.

Sickness and discouragement were not enough to keep down his boyish gayety, which he sometimes manifested by teasing his womenfolk. One of his favorite methods of doing this was to station himself on a chair in front of us and, with his brown eyes lighted up with a whimsical smile, talk broad Scotch, in a Highland nasal twang, by the hour, until we cried for mercy. Yet he was decidedly sensitive about that same Scotch, and his feelings were much wounded by hearing one of us express a horror of reading it in books. One of the pleasant trivial circumstances of our life that comes to mind is an occasion when we were all rejoicing in the possession of new clothes, a rare event with us in those days, even though the material in our dresses cost but twenty-five cents a yard, and Louis proposed that we should celebrate this extraordinary event by an evening at the theatre. Women wore pockets then, but there had been no time to provide my dress with one, so Louis agreed to carry my handkerchief, but only on condition that I should ask for it when needed in a true Scotch twang, "Gie me the naepkin!" a condition that I was compelled to fulfil, no doubt to the considerable surprise of our neighbors at the theatre. Gilbert and Sullivan were in their heyday then, and the play given that night was "The Pirates of Penzance." Louis said the London "bobbies" were true to life.

Although he was the soul of generosity, he liked to poke fun at himself as a canny, grasping Scot, and often told that old story about the Scotch villager who went on a visit to Edinburgh for the first time, and upon his return was met by one of his cronies with the question: "Weel, Sandy, an' hoo did ye like Edinbro' town?" "Ay, Jamie, but it's an awfu' place! I had nae been there but half an hoor whan bang went saxpence!" When any of his family asked him for money it amused him to make a wry face and say: "Bang went saxpence!"

Chief among the amusements with which we tried to brighten the extreme

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quietude of our lives in the little Oakland house was reading aloud. We obtained many books from the Mercantile Library of San Francisco, among which I especially remember the historical works of Francis Parkman, who was a great favorite with Mr. Stevenson. He had a theory that the not uncommon distaste among the people for that branch of literature was largely the fault of the dull style adopted by many historians, and saw no good reason why the thrilling story of the great events of the world should not be presented in a manner that would hold the interest of readers. Yet he had no patience with the sort of writer that subordinates truth to fine writing. As an instance, certainly of rare occurrence in Parkman, he noticed a paragraph in "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," in which the author refers to the shining of the moon on a certain night when a party was endeavoring to make a secret passage down a river through hostile Indian country. He thought it unlikely that Parkman could have known that the moon shone on that particular night, though it is possible that he did the historian an injustice, for it sometimes happened that just such trivial circumstances were mentioned in the documents of the early explorers. Sometimes he read aloud to us from some French writer, translating it into English as he read for our benefit. "Les Étrangleurs" was one of the books that he read to us in this way while we sat and sewed our seams. He seemed to get a good deal of rest as well as amusement from the reading of such books of mystery and adventure. His taste was always for the decent in literature, and he was much offended by the works of the writers of the materialistic school who were just then gaining a vogue. Among these was Émile Zola, and he exacted a promise from one of the younger members of our party never to read that writer—a promise that has been faithfully kept to this day. His stay at Monterey had given him a fancy to study the Spanish language, so we obtained books and began it together. He had a theory that a language could be best acquired by plunging directly into it, but I have a suspicion that our choice of one of the dramas of the sixteenth century—one of Lope de Vega's, I think—was scarcely a wise one for beginners. He refers to this venture of ours in a letter to Mr. Sidney Colvin as "the play which the sister and I are just beating through with two bad dictionaries and an insane grammar." Nevertheless, we made some headway, and I remember that he marvelled greatly at the far-fetched, high-flown similes and figures of speech of the writers of the "Golden Age" of Spain. In spite of his confessed dislike for the cold-blooded study of the grammar, we did not altogether neglect it, and a day comes to my mind when he was assisting me in the homely task of washing the dishes in the pleasant, sunny kitchen where the Banksia rose hung its yellow curtain over the windows. We recited Spanish conjugations while we worked, and he held up a glass for my inspection, saying: "See how beautifully I have polished it! There is no doubt that I have missed my vocation. I was born to be a butler!" "No, Louis," I replied, "some day you are to be a famous writer, and who knows but that I shall write about you, as the humble Boswell wrote about Johnson, and tell the world how you once wiped dishes for me in this old kitchen!"

For the long evenings of winter we had a game which he invented expressly for our amusement. Lloyd Osbourne, then a boy of twelve, had rather more than the usual boy's fondness for stories of the sea. It will be remembered that it was to please this boy that Mr. Stevenson afterward wrote "Treasure Island." Our game was to tell a continued story, each person being limited to two minutes, taking up the tale at the point where the one before him left off. We older ones had a secret understanding that we were to keep Lloyd away from the sea, but strive as we might, even though we left the hero safely stranded in the middle of the Desert of Sahara, Lloyd never failed to have him sailing the bounding main again before his allotted two minutes expired.

In these dark days, when the world resounds with the noise of war, and all Europe is being drenched with blood in the sacred name of patriotism, it is interesting to remember that he did not place that sentiment at the top in the list of human virtues, for he believed that to concentrate one's affections and interest too closely upon one small section of the earth's surface, simply on account of the accident of birth, had a narrowing effect

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upon a man's mental outlook and his human sympathies. He was a citizen of the world in his capacity to understand the point of view of other men, of whatsoever race, color, or creed, and it was this catholicity of spirit that made it possible for him to sit upon the benches of Portsmouth Square in San Francisco and learn something of real life from the human flotsam and jetsam cast up there by the Pacific.

Of all the popular songs of America, he liked "Marching Through Georgia" and "Dixie" best. For "Home, Sweet Home" he had no liking—perhaps from having heard it during some moment of poignant homesickness. He said that such a song made too brutal an assault upon a man's tenderest feelings, and believed it to be a much greater triumph for a writer to bring a smile to his readers than a tear—partly, perhaps, because it is a more difficult achievement.

Here the scene changes again—this time to San Francisco, the city of many hills, of drifting summer fogs and sparkling winter sunshine, the old city that now lives only in the memories of those who knew it in the days when Stevenson climbed the steep ways of its streets. Although he had about him something of the *ennui* of the much-travelled man, and complained that

> "There's nothing under heaven so blue,
> That's fairly worth the travelling to,"

yet no attraction was lost upon him, and the Far Western flavor of San Francisco, with its added tang of the Orient, and the feeling of adventure blowing in on its salt sea-breezes, was much to his liking. My especial memory here is of many walks taken with him up Telegraph Hill, where the streets were grass-grown because no horse could climb them, and the sidewalks were provided with steps or cleats for the assistance of foot-passengers. This hill, formerly called "Signal Hill," was used in earlier days, on account of its commanding outlook over the sea, as a signal station to indicate the approach of vessels and give their class and possibly their names as they neared the city. How many a lonely soul, in the days of forty-nine, must have turned longing eyes toward the "Hill" in search of the signal that would mean letters from home! When we took our laborious walks up its precipitous paths it was, as now, the especial home of Italians and other Latin people, who dwelt happily upon their chosen height and mourned not for sunny Italy, for were not the skies here as blue, the flowers as sweet, and the sea as generous in its yield of fish to the lateen-sailed boats that skimmed across its rippling surface as in the home of their birth? Mr. Stevenson wondered much at the happy-go-lucky confidence, or perhaps it was the naïve trust in God, with which these people had built their houses in the most alarmingly insecure places, sometimes hanging upon the very edge of a sheer precipice, sometimes with the several stories built on different levels, climbing the hill like steps. About them there was a pleasant air of foreign quaintness—little railed balconies across the fronts, outside stairways leading up to the second stories, and green blinds to give a look of Latin seclusion.

In stories of his San Francisco days there is much talk of the restaurants where he took his meals. The one that I particularly remember was a place kept by Frank Garcia, familiarly known as "Frank's." This place, being moderately expensive, was probably only frequented by him upon special occasions, when Fortune was in one of her smiling moods. Food was good and cheap and in large variety in San Francisco in those days, and venison steak was as often served up to us at Frank's as beef, while canvasbacks had not yet flown out of the poor man's sight; so we had many a savory meal there, generally served by a waiter named Monroe, between whom and Mr. Stevenson a friendship founded on mutual respect existed. They now and then exchanged a friendly jest, and I remember one day when Monroe, remarking upon the depression of spirits from which Louis suffered during a temporary absence of the women of his family, said: "I had half a mind to take him in a piece of calico on a plate."

Once more the picture changes—now to the town of Calistoga, with its hybrid name made up of syllables from Saratoga and California, where we stayed for a few days at the old Springs Hotel while on our way to Mount Saint Helena, to which

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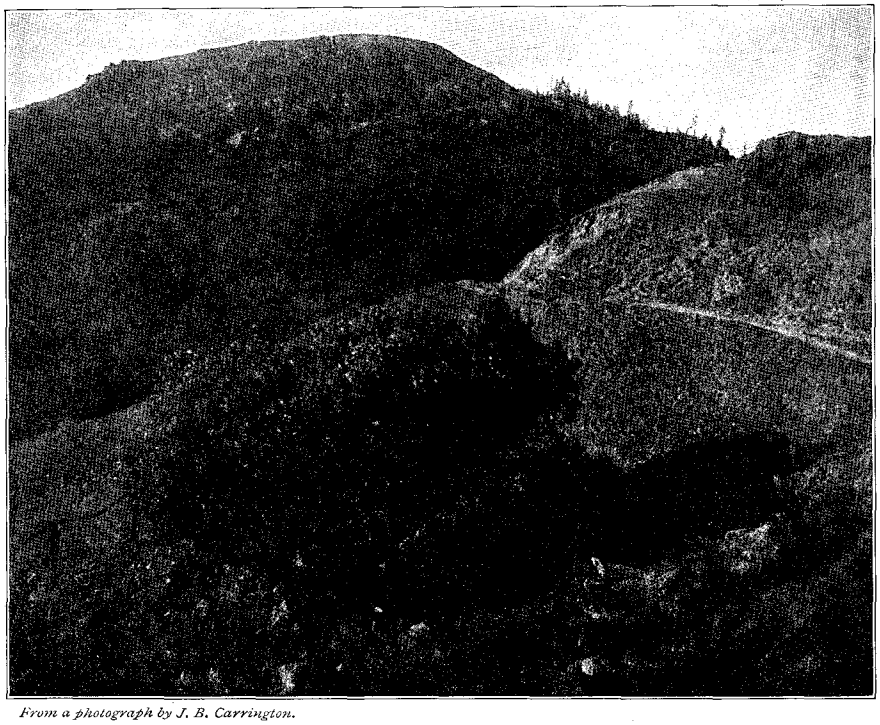
mountain refuge Mr. Stevenson was fleeing from the sea-fogs of the coast. The recollection of this journey seems to have melted into a general impression of winding mountain roads, of deep canyons full of tall green trees, of lovely limpid streams rippling over the stones in darkly shaded depths where the fern-brakes grew rankly, driver, whirling around curves where the outer wheels had scarcely an inch to spare, while we looked fearfully down upon the tops of the tall trees in the canyon far below. If the horses slackened their pace for an instant the driver stooped to pick up a stone from a pile that he kept at his feet and bombarded them into a fresh



From a photograph by J. B. Carrington.

The road up the mountain to Silverado.

of burning summer heat and much dust. At the Springs Hotel we lived in one of the separate palm-shaded cottages most agreeably maintained for guests who liked their privacy. On the premises were tiny sheds built over the steaming holes in the ground which constituted the Calistoga Hot Springs. It gave one a sensation like walking about on a sieve over a boiling subterranean caldron. Determined not to miss any experience, we each took a turn at a steam bath in these sheds, but the sense of imminent suffocation was too strong to be altogether pleasant. Then came the wild ride up the side of the mountain, in a six-horse stage driven at a reckless rate of speed by its indifferent spurt. And if the ride up the hill was terrifying, the return, with the added momentum of going down-hill, was vastly more so. Dashing up at full speed in front of the Springs Hotel, in order to arrive with *éclat,* the driver made a slight miscalculation, and the horses plunged headlong into one of the pillars of the piazza and fell in a heap. From this tangle all were miraculously extricated without injury, but the memory of this mad ride down the mountain still remains as a "high light" in the picture. At the Toll House, half-way up the mountain, which still exists in much the same condition as in those days, we arrived as mere walking pillars of fine white dust, all individuality

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From a photograph by J. B. Carrington.

The Hot Springs, Calistoga.

as completely lost as though we had been shrouded in masks and dominoes. The Toll House was a place of somnolent peace and deep stillness, broken only by a pleasant dripping from the wooden flume that brought down the cold waters of some spring hidden in the thick green growth far up on the mountainside. And such water! He who has once tasted of the nectar of a California mountain spring "will not ask for wine"! At the Toll House we had liberal country meals, with venison steaks, somewhat spoiled in the cooking, served to us nearly every day. Bear were still killed on the mountain, but I do not remember having any to eat. From this place we climbed, by way of a toilsome and stiflingly hot foot-path running through a tangle of thick undergrowth, to the old Silverado mine bunkhouse, where the Stevenson family took up their quarters. People said there were many rattlesnakes about, and we now and then saw indubitable evidence of their presence in a long, spotted body lying in the road where some passer-by had killed it, but fear of them never troubled our footsteps. In "The Silverado Squatters" Mr. Stevenson says, "The place abounded with rattlesnakes, . . . and the rattles whizzed on every side like spinning-wheels," but I am inclined to think that he often mistook the buzzing noise made by locusts, which abounded thereabout, for the rattle of the snakes. The old bunkhouse seemed to me an incredibly uncomfortable place of residence. Its situation, on top of the mine-dump piled against the precipitous mountainside, permitted no chance to take a step except upon the treacherous rolling stones of the dump; but we bore with its manifest disadvantages for the sake of its one high redeeming virtue, its entire freedom from the chilling fog which we dreaded for the sick man. It was excessively hot there during the day, but there was always one place where coolness held sway—the mouth of the old tunnel, from whose dark, mysterious depths, which we never dared explore for fear of stepping off into some forgotten shaft, a cold, damp wind blew continuously. Just inside its entrance we established a cold-storage plant, for there all articles kept delightfully fresh in the hottest weather. When the freshness of the evening fell, "it was good to gather stones and send them crashing down the chute," and

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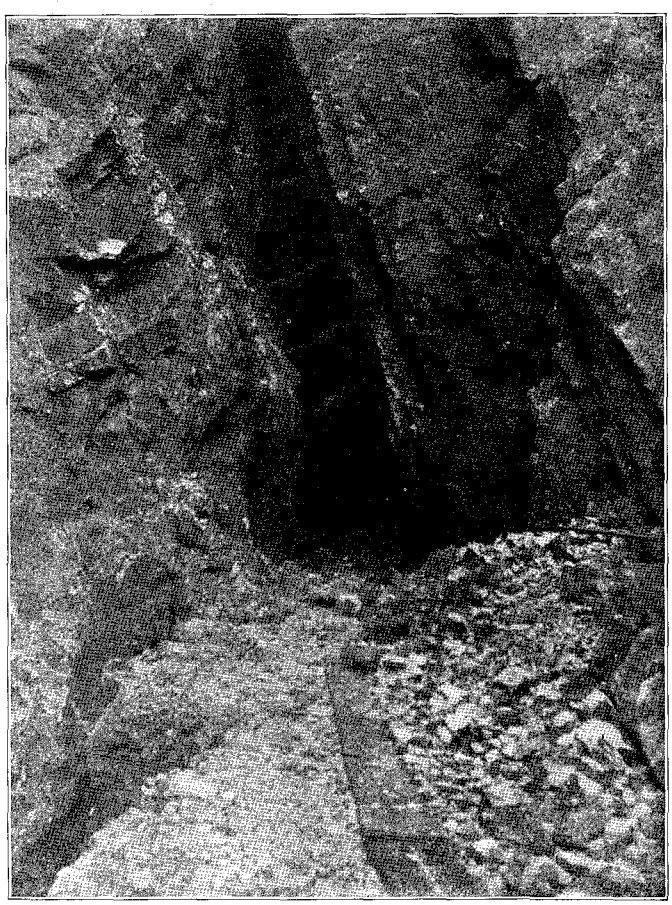
indeed this was almost our only pastime in our queer mountain eyrie. The noise made by these stones as they went bounding down the chute was sent back in tremendous rolling echoes by the mountains on the opposite side of the valley, and it pleased us to liken it to the noise heard by Rip Van Winkle, "like distant peals of thunder," made by the ghosts of Hendrick Hudson's men playing at ninepins in the Catskill Mountains.

Then back to San Francisco, where the only memory that remains is that of a confused blur of preparations for leaving—packing, ticket-buying, and melancholy farewells—for he was then homeward bound to old Scotland to introduce his newly acquired American wife to his waiting parents. One day he came in with his pockets full of twenty-dollar gold pieces, with which he had supplied himself for the journey. He thought this piece of money the handsomest coin in the world, and said it made a man feel rich merely to handle it. In a jesting mood, he drew the coins from his pockets and threw them on the table, whence they rolled right and left on the floor, saying: "Just look! I'm simply lousy wid money!" Of course, a wild, laughing scramble ensued.



From a photograph by J. B. Carrington.

The ledge, Silverado mine.

Then came the parting, which proved to be eternal, for I never saw him again; but perhaps it is better to remember him only as he was then—before the rainbow hues of youth had faded.

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In the midst of a group of gapers stood our butler, Auguste, parleying with two Gandourah-garbed, turban-crowned Arabs.

GUESTS FROM THE DESERT

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

"MADAME, Madame. The savages!" shrieked my maid, bursting into my study in terror.

"Savages? Where? What do you mean?"

"Yes, savages, Madame. Out there on the sidewalk. They want to see Monsieur."

I hastened to the window, and my eyes fell upon one of the most picturesque spectacles imaginable. In the midst of a group of gapers stood our butler, Auguste, parleying with two Gandourah-garbed, turban-crowned Arabs. One of the latter was trying to explain himself by force of gesture—his companion standing immovable—while the typical Parisian coachman, in snuff-colored suit and white patent-leather hat, calmly proceeded to unload their baggage. The numerous queer-looking packages he took down reminded me of the bundles one sees piled on the donkey in those early paintings which represent the Flight into Egypt.

As I watched, the scene became more and more animated—the onlookers joining in the explanations, and the uproar bid fair to attract the attention of the police by the time I had despatched my maid with orders to bring in the two strangers.

"Tell Auguste to call a cab and go to the club for Monsieur," was my parting injunction.

The Arabs crossed the threshold and

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entered our drawing-room, stiff as statues, proud as Lucifer.

"Madame," said one in very broken French, "I am a former Spahi—servant of Caïd Sidi ben Larbi."

At these words the second placed his hand upon his heart and made a low bow.

"My master is the friend of thy lord," continued the Spahi. "Where is thy lord?"

"My lord is absent for the moment, but I have sent for him. He will soon be here," murmured I, much embarrassed. "In the meantime tell thy master to make himself comfortable," and I motioned toward a chair. They seated themselves, ill at ease, in my tiny Louis XVI furniture.

"Say that I have heard much of thy master's generous hospitality extended to my lord when he visited Africa with our cousin, Captain H. Tell him he is most welcome to our home!" I continued.

The Spahi repeated my phrase, and then both rose and bowed to the ground.

Still surprised and nervous and but little versed in Arabian customs, I was not quite sure in just which country one offered bread and salt to one's newly arrived guests. I decided to risk my chance and rang the bell.

My maid, followed by the cook, responded so promptly to the summons that I strongly suspect they had been peeking through the keyhole. The bread and salt were brought upon a tray.

Seeing this, the Arabs rose and bowed again, and the chief murmured these words, which his interpreter transmitted:

"May Allah bless thy house, thy master, thy family, and thy descendants."

He had scarcely finished ere H. made his appearance upon the scene. The two men's faces lighted up and there was general handshaking, after which I retired.

"Oh, Madame," confessed my delinquent domestics, whose conduct I openly disapproved. "Oh, Madame, we've seen funny people in this house—English, Russians, Americans—without counting Monsieur's models—but never, never have we seen the like of these two! *Mon Dieu*, are they dangerous? Will they harm us?"

It was not without difficulty that I managed to make those two frightened females comprehend that one of our guests was a wealthy nobleman in his country, that he had received my husband with great pomp and ceremony when the latter had visited Africa, and had organized hunts and fantasias in his honor.

"You must be most polite and courteous with them. Besides, Sidi ben Larbi is our cousin Captain H.'s best friend."

This last argument was indeed a "find," and went straight to their hearts, for the pale-blue tunic, the large baggy red trousers, the medal-bedecked chest, and the martial allure of our relative are sources of pride for our whole street, when Captain H. comes to town.

From my husband I learned the object of our guest's visit to the French capital. He had made the journey to settle a lawsuit over some territory (brought against him by a phosphate society), and most especially to speak in person with the celebrated lawyer who was to defend his case. He expected to spend a week in Paris, and knowing no one save the cousin of his best friend had not hesitated to come directly to us.

"We'll put him in the studio," said H. "There are plenty of divans, and rugs, and cushions there, besides the copper I brought back from Africa."

I must admit that those sons of the desert seemed more at ease in that immense room than in my blue-and-gold boudoir!

Auguste received orders to put his services at their disposal, and the poor fellow was fairly drunk with pride.

"Oh, Madame, when I think how I longed to do my military service in Africa so as to meet a real Arab, and couldn't! And now, see how lucky I am!"

The travellers consented to descend for dinner, but would touch none of the dishes passed. They partook merely of fruit and fresh water. After much scraping and bowing we left the table and retired to the drawing-room, where I fancied a little music would liven the atmosphere. Our guests listened gravely, a trifle surprised, and rose and bowed again at the end of the Chopin sonata.

"Military music — much beautiful," ventured the interpreter.

H. smiled and going toward the Victor wound it up. A Sousa march rent the air. Their eyes began to sparkle; the interpreter went over and looked out the window.

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"Where is the music?"

"Here—in the box!"

They gazed at each other, astonished. To have explained the mechanism of the Victor would have been too complicated. We didn't know exactly what to say, and for a moment we stood staring at each other, tongue-tied, while the lively march jingled on.

"This is an invention made by a man from my lady's country—out there—across the ocean!"

"Those who succeed in making a box sing must have commerce with the gods and the demons."

I was somewhat taken aback at this unexpected reply, but H. explained that Edison was a simple mortal like ourselves, but with a most powerful intelligence.

"This is more than intelligence," came the answer. "He must be a most noble lord. I imagine that people prostrate themselves as he goes by—and are proud of having been touched by the shadow of his horse."

The idea of Mr. Edison's parading on a jewel-bedecked steed before the American public standing in abeyance struck me as comic at first, yet presently I realized how lacking in respect we must seem of our glories to the minds of these simple people.

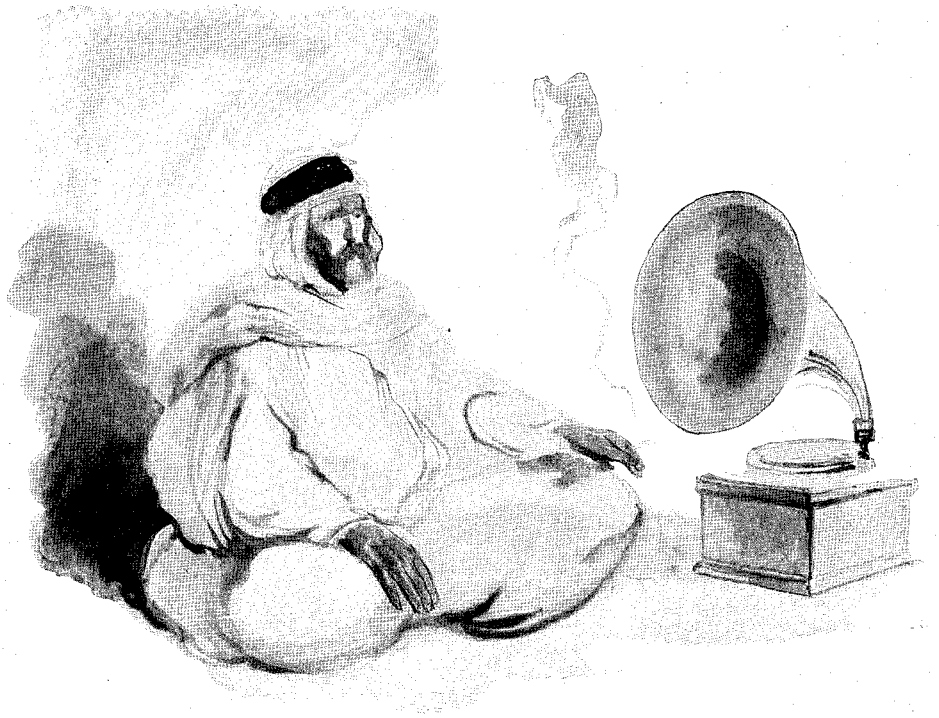
All our disks were passed in review, one after another, and it was very late when, the concert finished, our guests bade us good night and retired, enchanted with their first Parisian evening.

Auguste escorted them to their room with great pomp and ceremony, and the next morning confided to me that he had seen them smoke their queer pipes.

"I even took a sip of their coffee. Oh, afterward, of course, Madame," added he in haste. "It was black and bitter, but it was a sensation I shall remember all my life, and I shall cherish it—to the grave."

He was in the midst of this illuminating confession when a bell rang and he went to our guests' room for orders.

"Madame, they say they want two live chickens and a live sheep!"



A Sousa march rent the air.—Page 483.

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A little vegetable woman in a tiny side street who sold fresh eggs and kept her hens in a wire-faced cupboard underneath her counter.

"What?"

"Two live chickens and a live sheep, Madame!"

When I recovered from the shock, I realized that their wish was not easy to gratify. I telephoned to "Les Halles" (the central market) and to various well-known establishments—I could have anything I wanted—provided I took it dead.

Seeing my distress, Auguste promptly came to the rescue by remembering a little vegetable woman in a tiny side street who sold fresh eggs and kept her hens in a wire-faced cupboard underneath her counter. I lost no time finding her and made my demand.

"Sell you my chickens, Madame? Never! I love them as I would a dog or a cat! Why, I've named one Julie and the other Cocotte! I couldn't dream of parting with them!"

I finally succeeded in procuring Julie for her weight in gold, and then only after promising that much-petted fowl a comfortable home and an old-age pension. Her tender-hearted mistress wept at her departure and kissed her topknot as I shut the lid of the basket.

My butcher promised to bring me a sheep from "La Villette" (the slaughter-house) and so I breathed again. Oh, sublime laws of hospitality!

"Why, Madame, he cuts off their heads

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with a knife and bleeds them like rabbits! I hope he isn't going to bleed his sheep *here!*" was my maid's indignant remark a little later on.

Again I was obliged to explain that Arabs only eat meat that is sacrificed and killed by their own hand according to certain rites of their faith.

"*Mon Dieu,* I only hope that they won't take a fancy for beef," groaned old Marie, terror-stricken at the thought.

Our guest's interpreter and faithful servant was called Mohammed. He soon became much attached to Auguste, and the latter, proud of his civilized superiority, vaunted the conquests of modern science and explained them to his wondering companion as if he (Auguste) had invented them.

I came upon them in front of the telephone and Auguste had valiantly launched forth into a demonstration.

"You could talk to your wife out there in the desert if you wanted to," was his opening remark.

The other smiled incredulously and showed his pearly teeth.

At this decisive moment the 'phone rang. H. had called up to say that they had been delayed in their morning's work and that he and our guest would not be home for luncheon.

"Listen! It's Monsieur who is speaking!" and Auguste thrust the receiver to the other's ear.

"I would like to speak to the Caïd," shrieked he. And then presently he began talking very volubly in his native tongue, all the while his face expressing successive pictures of joy, surprise, and deference. When he had finished he bowed very low.

"All that thou hast said is true. Thy brothers are most glorious and are well beloved of Allah!"

"You bet!" was Auguste's more expressive than elegant reply, for he was red with excitement and beaming with pleasure.

And afterward Mohammed never passed the telephone without salaming to the ground.

We gave several dinners in honor of our guest, one especially to congratulate him on the happy outcome of his lawsuit, and Sidi ben Larbi was extremely deferent and admirably polite with all our friends. He was a man of mind and culture, and was much touched that we should take the trouble to present him to French men of letters. He told me in great confidence that he was shocked by the ladies' gowns and scandalized by the way they were permitted to speak before the men.

"And why do they not eat apart after their lords?"

Oh, suffragettes, what a mission there is for you, out yonder in the desert!

He was pleased, however, by our fashion of lifting our glasses and proposing his health, and each time he would rise and make a deep bow. We asked him in his turn for a story, and through his interpreter he made us acquainted with the following delightful legend:

"Once upon a time a noble youth and a beautiful maiden loved each other. Alas for them! their families had been enemies from time immemorial, and when the fathers of the unlucky lovers learned of their infatuation they cursed their progeny. But neither menaces, prayers, nor maledictions could induce either to desert. Relentless, their sires tore them apart and each was made prisoner in his father's house, watched over by a faithful guardian. That same day a dove alighted upon each domicile, and every morning the birds would seek each other and fly together above the city. Furious, the masters ordered them to be shot, and, strange to say, as the doves expired, so, too, the lovers lay down and died.

"With great secrecy each lord buried his dear departed in an unmarked spot, but presently, from two sister graves, sprang twin palm-trees. As years went on these palm-trees grew and grew, becoming the admiration of all, standing so stately and so strong. In time, though, 'twas noticed that each leaned slightly toward its neighbor and when they had attained their full growth their heads had met and their branches were entwined.

"Wild with rage, the unrelenting parents had them cut down and their wood piled high to burn. And as two columns of smoke rose gently in the sky the then powerless enemies watched them blow

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closer and closer, finally mingle and float heavenward, united."

Auguste had requested as a special favor to be allowed to show Mohammed the sights of Paris. Sunday was the day which would combine all the marvels they intended to bring beneath Mohammed's wondering eyes between two and five in the afternoon.

However, it was no easy job getting them started when the appointed time

He began talking very volubly in his native tongue, . . . his face expressing successive pictures of joy, surprise, and deference.—Page 486.

chosen, and all day Friday and Saturday I could hear him planning what they intended to do, aided by Marie, his wife, who was to accompany them on their trip. So great was their desire to impress their guest by the wonders of the Ville Lumière that they sought counsel from all the tradespeople and concierges in our street, and no Cook's tour was ever imagined came, for Marie, much overdressed, with shoes far too small, seated herself in the pantry and refused to move until Auguste requested Mohammed to remove the two gold-handled daggers which he wore in his belt.

"You never can tell what men like that will do! It's always better to be on the safe side."

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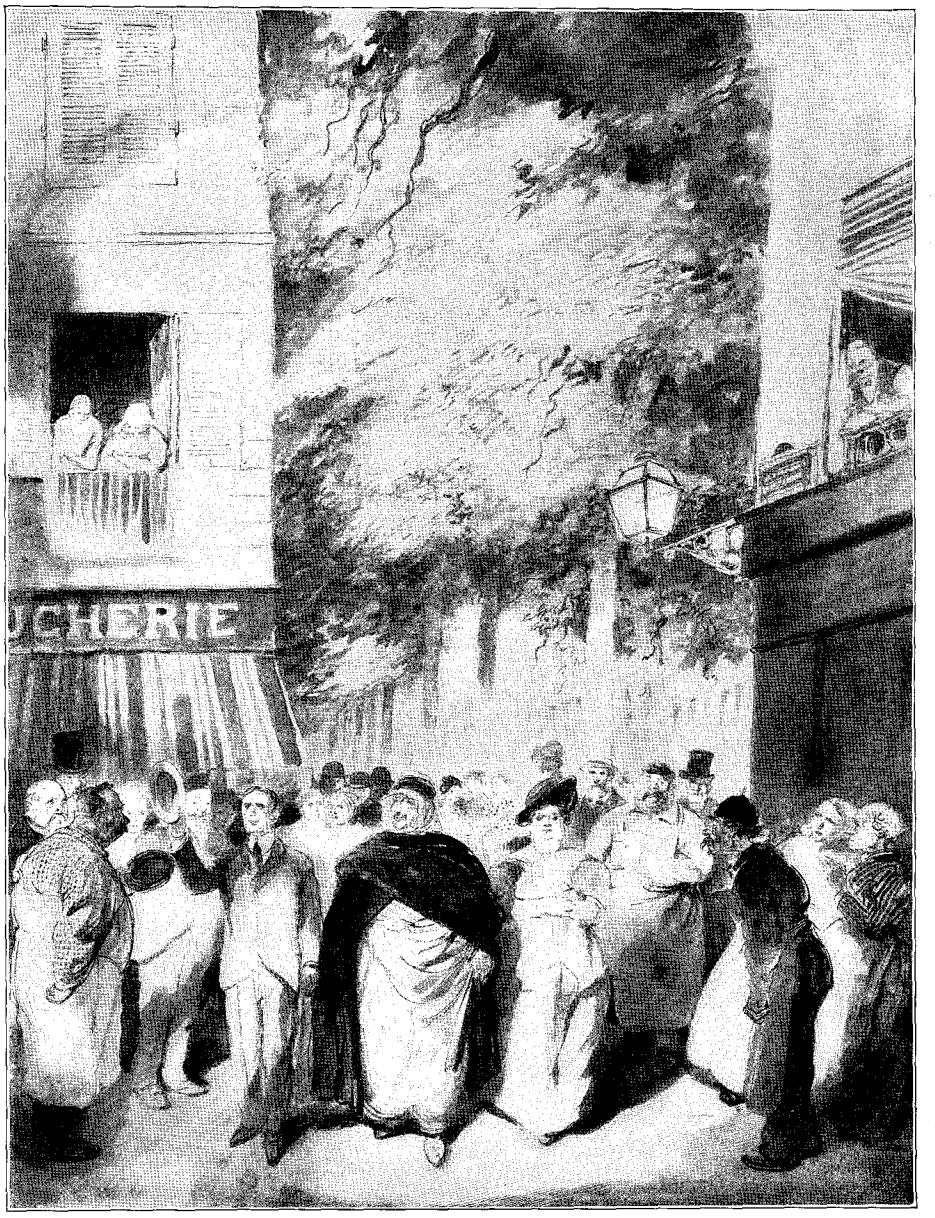

Presently the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker came flocking in.—Page 489.

Auguste was in despair, and it needed a full half-hour of persuasion to convince his frightened better half that those two daggers were Mohammed's proudest ornament and were dearer to his heart than the costly gilt bauble then hanging about her neck.

"But suppose he took a notion to eat a live man—like he did to eat live sheep?"

I was willing to vouch for my guest's anti-cannibal instincts, and finally the trio started forth. They got no farther than the court before our concierge stepped from the lodge and, after shaking hands, requested a presentation. In the mean-

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time his wife had warned the grocer, who in turn announced to the shoemaker that Auguste and Marie were "off duty" and were about to go forth in company with a real live Arab. The temptation was too great. Presently the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker came flocking in, and Auguste and Marie were obliged to present their distinguished friend, whose bows delighted the populace and made their hosts' bosoms swell with pride.

The reception bade fair to become a lengthy proceeding, so I sent out my maid to warn them that the sun was fast sinking in the winter's sky, and that sight-seeing would presently be out of the question.

Accordingly they departed, and I afterward learned that after a hasty view of the Eiffel Tower they visited a moving-picture show, from which Mohammed refused to move until it was time for dinner.

When our guests took final leave, the entire quarter turned out to bid them farewell. My maid was in tears, and Marie sniffed as she prepared a basket of luscious fruit for their journey. Auguste would stop and shake hands with Mohammed every time he carried a bundle to the station omnibus. And what bundles they were! A phonograph, a typewriter, and a miniature cinematograph! Heaven knows how many modern inventions, which will certainly seem out of place beneath the Caïd's tent!

When Sidi ben Larbi took his leave he bent over my hand.

"May Allah protect thy house and thy descendants! I am carrying to my wives the invention of thy illustrious compatriot and the remembrance of thy charming hospitality. May Allah be with thee!"

THE DESERTED NEST

By George Sterling

A CHILL is on the air,
And, robbed by grey November of its leaves,
The maple tosses, and the north wind grieves
Among the branches bare.

That limb above the street
Holds yet, I see, the trustful robin's nest,
Where once her eggs were warm below her breast
When Maytide morns were sweet.

The fledglings long have flown;
The mother bird as well has gone away,
And in the little home where once they lay
Are snowflakes early sown.

Do they, the parents two,
Remember now the refuge dear and small,—
The dwelling once beloved over all,
That held the orbs of blue?

The snow, the wind, the rain
Will make a ruin of the nest ere long.
The spring will come at last with bud and song,
But they two not again.

The winter shakes my door,
And bitter winds are on the frozen earth,
And on that home of mating and of birth
That is a home no more.

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Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Uncle John says *that* grace would do as well for a whippin' as for a dinner."

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MR. BOLSTER

By Armistead C. Gordon
Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

"GAILEY'S coming back to-morrow," said young Mars' Jeems to Mis' Nancy, as they sat together on the back porch at Kingsmill, where Ommirandy, in her low chair near by, was industriously sewing away on a new checked gingham apron.

"Is he?" queried Mis' Nancy, with vague interest and a detached air. She was making a mental calculation as to how long the barrel of sugar in the storeroom would probably last. It had seemed to be getting rather low, when she had given Delphy the requisite number of pounds to the specified number of gallons of blackberries that morning, for putting up the usual summer's supply of jam.

"Yes," said the master of Kingsmill. "Here's a letter from his father. He writes that the boy had such a grand time here last year, he is sending him back again for his vacation."

Jonas had just brought the morning mail up from the wharf; and young Mars' Jeems, replacing the letter in its envelope, stuck it into his inner coat-pocket.

The information apparently made but slight impression on Mis' Nancy. She liked Gailey well enough; and the war had been between him and Ommirandy, after all. She had taken no part in it, though hearing its minutest details. The effect that young Mars' Jeems's announcement had on the old woman may be aptly described as electrical. She took the headless silver thimble from her finger, and dropped her sewing on her knee. Holding the thimble up, and regarding the master of Kingsmill over it, while the big gold ear-hoops shook ominously, she said:

"What dat you say, young Mars' Jeems?"

"I was just telling your Mis' Nancy, Mirandy, that I have received a letter from Gailey's father, saying that Gailey will be here on the boat to-morrow to spend his vacation."

The headless thimble dropped to the floor and rolled almost to the end of the porch, as its owner flung her hands up, and in accents of unmistakable reprobation exclaimed:

"De mussiful Lord in heab'n he'p us!"

"Why, what's the matter, Mirandy?" queried young Mars' Jeems, who was genuinely surprised. "He's a mischievous boy, but I thought we all got on with him pretty well last summer, didn't we?"

For a moment the old woman was silent. The exclamatory hands had fallen to her lap and were nervously fingering the unfinished apron.

"Mischeefous?" she queried at last. "Mischeefous? Young Mars' Jeems, you ain't nuver knowed what a time me an' Mis' Nancy had wid dat boy lars' year. Nor, sir! Dat you ain't! De mornin' he went away, when I seed him start ter de wharf, wid Jonas, fur ter take de boat back home, lookin' so purty an' clean in his white suit o' clo'es, and his curly head an' his straw hat, I kin remembrance ter dis minnit what I said ter myse'f. Sez I ter Mirandy: 'Good-by, Gailey! I'm p'intly glad you's gone. I hope I ain't nuver gwi' see you, nur none o' yo' chillun, nur none o' yo' chillun's chillun, unter de third an' de fo'th generashun, at Kingsmill, no mo'.' Dat what Mis' useter read ter us out'n de Book in de loom-room, 'bout dem generashuns; an' I put de conjur o' all on 'em at once on ter dat Gailey."

"What on earth did he do when he was here to invite such an inhospitable farewell, Mirandy?" queried young Mars' Jeems, with an expression of concern upon his usually serene countenance.

"Nummine," replied the old woman, arising and recovering the vagrant thimble. She puffed a little with the exertion

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of stooping for it, and resuming her seat, continued:

"I say, nuver you mine, young Mars' Jeems, what dat boy done done. Let bygones be bygones. Dem days is over, thank de Lord. You jes' wait an' see what he gwi' do dis time!"

She picked up the gingham apron and resumed her sewing, with an air of dejected resignation.

"Mirandy, you never complained to me of the boy before. I didn't know you disapproved of him."

"Nor, sir," she responded. "No mo' was I gwine ter say nothin' again' him dis time, ef he had stayed away. 'Scusin' I don't like de notion o' strange white chillun comin' ter Kingsmill, an' prancin' an' trampoosin' aroun', meddlin' wid everything, an' sassin' all de serbants on de place, I didn' have nothin' 'gin' dat Gailey when he fus' come. He's de son o' yo' bes' frien', dat was in de war wid you—dat what I hear you say; an' dat was enough fur Mirandy. I ain't nuver gwine back on you, ur none o' yo'ne. But, 'fo' Gord, young Mars' Jeems, you ain't been knowed, an' you ain't gwine ter know dat Gailey. You was a-ridin' 'roun' de plantashun, an' lookin' arfter things, an' tryin' ter keep 'em straight, an' ter he'p dese he'pless niggers fur ter he'p deyselves, whilst me an' Mis' Nancy was wrastlin' wid dat boy, like—like Jacob wrastle wid de angel."

She broke off, in discomfited contemplation of her analogue.

"'Scusin' Gailey warn't no angel, an' 'scusin' we nuver ain't been flung him yit."

The master of Kingsmill laughed, and Mis' Nancy smiled at some vagrant memory that Ommirandy's speech evoked.

"Me an' Mis' Nancy ain't nuver tole you what we-all had ter put up wid f'om him an' Tiberius, beca'se we didn' want ter werry you. But what dem two done here on dis Kingsmill plantashun endurin' o' de lars' summer was plum' enough. Tibe, he take arfter his gran'pa Jonas. He natch'ly got de debble in him big ez a house; but, 'fo' Gord, he got dem seben debbles in him, when dat Gailey git holt on him.

"Umph-um-h-h!"

She heaved a deep sigh, shaking her head and stitching silently, while Mis' Nancy went to look again at the sugar-barrel, and young Mars' Jeems got his riding-gloves.

Gailey came, with the face and form of a thirteen-year-old seraph; and young Mars' Jeems surveyed him at the dinner-table with kindly admiration.

"I'll say grace," remarked the boy with perfect assurance, as the master and mistress of the house stood by the dining-table.

"Father says the youngest in the family should always say grace."

"All right, Gailey," said young Mars' Jeems, smiling at his youth and beauty. "Go ahead!"

"Lord make us thankful for what we are about to receive," prayed the boy fervently.

"Uncle John says *that* grace would do as well for a whippin' as for a dinner," he commented with a laugh, as he seated himself.

Ommirandy was in the room to wait on the table. She bore in her hand a huge fly-brush made of peacock feathers in lieu of her usual broom. She watched Gailey with a critic's eye, as he went through his precatory performance.

"Um-huh!" she grunted; and the *sotto voce* ejaculation was charged with deep meaning.

She told the kitchen company about it, when they gathered for their dinner after dinner in the mansion.

Holding a fried spring-chicken leg in one hand, with her fork jabbed into a corn fritter in the other she repeated Gailey's grace.

"De Lord make *him* thankful fur what *he* was 'bout ter receive!" she ejaculated scornfully. "De Lord would make *me* thankful ef *he* was about ter receive what he ought ter receive!" she said.

"Ommirandy, he's one orful purty boy," apologized Delphy. "I know he werrit you a heap lars' summer; but he sho' is one purty chile. Ain't he, Eva-Adny? Curly yellow hyar, blue eyes, skin pink an' white ez a baby's; an' when he smile at you an' ax you ter make him some ginger-cakes, you jes' boun' fur ter do it."

"Purty?" sniffed the old woman.

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"Yas, I reck'n he's purty all right, ter look at. Niggers always is crazy 'bout yallow-headed, pink-faced white chillun. But sho-nuf purty is ez purty duz, an'—well, I ain't got nuthin' mo' ter say 'bout him. You-all is a lot o' ig'nant niggers dat's fooled by looks."

"Amen! Sister M'randy!" said Uncle Jonas, contemplatively holding a large gizzard before him on the end of his fork as he spoke. "Amen, marm! Dat white boy he is sho' one plum vilyun! I done had de 'speriunce uv him."

"Yas," she replied. "An' Tibe he another one, eben ef he *is* yo' gran'chile, an' de spit'n' image uv you."

The old man bit off the nearest half of the gizzard, and chewed audibly, but made no answer.

"Has Gailey been misbehaving, Mirandy?" queried the owner of Kingsmill of the old woman two days after the boy's arrival. "I want you to remember that, outside of your Mis' Nancy and myself and Mr. Sinjinn, there is no one at Kingsmill whose comfort is to be considered before yours. I'll not permit him to annoy you."

"I ain't complainin' fur ter git him sont away," she replied. "Let him stay! Fur Gord's sake, let him stay; an' Mis' Nancy an' me gwi' b'ar it like de Hebrew chillun b'ar'd de plagues o' Egypt. But, young Mars' Jeems, I gwi' tell you de trufe. He done start soon ez he git here. He ain't mo'n lit off'n de boat, an' 'rive at de house, 'fo' he begin. Jonas say when he went ter meet him wid Baytop in de spring wagon, de cap'n o' de steamboat he call ter him, an' say: 'Take him an' keep him, ole man. He's come damn nigh runnin' evvybody on dis here boat crazy, sence his pa put him on at Norfolk. I hope ter Gord we ain't gwi' git him when he goes back!' Yas, sir. Dat what Jonas say de cap'n say."

"Did the captain tell Jonas what Gailey had been doing on the boat?" queried young Mars' Jeems.

"Nor, sir, he didn'," she replied. "I ax Jonas dat queshtun, an' he say de cap'n didn' give him no particklars. I sez ter Jonas: 'Jonas, I'm p'intly glad you didn' push de cap'n along o' what Gailey been up ter on dat steamboat. I don't want ter know nothin' wuss about him dan what me an' Mis' Nancy already knows.'"

"He's been here two days, now," said young Mars' Jeems, seeking light upon the undefined transgressions of the boy. "What is his latest, Mirandy?"

The question apparently aroused all the old woman's dudgeon. The owner of Kingsmill had a look of amusement in his calm blue eyes, as he propounded it. He was thinking, in reminiscent sympathy with Gailey's boyhood, of his own lost youth—the gleams and the glooms of it—when, as Ommirandy sometimes reminded him, in a glow of sentiment about "de ole times," he had himself "weeded a purty wide row."

"His lates'? Duz you mean Gailey's lates', young Mars' Jeems? He ain't got no lates'. He ain't been lef' dat dine'-room fur one hour yit. What he done done in de lars' ten minutes is plum' beyant me. I jes' give him ten minutes fur his lates'. He like dat tale in de Book, dat Mis' useter read ter us in de loom-room, 'bout a man name' Moses. He was a high an' mighty man, but when he perish', dey didn' have no Christ Church buryin'-groun' fur ter put him in, 'mongst de high marble tombstones, so dey jes' buried him in de lan' o' Moab, over agin Bath-peru, an' no man know'th his sepulcharry unter dis day. Dat what de matter wid Gailey. No man, nor 'oman nuther, know'th ten minutes ahead o' de clock, what dat Gailey gwi' do nex', nur what he been done befo' dat."

The days went by, and the owner of Kingsmill, regarding the guileless face of Gailey at meals, ceased to consider the possibility of such innate depravity as Ommirandy had charged against the boy, and concluded that if he had ever had it it had surely gone out of him. Smiling, debonair, happy, Gailey was a living joy to contemplate.

But before the week was past the old woman said to young Mars' Jeems:

"It's jes' like I tell ye. He done pulled off his fus' performance, like Mr. Sinjinn say' 'bout de clown in de show. I knowed he was gwineter do it, an' he done gone an' done done it!"

"What's he done?" asked young Mars'

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Jeems, laying his newspaper across his knees, and regarding her over his gold-bowed specs, while he caressed his imperial. "I can't find out anything he does that is so terrible as you seem to think. Tell me, what is it the boy has done?"

"Young Mars' Jeems, I hates ter tell you, sir. He's de son o' yo' frien', but 'scusin' dat, he's de chile o' de debble."

She paused in her discourse, and heaved a sigh that developed into a puff.

He continued to regard her inquiringly.

"You know down at Ole Town dey's a batch o' dese here nigger chillun is got dey gyardens. You ain't furgot dat you tole 'em you was gwineter give a silver dollar at de end o' de summer ter de one dat had de bes' gyarden?"

"I remember," he replied, with renewed interest. "I have been watching their gardens."

"Is you been watchin' Tibe's gyarden and Snowball's, what lays 'longside o' one another, behine Janey's house?"

"Yes, I have," he responded. "I noticed them three or four days ago, when I went through Old Town. They are the two best of the children's gardens."

"Yas, sir," she said eagerly. "Dey had pertaters ready ter dig, an' Janey an' Snowball's mammy both done git green peas, an' lettis', an' reddishes an' a whole heap o' gyarden-truck out'n dem gyardens. Dey done set out dey termarters-plants, an' dey stick dey butter-beans de fus' o' de week. Dem was sho'ly promisin' gyardens fur dem two boys; an' Janey was dat proud o' Tibe, she say she b'lieve sump'n was gwineter save him yit."

"Well?" said the master of Kingsmill.

"Ye know what dat white boy done done? Tibe tuk him down dar dis mornin' fur ter show him his an' Snowball's gyardens. Snowball, he de Rev'un's son, dat dey calls by dat name 'count o' his color. He black ez a crow. He name' George William Simpson. Tibe, he been runnin' roun' here wid Gailey uver sence he come back. He thinks Gailey's gole. Leastways dat what he been thinkin'. Janey been tell me 'bout it. She say she was at wuk in her house, an' she hear a great racket out in dem gyardens. She looked out de back do', an' dar was Tibe in Snowball's gyarden, pullin' up all o' Snowball's vegitibbles by de roots, an' Snowball he was in Tibe's gyarden pullin' up all Tibe's vegitibbles by dey roots. Tibe he pulled up Snowball's lettis' an' green peas an' reddishes, an' fling 'em over inter Tibe's gyarden; an' Snowball he pull up Tibe's lettis' an' green peas an' reddishes an' fling 'em over inter Snowball's gyarden. Den dey each on 'em begin on de t'other one's pertaters, an' pull all de tops o' dem off. Dey wuk harder an' farster pullin' up dem vegitibbles dan dey wuk puttin' 'em in de groun' an' raisin' uv 'em. Den Snowball take one o' de butter-bean sticks an' hit Tibe over de head wid it. Den Tibe he git a rock, an' 'fo' Janey could stop him he fling it at George William Simpson an' knock two o' his front toofs out. Dey done 'stroy one annurr's gyardens, an' Tibe he done got a busted head an' Snowball he done got a turrible mouf. What duz you think o' dat, young Mars' Jeems?"

"Well, I don't know," he replied. "Boys will be boys. It's pretty bad. But where does Gailey come in?"

"Whar does Gailey come in?" she repeated excitedly. "Young Mars' Jeems, he come in soon as he lit here, I tell ye. All de little niggers on de Kingsmill plantashun crazy 'bout him, an' most o' de big ones, 'scusin' me an' Jonas. He done de whole thing. Dem boys been wukkin' dem gyardens sence dey plant de pertaters on Sain' Pat'ick's day, an' dey ain't nuver had no trouble 'mongst deyselves twel now. He ain't been in sight o' dem vegitibbles ten minutes 'fo' he gits 'em ter pullin' uv 'em up by de roots, an' 'stroyin' all dey wuk, an' fightin' wid sticks an' rocks. Gord knows how he done it, but he done it!"

"I'm sorry to hear it," said the master of Kingsmill sympathetically. "You can tell Janey and John Simpson that I shall arrange to pay them the value of the vegetables the boys have destroyed, and I shall call Gailey to account for his conduct. But those black boys ought to be punished."

"Young Mars' Jeems, don't you call dat boy ter no account," said the old woman earnestly. "Dey ain't no use. You gwi' make him mad, an' you gwi' make his pa mad, an' you ain't gwi' do

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yo'se'f no jestis', nohow. Don't you call him ter no account. Dar's gwi' ter be a great day in de hereafter, when all uv us is gwi' git what comin' ter us. He gwi' git his'n den."

Young Mars' Jeems could but approve Ommirandy's orthodox faith.

"I'se awful 'sturbed 'bout Janey," concluded the old woman. "She was tellin' me 'bout it. I sez: 'Janey, what did you say ter him?' She say: 'I went out dar whar he was, an' he look so purty, it was hard fur me ter fine faults wid him. But I seed what he had done brung about, an' I sez ter him: "You go on away f'om here, white boy, ur I gwi' sick de dawgs on ye. You done make dat Snowball's mammy gwi' kill Tiberius de fus' time she lay eyes on him, 'scusin' what de Rev'un' gwi' do ter me in de church."'"

"Gailey, what is all this I hear about Tiberius and George William Simpson destroying each other's gardens?" queried young Mars' Jeems after the boy had said grace at supper that evening.

His eyes had the baby-stare of innocence.

"They just fought each other, Uncle Jeems, and tore up each other's vegetables," he replied. "I don't know why they did it. They are both very nice darky boys. Aunt Nancy, will you please give me another lump of sugar in my tea?"

"What you gwi' do 'bout it?" queried Ommirandy of herself on her way from the dining-room to the kitchen. "What kin you do 'bout it? Dey ain't nothin'."

Clad in the panoply of youth and comeliness Gailey went his happy way, with Tiberius a willing and unquestioning vassal on the Kingsmill plantation. Delphy baked for him all the ginger-cakes he wanted; Simon went fishing with him, digging his bait, and pointing out the best fishing-holes. Evadne and Ariadne and Astarte all bowed down in adoration to his beauty and charm. Jonas avoided him, with a previsionary fear of falling before the wiles of his youth and apparent guilelessness. Even Ommirandy, who stiffened her neck and hardened her heart, was forced to confess to Mis' Nancy that the boy had many attractive qualities.

"He'll give you anythin' he got. He ain't greedy an' he ain't stingy—but he sho'ly is possessed o' de debble."

Then the eclipse came; and the negroes' hearts were troubled by an overwhelming and superstitious fear.

Cattle exhibited their uneasiness in the darkened daylight by unaccustomed lowing. Sheep huddled together in their pastures. Turkeys and chickens sought early and unwonted roosts. The laws of nature seemed to have reversed themselves, and many visible physical conditions appeared abnormal.

The Reverend John Simpson, pastor of the River Baptist Church, one mile east of Old Town, with ecclesiastical perspicacity, availed himself of the sombre opportunity to awaken his charges' slumbering belief.

He would have a great revival.

In the meantime Ommirandy, with a perturbed spirit, but an abiding faith in young Mars' Jeems's statement that the obscuration of the sun at midday was only one of nature's manifestations, without evil or sinister import, related with eagerness to the master of Kingsmill and to Mis' Nancy various incidents of the peculiar conduct of the fowls and animals.

"You know dat big goslin' what is done tuk up wid Mr. Sinjinn, an' been foll'in' him roun' de place for some two or three weeks, dat one what Philadelphy an' Eva-Adny call Mr. Bolster?"

Young Mars' Jeems had been considerably amused to note the curious antics of the fowl, that had recently made a habit of pursuing Mr. Sinjinn with an amiable persistency which gave that dignified gentleman visible annoyance. Wherever Mr. Sinjinn went Mr. Bolster was at his heels, craning and waving his abnormally long neck, and gabbling, as if seeking to engage his human friend in anserine conversation. Mr. Sinjinn had complained on one occasion that he didn't like the idea of an infernal goose taking up with him; but after registering this once spoken protest he had continued on his dignified and silent way with Mr. Bolster still at his heels.

"Yes," replied young Mars' Jeems to Ommirandy. "I think Mr. Bolster bores Mr. Sinjinn more than he will admit."

"Well, sir, you orter seed dat goose when de 'clipse come. He ack like a

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crazy man. He was p'intly skeered ter death. He run backards an' forrards out dar on de grass, 'twel he notice Mr. Sinjinn settin' up here on de po'ch. Den he t'ar up on de po'ch an' git close up ter Mr. Sinjinn, an' reach over an' stick his head in Mr. Sinjinn's summer linen coat-pocket, an' dar he stood. I ain't nuver see no goose do nothin' ez foolish ez dat befo'.

"Mr. Sinjinn, he look at de goose an' den look at me. He didn' 'pear ter notice de 'clipse at all. 'What's de matter wid de damn goose, Mirandy?' he sez. I say: 'He skeered.' Den Mr. Sinjinn 'pear ter see de 'clipse done come, an' he pat Mr. Bolster on de neck an' say, 'Po' fellow!' "

"How did he get the name of Mr. Bolster?" queried young Mars' Jeems. "That's a funny name for a young gander."

"Dem niggers out dar in de kitchen gin it ter him. Dey name him arfter what dey hear me call dat big bolster up-sta'rs in de main comp'ny room, dat's de bigges' bolster in de house. You know, dat one what Ole Mars' useter say Gennul Washin'ton an' Mars' Light Hoss Harry slep' on when dey come ter Kingsmill, time he was a small boy. Young Mars' Jeems, you knows dat bolster. It done been here mo'n a hunnerd years, an' is got de feathers off'n a whole flock o' gooses in it."

Young Mars' Jeems knew it.

"Well, Philadelphy an' dem gells hear me always mention dat bolster ez Mr. Bolster, an' all de t'other bolsters on de Kingsmill beds I been call Miss Bolsters all o' my life. Dey's littler an' purtier. Darfo' dem niggers gin de name o' Mr. Bolster ter dis here great big fat goslin', dat is bigger'n a'ry other goose in de whole flock, 'scusin' he ain't yit a year ole."

"Oh!" said young Mars' Jeems understandingly. "Well, I reckon he's entitled to the name, Mirandy. His ancestors furnished the feathers that are in the big bolster up-stairs. Those geese have been on this plantation for four or five generations of my people."

" 'Co'se dey is," said the old woman. "Evvybody at Kingsmill is got dey pedigrees f'om de white folks down ter ole Vulcan de fox-dawg, an' dis here goose! Dey 'bleest fur ter have 'em."

"I quite agree with you," responded young Mars' Jeems, with a chuckle. "I think what you say is pretty nearly a fact."

"'Scusin' Mr. Jones, de oberseer," she commented.

The aftermath of the eclipse was a continuing and deep-seated superstitious emotion which took strong possession of the negroes on the plantations up and down the River. The Rev'un' approached young Mars' Jeems with the request that he might be allowed to hold his big revival meeting in the long shed at the wharf. The colored church building beyond Old Town was totally inadequate to contain the crowd that his announcement of the religious exercises promised to attract. The master of Kingsmill gave his permission, and preparations for the "meeting," to be held on the night of the Tuesday following the eclipse, were at once inaugurated. The Rev'un' selected his text and prepared his sermon. The subject of his proposed discourse was the notable occasion when Joshua had commanded the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon, and they had obeyed him.

The crowds gathered from up and down the River, and thronged the wharf, and poured through the big open doors on either side of the long shed. Gailey and Tiberius had heard the meeting discussed at length by the negroes in the kitchen, but apparently took little interest in it. The fish were biting splendidly in the river, and they haunted the river-bank, leaving the now outlawed Snowball in desolate social ostracism.

Every adult person at Old Town was present on the night of the big meeting to do their preacher honor and to seek at his hands some spiritual alleviation of the deep despondency that the eclipse had imposed upon the minds of all of them. Uncle Jonas was there, arrayed in his long coat and his silk hat; and huddled among the women on the benches and improvised seats were Delphy and the Kingsmill house servants, except Ommirandy.

"Nor'm, I ain't gwine," she had said to Mis' Nancy. "Dey ain't no use fer me ter go down dar ter de wharf an' hear de Rev'un' carry on an' stomp an' rampage

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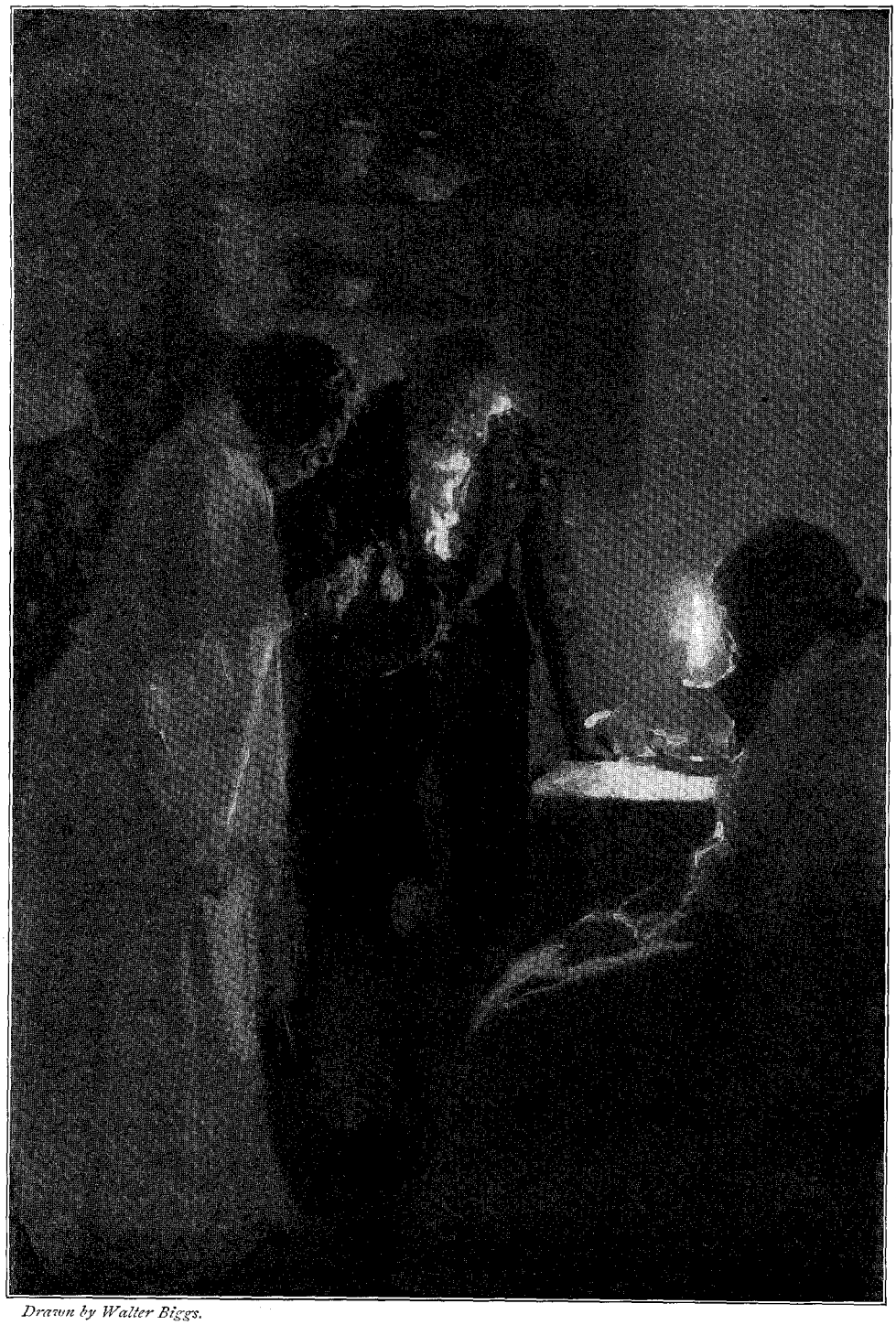

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Dat Mr. Bolster gander ain't got harf ez many feathers on him ez Jonas had!"—Page 499.

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'bout sump'n he don't know nothin' about. Young Mars' Jeems done 'splain ter me all 'bout de 'clipse, an' Mis' she done read ter me way back yonder out'n de Book in de loom-room 'bout dat man Joshway shettin' off de sun an' de moon. She done read it ter Jonas an' some o' dese here t'other niggers, too, 'scusin' dey ain't nuver charged dey remembrances wid it. What de use o' me goin'? I done hear him holler enough down at de meetin'-house."

Outside the wharf-shed four or five torches, made of pine "lightwood knots," in the rusty bowls of broken shovels set upon tripods of slim young hickory-trees, cast a vague and flickering light, which enabled the gathering crowd to discern its way into the building. Inside, under a sounding-board, improvised some days before from a number of rough planks stretched across the joists of the shed, the Reverend John Simpson stood in his pulpit, constructed of several large empty dry-goods boxes, brought down for the occasion from Yellowley's store. The body of the building was dark, and the illumination of the pine torches on the platform outside was brilliant in comparison with the feeble glimmer of half a dozen tallow candles scattered at intervals throughout the shed, two of which stood on the right hand and the left of the preacher's goods-box pulpit.

The services were opened with a familiar hymn. The Rev'un' led the singing, and the whole congregation, which filled the long, low building from one end to the other, joined in and sung the hymn with a swelling melody that reached the passengers a quarter of a mile up the river on the evening boat coming down four hours late. It was nine o'clock at night when the first notes of the melody rolled with the diapason of a great human organ out over the river-waters.

"In de mornin', in de mornin'—in de mornin' by de bright light,
We gwi' hear Gabr'el's trumpet in de mornin'."

On came the steamboat, with its headlight blazing and burning a great conical hole in the darkness that brooded over the river. Again the lines of the hymn rolled out in sonorous and swelling music, and the louder chorus replied:

"In de mornin', in de mornin'—in de mornin' by de bright light,
We gwi' ride up in de chairyut in de mornin'."

The boat swung up to the wharf with a whistle that for a moment drowned the melody of the singing. Shed and platform outside were brilliantly lit up by its many lights.

At the close of the second verse there was a lull in the singing, and from a point some six or eight feet in front of the preacher proceeded the unexpected alarum of a tremendous sneeze, followed by the familiar and now quavering voice of Uncle Jonas inquiring in anxious tones:

"Rev'un', in de name o' Gord, what is dat I smells? Sump'n's burnin'."

A strange mist seemed to envelop the Rev'un's figure, and there was an ominous subdued noise as of a moving crowd and of shuffling feet.

The Reverend Simpson showed great presence of mind.

"Dem dat's nex' de doors will please go out quietly. Den de t'others will follow dem. Don't ye crowd. Go quiet. I done lef' my sermon at home, an' we'll gwi' have ter put off preachin' 'twel another time."

Swayed by the habit of accustomed old obedience, they left the shed, with some little hustling, but with safe emergence upon the wharf platform.

To those who passed out through the great doors, the atmosphere of the shed appeared filled with what looked like snow-flakes in the light of the steamer's illumination. The strange apparition as of a thick mist was in the air and on the floor and drifting away into the outer spaces, and ever growing denser about the preacher's face and figure.

The Rev'un' blew out his two candles, and the other candles immediately were blown out also.

"'Fo' Gord, it's de jedgmen'! De 'clipse done fetch de jedgmen'! I kin smell de sinners' souls a-fryin' in torment!"

It was the voice of Uncle Jonas interpreting.

Covered with the thick-falling and pervading mystery until they all looked like a huge flock of antediluvian fowls with pin-feathers sprouting everywhere, the assembled darkies came out of the shed in a

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mystified state of semi-panic. The steamboat whistled and swung off; and as she left the wharf those nearest saw a slim, boyish figure, clad in white, that had dropped swiftly down from the Rev'un's sounding-board to his box-pulpit below, dart across the platform of the wharf and leap aboard the steamer, while those who emerged later beheld another similar small figure, with a simian face covered with a white, feathery envelope, creep landward along the wharf and disappear in the darkness up the road in the direction of Kingsmill.

"Ha-ha!" laughed Ommirandy the next morning. "Young Mars' Jeems, you orter seed Jonas! When he 'rived at de kitchen lars' night he looked like one o' dese here ole white-face apes dat I seed in de circus at Nelm's Landin' befo' de war, what Ole Mars' tuk us ter. Dat Mr. Bolster gander ain't got harf ez many feathers on him ez Jonas had!

"I sez ter him: 'Jonas, in de name o' Gord, whar did you-all git all o' dem feathers?' Dey been walkin' in de dark, an' when dey look at one another, Jonas 'pear foolish, and Philadelphy bus' out laughin'. 'It done beat me, Sister M'randy,' Jonas say. He say: 'I been see it rain fish, an' I been see it rain frogs out'n de elements; but I'll swar on de Book I ain't nuver see it rain feathers inside no house out'n de j'ists befo'. Don't ye ax me whar dese here feathers come f'om!' He was pickin' 'em off his arms; an' dey was all over his beaver an' on his whiskers, an' on his coat an' his breeches, an' his foots was covered wid 'em. Philadelphy's hyar an' de gells' hyar was full on 'em. 'We ain't nuver gwi' git shet uv 'em,' she say. 'Dey done tangle up in my head wusser'n leather-wing bats.' Young Mars' Jeems, you ain't nuver been see no sich sight ez dem niggers was! Jonas he say: 'Dese here feathers is sho' goose-feathers, but dey look ter me lak dey was ole an' yaller. Dey ain't no fresh young feathers. I dunno what sort o' damn feathers dey is.' Dat de fus' time I been hear Br'er Jonas cuss sence de Rev'un' baptise Eva-Adny."

"Where's Gailey?" asked young Mars' Jeems with swift suspicion.

"Simon say Gailey tuk de boat lars' night," she replied. "He ain't been in his bed, an' he didn' come ter breakfus'."

Then she said: "I gwi' see!" and hurried away up-stairs.

The master of Kingsmill was prepared for the announcement that followed her return.

"Young Mars' Jeems, 'fo' Gord, dat boy done been up dar in de main comp'ny room an' got de big Mr. Bolster what Gennul Washin'ton an' Mars' Light Hoss is been slep' on, an' done tuk it down yondah an' ripped it open over top o' all dem seekin' niggers at dat meetin'!"

"It was a most outrageous performance!" commented young Mars' Jeems sternly, with an odd twinkle in his eye.

"Simon say he see dem boys totin' sump'n down by de river-bank two ur three nights ago. Simon say he thought 'twas a log."

The next evening a letter came to Mis' Nancy from Gailey, posted at the Court House down the river, asking that his trunk be sent home, and thanking every one at Kingsmill for the pleasure of his delightful though short visit.

"Well, thanks be ter de Gord in heab'n, he darsn't ever come back here agin!" said Ommirandy. "An' what Janey *got* ter do ter Tibe dis time is pars' tellin'. She jes' *got* ter do it! De Rev'un', he gwi' make her!"

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THE HYACINTHINE MACAW

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson
Author of "The Son of Patrick O'Moira"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT AMICK

I DISTINCTLY remember my Uncle Alfred Russell, the naturalist, as I first saw him standing on the steps of our sunny California ranch-house, looking down at me with the kindly inquisitiveness he would have bestowed on some strange bird. His inquisitiveness had in this case something warmer and more personal, for the week before an accident had deprived me of my father and mother in one dreadful moment, and I was left, a ten-year-old child, with Uncle Alfred my only near relative in the world.

He was a large man with a face of classic beauty framed in a bushy golden beard, and the utter carelessness of his dress was more than atoned for to my critical young judgment by the delightful odor of soap that hung about him.

"Your father was my dear younger brother, little Ynez," he said tenderly, "and I want you to be happy with us. Your Aunt Effie is looking forward to your coming."

Except to ply me with food at regular intervals during the journey, and to pat my head whenever I occurred to him, that was the last communication Uncle Alfred held with me until we reached our destination. He was busy studying a drowned kangaroo rat that he had fished out of the cat's milk-bowl soon after his arrival on the ranch, and having no appliances for preserving it he was taking notes as fast as possible before his prize disintegrated.

Aunt Effie was on the door-step when we drove up the maple-lined streets of Medford to the square gray house that was to be my home. Her being there had no relation to our arrival, it seemed, for she had her back to the street and was fitting a key in the door.

"Just home from lecture," explained Uncle Alfred, adding, more to himself than to me: "I hope everything has gone well." Aunt Effie had been his assistant in biology before their marriage, so it had been the logical arrangement that she should take charge of his work while he was gone.

She got the door open just as our hack stopped at the curb, and seeing who it was waited for us to come up.

"Well," she said briskly, "so you have brought the little girl, Alfred. Give me a kiss, Ynez—why in conscience did they perpetuate a name like that!" she parenthesized with a faint grimace, going on good-humoredly, "I was late because young Dodd had so many questions to ask. You will find him a good deal stimulated, I think, Alfred."

She led the way into a narrow hall where an umbrella-stand and a tall rack hung with formless garments were the only articles of furniture. It was my first experience with a room that had no significance save as a passage to some other place, and the cheerless atmosphere of that hall was associated ever after in my heart with the growing conviction of change and death.

I stood quiet, however, while Aunt Effie unfastened my cloak with awkward fingers, giving an account of her stewardship the while; but as she came back to me with a cheerful "And now perhaps you would like to run around and look at your new home, while I see if lunch is ready," my restraint gave way and I broke into such a paroxysm of weeping as made me the object of dismayed and undivided attention on the part of my elders. How I was calmed at last I do not know, for the rest of that day is mercifully a blur in my memory. I have an impression, however, that it was the first and last time I cried before Uncle Alfred and Aunt Effie. Child though I was, their helplessness and distress roused in me a strange feeling of being their elder in the matter

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of sorrow, so that it behooved me to spare their inexperience as much as I could. After that, when memory grew too sharp to be borne, I stole off by myself until my grief had spent itself. Because they had not the slightest notion of what a child's home should be there was nothing to remind me of the glad home I had lost; and when they finally gave over trying to provide me with amusements

"What a ripping book all this would make, Doctor Russell!"—Page 508.

I recall this first day in detail, chiefly because it illustrates so conspicuously certain qualities of my aunt and uncle that made my life with them a strange but not unhappy one—the complete kindliness of their intent and their utter inability to perform the part of guardians toward me. suitable to my age and let me share instead their grown-up interests I became soberly content and drifted along quite peacefully into my teens. The president's wife saw to it that I was dressed like other little girls of my age, and would have likewise provided me with the companionship

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of other children, but a shyness bred of the lonely ranch led me to cling instead to the society of my aunt and uncle busy among the *Psittaci*.

For the benefit of those who were not brought up as I was, I may explain that in every-day speech *Psittaci* are parrots. How my aunt and uncle had come to specialize on these birds I do not know, but Aunt Effie had already become something of a celebrity among ornithologists through her monograph on a little-known genus, *Nestor meridionalis*. Uncle Alfred had not done much research work yet, his university courses demanding his time, but he was tremendously proud of his wife's growing fame and would jokingly say that he soon expected to be known only as the husband of Mrs. Alfred Russell, a remark that irritated his wife greatly.

"As if you couldn't do a great deal more than I," she would say sharply. "Only you will waste your time on those stupid lectures!"

"But my lectures are not stupid," Uncle Alfred would reply, "and they bring us a livelihood which is not to be despised. Besides," he would sometimes add, in answer to an impatient movement of Aunt Effie's foot upon the rug, "if I should resign who would teach little Ynez her biology?"

"Ynez can get all the instruction she needs right here at home," would be Aunt Effie's crisp retort.

In this she was right. After a desultory fashion I had imbibed a tremendous amount of plant and animal lore, and could discuss bird anatomy and variations with an ease that must have surprised our occasional guests. Part of it I learned from spasmodic lessons set by Uncle Alfred, part by listening to the discussions that went on over my head as I sometimes helped prepare slides through the long winter evenings. Very pleasant I found the path of knowledge too, though I accepted it with the secret reservation that it merely served to pass the time till life itself should open up to me. From the beginning I had no illusions about wanting to become a naturalist.

When I was fifteen Uncle Alfred received an unexpected legacy. The letter came one evening by special delivery, and the importance of the occasion was marked by our all sitting down in the little-used drawing-room to hear it read. Aunt Effie's eyes sparkled over the news.

"Now you can resign and devote yourself to special work!" she exclaimed, stooping impulsively to kiss Uncle Alfred on the forehead. The salute seemed to embarrass them both, and Aunt Effie hurried on with boyish awkwardness: "You know how anxious I am that you should make a name for yourself before you are too old, Alfred!"

"But I am only forty-two!" protested Uncle Alfred.

His wife made no reply, but I felt that somehow she had the best of the argument. From the perspective of fifteen, forty-two seemed an age at which there was no time to be lost if one wished to snatch a few years of achievement before absolute decrepitude.

We all three sat silent a little. It was a warm evening in May and through the open window came a wandering breeze, stirring the curtains with a mysterious sound and filling the room with the fragrance of lilacs so that the senses ached with sweetness. I looked at the two sitting there, Aunt Effie with her plain, smooth, clever face and dull clothes, Uncle Alfred with his Greek beauty marred by that great bush of a beard. It was spring, and they were dreaming only of parrots! In a rush of young, intolerant pity I jumped up, threw my arms about each in turn, then dashed up-stairs, followed by Aunt Effie's bewildered, "Why, Ynez!" A feeling that I must atone for the disloyalty of my thoughts prompted me to go and dust the *Psittaci*.

The laboratory was on the third floor, a well-lighted room with a huge fireplace at one end and at the other a hard-coal stove. The fireplace was my particular corner, and in front of it stood the little red rocker that Uncle Alfred had given me my first Christmas in Medford. It was almost too small for me now, but I still clung to it. In the middle of the room was a long work-table covered with slides made and in the making, note-books, magnifying glasses, all the what-not of a working laboratory. Around the walls ran shelves filled with jars of preserved specimens, books, microscopes and bottles of various colored fluids, while on

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"He was more beautiful than any other man I ever saw."—Page 509.

top of the shelves were arranged my uncle's and aunt's quite wonderful collection of *Psittaci*. There were one hundred and eight in all, and each bird was marked with his name, his habitat, and the history of his acquirement. Only one had come to the laboratory alive. That one, a small grayish bird, labelled *Nestor meridionalis*, I recollected as a squalling inhabitant of the cage that now hung empty

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in the south window of the laboratory. Aunt Effie had paid over a hundred dollars for it, and from first-hand observation of its habits had collected much valuable data for her monograph. But one night the south window was left open and the poor, ill-favored little alien caught pneumonia and went to join his mute brethren on the shelves.

I had made it my task to dust the parrots, and though I secretly despised them there was a certain pleasure in keeping their plumage bright, since the poor, vain things could no longer do it for themselves. Aunt Effie never dreamed of removing dust unless it were on a lens or other object where it would make for inaccuracy of results. The Scotch housekeeper, Mrs. Porteous, was responsible for the gloomy orderliness of the house below stairs, and it was she who had first set me to waging war on the dirt in the laboratory.

I gave a special polish to each feather to-night as I went along the row, even taking down a large colored plate at the end to remove a fly-speck from its surface. It was a picture of the *hyacinthine macaw*, one of the rarest of *Psittaci*. Aunt Effie fostered the tradition that some day Uncle Alfred would make this his special study, and she always referred to the plate as his property. As I look back I sometimes wonder if Uncle Alfred would have specialized on parrots at all, had he been left to himself; but undoubtedly the *hyacinthine macaw* was his favorite so far as he had one. He came into the laboratory now and looked over my shoulder at the picture.

"What do you think of it, little Ynez?" he said at last.

"It is beautiful!" I exclaimed with sincerity. The poor feather and sawdust shells on their papier-maché twigs looked faded to my eyes in contrast with the gorgeous bird in the picture. It was sitting on the plume of a slender palm, leaning down to pick a fruit from the rich brown cluster beneath. A delicate vine with scarlet blossoms ran from the trunk of the palm to the forest mass in the background, and the whole picture, even to the look of dare-devil mischief in the bird's jewelled eye, was alive with the gayety and brightness of the tropics.

Aunt Effie joined us after a little, but seeing what Uncle Alfred was looking at went on to her work-stool and fell silently to work. There was a little smile on her lips, however, as if she were secretly pleased over something.

About the time that Uncle Alfred's resignation from his chair of biology in the University of Medford was finally announced there came a letter from a prominent ornithological society of London, to say that because of her monograph on *Nestor meridionalis* Aunt Effie had been elected to membership in their society. Aunt Effie seemed almost vexed at her husband's triumph over the honor.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed irritably. "Wait till you've had a year of leisure. Then we'll see what they say!"

"You expect too much of me, I am afraid," said Uncle Alfred, suddenly grave.

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Effie again, and gathered up her mail with an air of finality.

After that scarcely a day passed without talk touching sooner or later on the *hyacinthine macaw*, though how it grew so suddenly to our chief consideration was a matter of youthful bewilderment to me at the time. The bird's habits, the mysterious seclusion of its habitat, its elusiveness and charm—all became matters of familiar discussion in the laboratory.

"Bates travelled the Amazon for years before coming upon a single specimen of the bird." Aunt Effie had the air of tossing me the information for what it was worth. "But to a real naturalist such a discovery would be worth years of waiting," she added thoughtfully.

The very name, *hyacinthine macaw*, began to haunt me like an incantation.

I went with the wife of one of the younger instructors for a tour of the lakes in August. It was my first trip away from home alone, and I came back full of excitement over the experience. Once inside the house, however, a sense of infinitely more important affairs impending put my own trivial adventures out of my mind. A small new leather trunk stood in the hallway, its contents bulging from the unclosed lid. I recognized the sleeve of Uncle Alfred's greatcoat and knew that it was he who was going on a journey.

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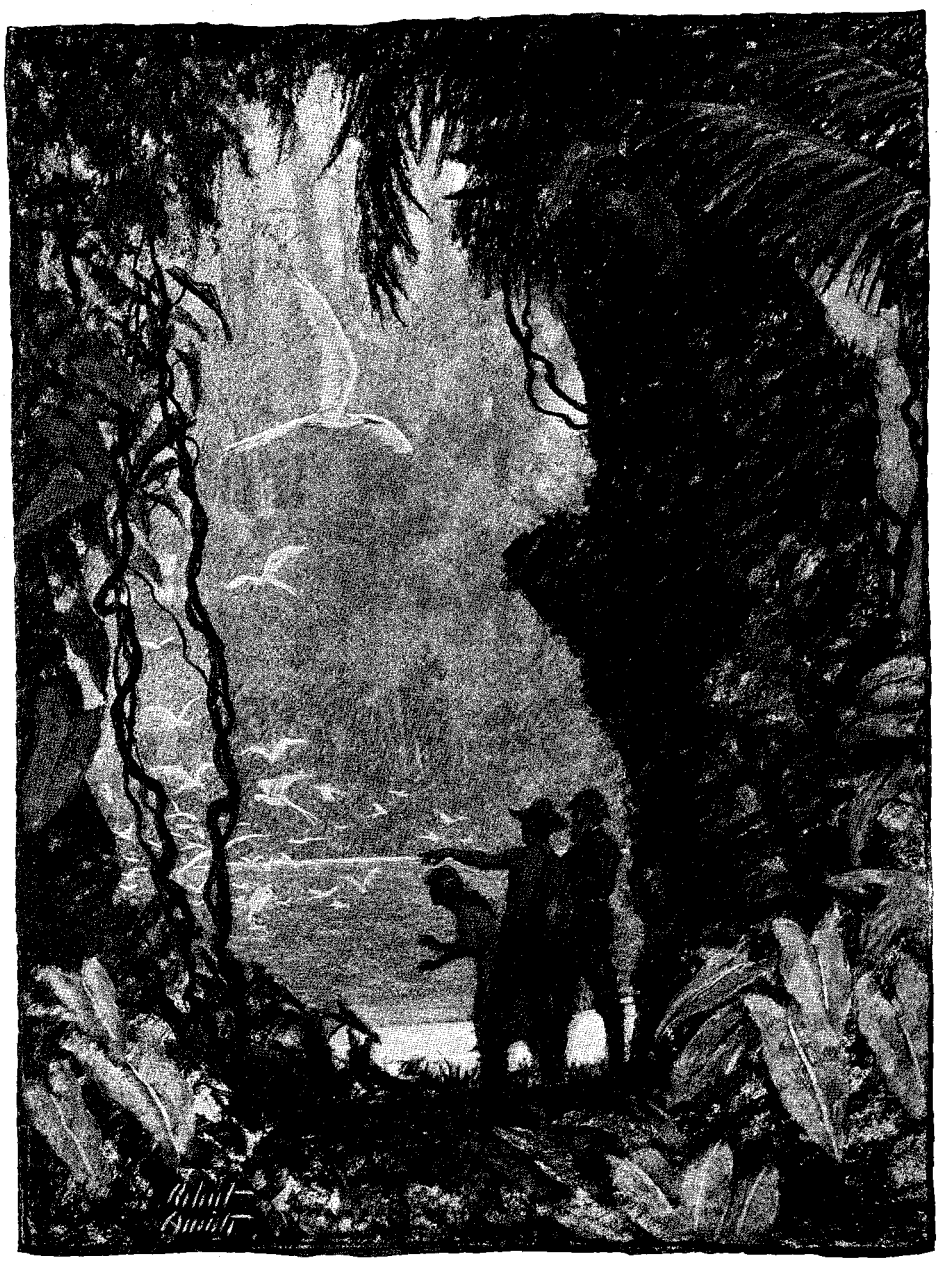

"'That is good,' said João. 'I would not gladly kill these birds, for they are good to lovers.'"—Page 510.

Some inkling of his destination I received, too, even before Aunt Effie's voice, stirred as I had never heard it, called to me from the laboratory above.

"Come right on up, Ynez!" she said, and before I was inside the door she hurried forward, kissed me, then, holding me at arm's length, said in an eager tone: "You are come home just in time. I was going to write you this evening to tell you the news. Your Uncle Alfred sails next week for Brazil to spend a year in studying the *hyacinthine macaw*."

"But I wouldn't have gone without

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saying good-by to my little Ynez!" exclaimed Uncle Alfred who had come running up the stairs as if—I thought with startled wonder—he were actually impatient to see me again.

"Oh, if we could only come, too!" I cried.

"Well, and why not?" asked Uncle Alfred, looking greatly pleased with the idea.

"No," said Aunt Effie, quenching a darting hope, "this is to be your expedition, Alfred."

Uncle Alfred gave a dry little smile. "If my going alone will foster the illusion," was his cryptic reply.

We went down to New York to see him off. He was to be gone a year, but the thought of the long separation was plainly not uppermost in Aunt Effie's mind. She was in gay spirits, and as she stood on the wharf waving her handkerchief as the steamer pulled slowly out into the stream I looked at her pink cheeks and wind-tossed hair and wished that Uncle Alfred could see her. It would have been a pretty picture of her to carry with him on his long journey.

I could hardly wait until the first letter came from Brazil. It was written at Para, the coast city at which Uncle Alfred was to begin his expedition. Aunt Effie skimmed through the ten closely written pages, pursing her lips occasionally as she read, then handed the letter to me.

"You will like all this about the palms and monkeys and queer natives, Ynez," she said. "I really haven't time to read about them now."

I took the letter to bed with me that night and reread it before I went to sleep. A writer of tremendous vividness was spoiled when Uncle Alfred became an ornithologist; or perhaps not wholly spoiled, for his scientific accuracy lent quaint charm to the descriptions with which his letter was filled. In a few phrases he put before one the little river towns with their grassy squares, the simple patriarchal lives of the planters whose hospitality had warmed his heart, the teeming joyous life of the tropics, and always in the background he made one feel the mystery of the unexplored forests and the lonely, untamed Amazon.

I don't know how he came to understand that Aunt Effie was not interested in his general observations, but after the first few letters there gradually crept into his descriptions an apologetic note. "Little Ynez would have enjoyed seeing," or, "Tell little Ynez"—he would preface his stories.

"Tell little Ynez that she would love this slow travel up the great river," he wrote in one of the most delightful of his letters. "Last night I could not sleep, so I left my shelter in the stern of the canoe and joined my Indian boatmen. They were making coffee over a little fire at the prow, and at once made room for me in their circle.

"While we were drinking coffee the wind changed suddenly, so that the primitive sail became useless. The men at once jumped up and seized their paddles, sweeping the dark water in unison to the tune of a plaintive melody that Morales, the head man, started. Imagine the echoing river with its mysterious forests lying black against the distant shore-line, a lonely moon making the spray from the paddles glitter like jewels, dark faces touched by the flickering light of the little fire, and the wild, sad cadences of

"'As sete estrellas estao chorando,
Mai, mai!'
('The seven stars are weeping
To find themselves forsaken,
Mother, mother!')

And you have the scene which I cannot well describe but shall never forget!"

"What on earth!" exclaimed Aunt Effie laying down the letter with a look of puzzled indignation. "Pages about this foolish little song, and not one word of his work! I really must speak to your uncle, Ynez."

That she was as good as her word I gathered when, after several weeks, the briefest of notes came from Uncle Alfred.

"I have reached the mouth of the Tapajos," he wrote, "and as soon as I can secure men for the canoe will start on into the interior. I hope you have not been too much worried over my digressions."

The Tapajos, as I had learned the previous year, was the tributary river to the Amazon up whose stream the *hyacinthine macaw* was most frequently to be found; so Uncle Alfred was now near the goal of his journey.

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"He seems vexed with me," said Aunt Effie with a little sigh. "I am afraid he thinks I urge him on a good deal. However," she added in a more cheerful tone, "it is as well that he has reached the Tapajos. That means he will have four whole months for his special work in the habitat of the macaw before he starts for home. I shall write him, I think, that if he isn't finished by September he had better stay on a month or two longer."

She seemed to take the long silence that followed this letter as a matter of course, due to the fact that Uncle Alfred was absorbed in the work for which he had taken the long journey. Equally as a matter of course did she take the letter telling that he was not coming home at the end of his year, after all.

"I have not yet found any specimens of the macaw," he wrote, "and I am sure you will understand my not being willing to leave until I have. It is a bird to be wooed, as my Indian guide quaintly puts it. In the meantime I have secured good specimens of some smaller *Psittaci*, notably a *Conurus guianensis* which I shall bring home with me."

Aunt Effie seemed greatly pleased with his letter, and that evening she spent with a stuffed *conurus* before her and a German monograph on the bird in her lap, content as I had not seen her in months.

I do not remember how we learned that Uncle Alfred was going to stay on a third year. That was the winter Richard Martin, whose father and mother had been my father's and mother's dearest friends in California long ago, stopped at Medford on his way to New York, then came back again and again. Life had opened up for me at last, and for a while I had no thoughts for anything but my own overwhelming happiness.

But at last I woke to the fact that all was not well with Aunt Effie. It was after Dick and I had been engaged for several months, and I had been telling Aunt Effie how he had bought my father's old ranch and wanted me to marry him in the autumn and go back there to live.

"Then you will leave me in the autumn," said Aunt Effie quietly, fussing with the buttons of her raincoat as if she wished to avoid my eyes.

"Not if you are alone still!" I blundered. Aunt Effie made a wry little face as if something had pricked her. "That has nothing to do with it," she retorted. "Only I was wondering," she went on, flushing a little, "if you had written your uncle of your plans. He would wish to be here for your wedding, I think!"

"Of course!" I cried, and with a pang of secret remorse that I had not thought of this myself I ran up-stairs to write the letter.

The answer came by cable from Para a month later, saying that Uncle Alfred was sailing for home.

He had given us no clew as to the date of his arrival in New York, so that we were fairly taken by surprise when he walked in one day while we were at luncheon.

"Well, Effie," he said, looking at us from the doorway with a little smile that brought back with piercing clearness my first sight of him, nearly ten years before. "And little Ynez!" He patted my head as I ran forward to meet him. Aunt Effie sat quite white and still in her chair.

There was a moment's stir while a place was made for him at the table, followed by an awkward and uncomfortable silence, during which I mentally reviewed the blessings of a demonstrative nature. In moments like this Uncle Alfred and Aunt Effie had no affectionate interchanges to soften the baldness of meeting. The best that poor Aunt Effie had to offer was: "And you found the macaw?"

"Yes," said Uncle Alfred. We waited for more, but after a moment he looked around with a nervous little frown, and abruptly changed the subject to a series of lectures Aunt Effie had been giving in his absence. Gradually the tension relaxed, and later in the afternoon Dick and I came in from a walk, to hear sounds of hammering from the laboratory. There we saw Uncle Alfred and Aunt Effie busily unpacking two large weather-beaten cases.

"These are wonderful specimens, Ynez," said Aunt Effie happily. "Just look at this monster butterfly. Isn't he perfectly preserved?"

Under her approval Uncle Alfred had become almost himself again, and I look back with comfort to the memory of the cosey hour that followed when we all sat

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about the treasures of Uncle Alfred's wanderings and listened to his story of their acquisition.

"What a ripping book all this would make, Doctor Russell!" was Dick's enthusiastic comment. "I hope you are going to write one!"

"He will have his hands full with his monograph for the present, I imagine," said Aunt Effie briskly. "I think I told you about that, Dick."

"Oh, I remember," murmured Dick.

Uncle Alfred passed his hand across his forehead as if he were tired. "We'd better begin to clear this rubbish away," he said.

"But is this all you have brought?" asked Aunt Effie in sharp surprise. I knew that she was thinking of the *hyacinthine macaw*.

"This is all," said Uncle Alfred. Something in his voice forbade further questioning, but Aunt Effie's look was strange.

"I shall miss you, little Ynez," said Uncle Alfred, stooping to kiss me goodby as Dick and I were leaving the house after the wedding.

"But you must come out and visit me soon!" I cried, clinging to him. I realized as I had never done before how dear the gray old house and the kindly uncle and aunt had become to me. "And the monograph," I added almost in a whisper. The strained look on Aunt Effie's face seemed to be driving me to mention it. "You'll begin it soon, Uncle Alfred?"

Uncle Alfred looked down at me with an inscrutable little smile. "It will be so immensely important to you now, of course," he observed with gentle sarcasm.

"It will!" I protested earnestly; and Dick added, wringing his hand: "And to me, too. Ynez is going to read your book to me and explain the parts I can't understand."

"Ah," said Uncle Alfred with an odd intonation. "Then you are sure to enjoy it."

It was a relief to find that after a time Aunt Effie's letters began to breathe her usual spirit of serenity again. "Your uncle and I have been busy in the laboratory," she wrote, and again: "Your uncle sits by, hard at work on his notes." Toward the winter came a more definite tone. "I think your Uncle Alfred's trip was a wise thing after all, Ynez," she wrote. "He is writing a larger work than he intended, merely incorporating his data on the *hyacinthine macaw* in one chapter. It is not what I would have advised, but he is set on having it so. I have seen none of the book yet, as I have a fancy he wishes to work it out by himself first."

Later came a hasty scrawl in pencil. "On my way up to the laboratory to hear your uncle's book. Ynez, I think you alone know what it will mean to me to have him take his place in the world of accurate science at last. This is a generation afflicted with nature sentimentalists!"

I waited anxiously for some account of the book from Aunt Effie, but none came. Yet in due time press notices in all the magazines informed us that it was being received enthusiastically by the scientific world, and was even read by laymen with the deepest interest.

"Your uncle is going to be a best-seller if he doesn't look out," said Dick, as we sat over our tea one afternoon on the shady veranda. "Listen! It is reported as the fourth most popular book in a Chicago library for the past month. Your Aunt Effie will hate that!"

"Why?" I asked, startled by this unexpected subtlety in my straightforward husband.

"Proves it's not pure science," said Dick, waving his teacup. "Some human interest must have crept in somewhere, and that's death to science. I know that, if I didn't board for ten years with stuffed *Psittaci!*"

"But Aunt Effie wouldn't have been so pleased if it hadn't been up to the mark scientifically," I objected.

"Have you heard from her since she read the book? I thought not! You see, your Aunt Effie cannot tell a lie, so, being disappointed, she says nothing."

"But that review by Sir Alfred Sickles. He's one of the greatest ornithologists in the world, and he says it's an epoch-making book!"

"Well, I'm sure I'm right," said Dick doggedly. "I wish they'd hurry along

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our copy. I feel in my bones that even I could enjoy the book."

When it finally came I saw how true a prophet Dick had been. It was a record any scientist might have been proud of, with its minute and varied observations on tropical life. Yet there was in the book something more, something so unconsciously revealed, yet so delicate, so poignant, as to make it a classic for all time—the story of a man's wakening hunger after life. Perhaps if I had never known Dick I would not have understood so well. It comforted me to think that the real meaning of the book would probably pass Aunt Effie by, yet at the same time my heart ached for poor, blind, clever Aunt Effie.

A little more than a year after the book came out Uncle Alfred died of some obscure heart-disease. He had been dead two weeks when I got a telegram from Aunt Effie, asking me to come. Disturbed by all sorts of conjectures as to what could make her need of me so great, I packed hastily and started East by the next evening's train.

Aunt Effie did not meet me at the train, but I hardly expected her to, as she had once expressed her hatred of such meetings. She was sitting idle by the drawing-room window as I reached the house, however, and before I was up the steps she had the door open and was waiting for me.

"I am so glad you are here!" she said huskily. "It has been terrible here alone!" I kissed her soberly and with something of her old embarrassment under a caress of any kind she began unfastening my coat with awkward fingers, while the dreary hallway repeated an almost forgotten story of change and death to my heart.

"We'll come up to the laboratory if you don't mind," said Aunt Effie. "I cannot talk down here. It is so strange."

But when we reached the laboratory she seemed no more able to begin. I sat down in the little red rocker and looked about me, longing to fling myself in Aunt Effie's arms and have a good cry, yet withheld by that old, ridiculous barrier of shyness that she wore about her like armor. The laboratory was as if I had left it yesterday, except that the *Psittaci* were thick with dust.

"They wouldn't like that," I said involuntarily, and taking out my handkerchief I began wiping off the tiny cockatoo in the corner.

"Who wouldn't like what?" asked Aunt Effie almost irritably. "Sit down, Ynez," she added, fumbling a moment in one of the drawers. "I have something to show you."

After a moment she put a large portfolio in my hands, and as she did so a picture slipped from one of its pages and fell to the floor. As I picked it up Aunt Effie's hand reached for it and then drew back.

"Look at it," she said quietly. "It is your Uncle Alfred as I first knew him." And as I stared down at the photograph of my uncle in his youth, his glorious beauty unmarred by the beard that had always obscured it since I had known him, Aunt Effie went on talking in low, disjointed sentences.

"He was more beautiful than any other man I ever saw," she said. "It was really a drawback to his career, for women everywhere fell in love with him. Not foolish young girls, but beautiful and gracious women of the world, who would have showered all their possessions and social advantages on him gladly. But he was fond of his work, and I suppose having so many in love with him—I never quite understood it. Then I came to Medford as assistant instructor in biology. I—I fancy it was because I didn't try to attract him that he first became interested in me. He used to laugh at me from the very first for my lack of sentiment. 'But it is refreshing,' he would say. 'You inspire a man instead of hampering him.' And when he asked me to marry him he told me he realized that I didn't love him, but he thought that together we could do great things. He kept saying that I was so much cleverer than he, and there, of course, he was mistaken. . . . He was mistaken in one other thing," she went on after a pause. "I loved him from the first day I saw him standing in my lecture-room doorway with the sun in his hair. But I wasn't going to let him know. It was my companionship and inspiration he married me for, and that was all he ever asked of me. Do you wonder, Ynez, that I felt our marriage would be futile if

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I did not help him to some really great achievement?"

She got up and moved about the room, straightening an object here and there, and after a little she came back to the fireplace.

"The portfolio I gave you has his complete manuscript in it," she said in a quiet voice. "There is a place in the last chapter, the place where he describes his finding of the *hyacinthine macaw*—I want you to read it to me, Ynez."

I found the place without difficulty, and something told me that hands had turned to that page many and many a time before. Then in the gray afternoon light I read it aloud to Aunt Effie.

"It was through my host and hostess in the little village that I found the *hyacinthine macaw* at last," wrote Uncle Alfred. "João Perez was a tall, magnificent young half-breed and his wife a slender, dark-eyed Indian girl whose grace made one think of the nymphs of old that sent youths mad with longing and baffled delight. They told me the bird was often to be found by a forest pool where they were fond of going, so one morning we three set out on the search together."

There followed a pretty description of the walk through the forest, a rest in the noon heat with luncheon eaten off cool banana-leaves, then the arrival in the late afternoon at the forest pool.

"An evening coolness was already wandering down the dim aisles of the forest. Somewhere in the silence a plaintive bird note sounded and died upon the air. And all at once the path in front of us opened out into a lovely grassy glade in whose centre was a great pool with its bottom of silver sand. In the middle of the pool stood a snow-white heron, and macaws as brilliantly blue as the tropical skies flitted back and forth over the still water, flashed about among the palms, or swung on the long grasses, the most shining, gladdest things I have ever seen. There were hundreds of them, and the Indian girl clapped her hands with delight over their beauty. João had his blow-gun with him and asked me in a whisper if he should shoot. I said no, that it seemed a pity to kill so beautiful a creature.

"'That is good,' said João. 'I would not gladly kill these birds, for they are good to lovers.'

"While I crept nearer and took notes on the macaws João and the flitting little maiden bathed on the other side of the pool, so quietly that they did not even disturb the heron at his dreams. And as we started home through the dusk they swung hands together and sang in their young voices:

> "'As sete estrellas estao chorando'
> ('The seven stars are weeping,
> Mother, mother!')

"If I could have one wish granted in this world, where wishes seem so vain, it would be for one hour of youth like theirs, so that I too could have the key to life and love and gladness such as dwelt beside that forest pool!"

Aunt Effie drew a sharp breath as I had finished. "You read it well, Ynez," she said in a strained voice. Then there was silence so long that I began to wonder if I should ever know what impulse had made her send for me. I closed the book and began to tie the tapes about it again.

"It is yours now," she said at last.

"But I can't take it from you, Aunt Effie!" I exclaimed.

"He wished it so," she said. "And, after all, there is nothing in it of the work he and I planned together."

"But it is wonderful!" I protested eagerly. "This very chapter is the one Sir Alfred spoke of as—as an epoch-making chapter. And if the greatest ornithologist in the world could say that——!"

Then Aunt Effie turned upon me with the last word we were ever to have on the subject.

"I am not blind, Ynez," she said. "I too see what will make the book live, but it is not the valuable contribution it offers to science. Lies! What does the chapter on the *hyacinthine macaw* amount to from a scientific point of view? It is the picture of youth and life and love—youth and love—" She stared out with dreary eyes at the tops of the leafless maples.

"Your Uncle Alfred never suspected that I understood," she said softly. "But I want you to know that I am, after all, a woman!"

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NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

NIGHT on the mountains; peace.
A slow awareness, lying in bed in the dark,
Of a casual splashing of broken lake on the shore;
A stirring of mystery—is it a wind?—that sets the forest a-quiver;
Through the wide casement a throbbing spark
Of a low star; the measured, unhurried, muffled roar
Of the guns of the rapids up the river.
Peace on the mountains; night.

Far in the night
Immemorial artillery
Hoarse-thundering forever,
The marching of the legions
Of the far-gathered river.

Dark on the mountains; rest.
Air flooding cold and gentle on tired eyes;
Stillness that pulses; each beat an articulate delicate sound—
Hidden, small sounds, vibrating wide till the universe is a-quiver;
Then the sudden, merciful loosing of a nerve that strains and cries;
Then the hoot of an owl—and sound and sense are drowned
In the boom of the guns of the rapids up the river.
Rest on the mountains; dark.

Far in the night
Immemorial artillery
Hoarse-thundering forever,
The plunging of the legions
Of the far-gathered river.

Night on the mountains; peace.
The beat of the wings of a loon, flying low above the low roof,
Crossing dark air-lanes, thrilling, mysterious, close, aloof,
Like the wings of the Holy Spirit, inevitable, sure-coming, light;
Then a strength as the hand of God laid, silencing, healing the quiver
Of something long hurt and sore;
The smell of balsam and pine rushing, like a message through the door.
Far off in the night
The long cannonade of the guns of the rapids up the river.
Peace on the mountains; night.

Far in the night
Immemorial artillery
Hoarse-thundering forever,
The rhythm in the darkness of the legions
Of the far-gathered river.

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IT was my good fortune, one afternoon last winter, to hear Professor Bliss Perry read his delightful paper before the Academy of Arts and Letters on the decline of satire as a correction of the evils, political, social, and what-not, of the day. A few weeks later I came by chance upon a reference, in Mr. Ogden's "Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin," to one of the problems which confronted the editor of *The Nation* in the early days of that periodical. Writing to his intimate friend, Frederick Law Olmsted, he put the matter in this way: "It is very difficult to find a man to do the work of gossiping agreeably—on manners, lager beer, etc.—who will bind himself to do it, whether he feels like it or not. In fact, it is very difficult to get men of education in America to handle any subject with a light touch. They all want to write ponderous essays, if they write at all."

The Light Touch in Journalism

When these words were written—in July, 1865—Lowell's "Biglow Papers," perhaps the only sustained piece of satire, well-nigh perfect in form and telling in substance, America has produced, had been appearing in *The Atlantic Monthly*, in the pages of which, prior to the outbreak of the Civil War, Doctor Holmes had introduced his genial Autocrat and his wise Professor to a multitude of delighted readers. A dozen years earlier George William Curtis had issued his "Potiphar Papers," and a few years later Charles Dudley Warner was to publish "My Summer in a Garden." Mr. Howells had spent the four previous years in Venice, and was on the threshold of his journalistic career on the staffs of *The Tribune* and *The Nation*.

Great as was the difficulty which Mr. Godkin experienced, half a century ago, in finding educated Americans who could handle any subject with a light touch, an editor of the present day would find it even more difficult to secure such writers. Indeed, if I were asked to point out offhand any American "men of education"—to use Mr. Godkin's convenient phrase—who would be capable of writing an agreeable article on lager beer, for example, I doubt if I could name more than two or three.

In England, on the other hand, from the time of Swift satire and the art of gossiping on manners have been cultivated and practised by men of education. The tradition of the light touch is still preserved in *The Spectator*, in any number of which one is reasonably sure to find to-day an article on some topic like "Maps" or "Cats" or the "Omniscience of Sailors." To bring knowledge and experience, a graceful style, and perhaps even wit, or at least a good anecdote or two, to the discussion of such subjects, is a task for which Englishmen of education seem to be better fitted than are Americans.

The truth probably is that the light touch is a gift and not an acquirement. One cannot imagine Mr. Howells or Edward S. Martin, or Jesse Lynch Williams, or Finley Peter Dunne writing a ponderous essay on any subject. It isn't in one of them to perpetrate such an atrocity. Nor can one imagine—but the list of those who can write nothing else would be too long! If one happens to be born with the gift of the light touch, which is only the expression of one's outlook upon and philosophy of life, and drifts into journalism or literature, the world is so much the gainer thereby. To the writer thus fortunately equipped subjects of contemporary interest present themselves on all sides. Almost every copy of a newspaper that one picks up offers in some paragraph an inviting theme to the humorous satirist. Imagine, for example, the fun which Eugene Field would have had with the decision of his fellow townsman, Judge Tuthill, of Chicago, that Shakespeare was an impostor and that Sir Francis Bacon was the author of the plays attributed to Shakespeare—a decision so nicely timed that it was delivered and published to an amused and slightly scandalized world on the very eve of the universal celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the dramatist's death! For Field was a master of the light

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touch in his peculiar if rather narrow province of personal journalism—in exposing and ridiculing the literary and kindred pretensions of his fellow citizens, making his "Sharps and Flats" in the Chicago *Daily News* the envy and admiration not only of his contemporaries but of his legitimate successors, the "colyumists" of the journalism of to-day.

The possession of a sense of humor gives a person the other fellow's point of view and prevents, or should prevent, him from making an ass of himself. The fanatic, whatever his fad may be—and America seems to have developed an unusually large crop of this species lately—has no sense of humor, and constantly offers himself or his ideas as the target for the jests and the ridicule of the man in journalism who is blessed with this gift of the light touch. The English tradition, however, as it was inherited and developed by writers like Lamb and Thackeray, and as it was instinctively followed by American writers like Curtis, Holmes, Warner, and Howells, dealt in a wholly impersonal way with contemporary manners and with the follies and foibles of classes of men, rather than with the intellectual eccentricities or political vagaries of individuals, and was on a correspondingly higher plane. It is easy to make fun of the fantastic ideas of a fat-witted alderman or of the pompous imbecilities of a notoriety-seeking police magistrate. It is not so easy to write a paper on "Lager Beer," or "Roast Pig," or "A Peal of Bells" in a way that will hold the interest of educated readers.

CHILDREN, poor, helpless dears, will always be the subject of experiment. That the experiments are gradually becoming more intelligent and humane is something to be thankful for. Some of us can remember a puritanical régime which seemed to assume that children existed chiefly to be disciplined in this world and damned in the next. Those stern puritan parents were inconsistent, however, for, if so many of their offspring were predestined to an awful fate, why not, like the comfortable old lady in Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks," give them as good a time as possible beforehand? It has always been a question in my mind whether the parents were trying to cheat predestination or merely seeking to inure its victims. Of course, it could not be helped that, in a succeeding generation, spoiled children, like Unitarianism, should result from so grim a theology, but a conscience was inherited, and when still another generation came along we again began to take our children seriously. Unlike our grandfathers, we have taken their minds more seriously than their morals. In our zeal we have built our big, standardized schools and have cheerfully dropped our children into the hoppers, to have the individuality ground out of them. Looking askance at the result, we have then begun to consider individuality and have worked ourselves all up over "child-study." And now comes Madame Montessori, and we have her methods as the *dernier cri* in education. It remains to be seen whether it will perish as a fad or remain as a gospel.

As to Montessori Mothers

Personally, I hope it will remain as a gospel, for it does, indeed, seem to be a counsel of perfection. But with what difficulties in the way of its application! According to the dicta of the Montessori system, since each child differs from every other child, each must be taught separately. But as each child cannot have a teacher all to himself, he must be taught to educate himself. This, however, does not mean letting him alone. Far from it! He must be under the most careful and intelligent supervision, both at school and at home. He must be shown how to teach himself the use of his body and his mind, and he must learn a self-administered moral discipline. He is not taught very much from the outside, but he is "observed" carefully and continuously. As explained in detail, the plan sounds wholly admirable and convincing, with a sound scientific foundation.

The school, rightly conducted, is satisfactory. Children are usually most manageable in a troop, where all are under the same régime, for, individuality notwithstanding, it seems to be a child's dearest wish to be just like other children. He hates singularity. But sending the child to a Montessori school for a few hours in a day is the smallest part of the affair, and naturally it is at home that the difficulties are greatest. The system should be carried out consistently, and the mother needs to be a superwoman. In a little book written by a Montessori devotee and dealing with the relation between mother and children, the mother is told: "We must not be irritable or unjust or unintelligent—not even once." Now, a

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woman may discipline herself into being an angel of goodness, but how, I ask, is she to make herself intelligent if nature has made her stupid? And yet, though stupid, she may yearn to have a Montessori child.

One of the requirements of the system is that the child shall have long periods of undirected play. A most excellent thing; but one doesn't see much play for the mother, who will surely need it. Even when the children are undirectedly playing she must be near enough to be alert to the possibilities of naughtiness, so as gently to lead the naughty child, as a little invalid, to the restful and calming bed for which he is to learn to ask when he feels naughtiness coming on. I have never seen anything to encourage the hope that he will do so. And, if the mother is going to find the affair so serious, what about the nurse who sees herself confronted by the necessity of managing the children according to what she is too apt to consider a feckless whim? For instance, at bedtime perhaps nurse inadvertently loosens the three-year-old baby's clothes and slips them off. An outsider cannot help sympathizing with her irritation when she has to keep another Montessori child, already half undressed on his own initiative (the system greatly prizes initiative), waiting for necessary attention while she helps put the clothes on again, down to the last sock, so that the infant may take them off for himself. If she fails to do it there are ructions, and she knows that down-stairs the mother is sighing out: "Oh, why won't Jane avoid trouble? It's such a simple thing to manage if she would only enter into the spirit of it!"

The Montessori zealot would eliminate the nurse and speaks scornfully of the mother who brings up her child "under the nursemaid system." But, if the nurse is given up, how is the mother to follow the Montessori rule of subordinating, in her intercourse with the child, its material needs to its spiritual requirements? For it must be fed and washed and clothed, and there is only just so much time and just so much strength. Besides, there really are some other claims on a woman. For instance, the Montessorian herself advises you, in view of the empty time coming, when your self-reliant children are grown up, to cultivate your relations with your husband. You are admonished to "clasp John's hand closely, over the little heads which crowd between you." It does seem as if you would have to use both hands for the children if you are to be a real Montessori mother, and John may slip his away if you can never go off and play with him.

As a matter of fact, there are a good many self-styled Montessori mothers who have very little idea of what it would mean to carry out the system thoroughly and intelligently. Some of them just sit back and let the children do as they like, and call it the Montessori method. It is such a relief not to have to enforce commands, and such a comfort to believe that the easiest way for themselves is the best way for the children. Their children are not spoiled! Good Heavens, no! They are only cultivating their individuality. Then there are other mothers who begin enthusiastically and continue to try conscientiously to live up to the rules, but all sorts of untoward things happen and make gaps in the training, and the result is a patchwork to which the child adapts himself more or less successfully. The truth is, the Montessori system does not easily get a fair chance under the conditions of American life.

The most thoroughgoing of the Montessorians seem to be looking forward to a time when our children shall be brought up, not by their mothers but by "mothers-by-choice," as it appears that the teachers of the future are to be called. The children are ultimately to be gathered together in groups, "cared for by scientifically trained mothers-by-choice," leaving the "mothers-by-chance" free to do other useful jobs for the community. This has a startling sound, but when, in the happenings of travel, one sees mothers-by-chance, albeit persons who hold themselves above the common run, badtemperedly slapping their children or denying to them the affection which they lavish on dogs, one pauses in the act of remonstrance and says: "Oh, well, *some* children . . ." In the end, the conservatives may find a crumb of comfort in the reflection that the arrangement would not be likely to last for more than one generation. These Montessori-trained young people will hardly permit outside interference with *their* children. I cannot believe it even of my home-trained Montessori granddaughter, who, at three years old, shows signs of becoming a competent boss.

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THE FALLACY OF THE SHORT CUT IN ART EDUCATION

NOBODY but a grumbler or an automaton will quarrel with the short cut when it is also the happy one. The happy short cut means duty done, time saved, leisure enjoyed. It is the triumph of wings over wayfaring. But the short cut as we have known it does not always end thus gloriously. Often it is only the old ignoble Icarian adventure, sought and suffered all over again by new souls, since even the Icarian adventure is better than none.

In discussing the shortcomings of the short cut in art education, we do not belittle the revolutionary spirit of those now defying the ancient dictum that art is long. The revolutionary spirit is the perennial leaven in our bread of progress. The world owes a fair hearing to all revolutionaries worth their salt, from our new friend Doctor Flexner, battering at a public-school curriculum because it teaches children "not life but Latin," back to our old friend Pithecanthropus, ape-man of Java, denouncing as obsolete the all-fours method and establishing the race on a strictly biped basis. No doubt an early Areopagus of apes sat in judgment on the new manner in walking and solemnly voted its adoption. Perhaps in their dim, palæolithic way, those old dears could recognize, somewhat as we ourselves do, that people who are pledged to progress must welcome criticism, yet must weigh it, too.

We criticise most seriously whatever concerns us most seriously—for instance, education. Long ago our democratic enthusiasm for quantity in education was tempered by misgivings as to quality and fitness. Rapidly changing plans are being tried and diverse views are current. Some of us hark back to the three R's of the red schoolhouse, an institution which, had it continued to flourish, might have produced too many Presidents, while some of us hark forward to the nine arts of the all-play school, which if overworked will not produce enough people fit to be presided over. Our fathers, you see, had eaten the sour grapes of memory-training in English kings, cube root, and the dative of disadvantage; not only were our own teeth set on edge thereby, but our children's teeth are now being filled with what we hope is the fine gold of dramatic expression and eurythmics. Mere memory-training, it was found, may give us parrots instead of citizens. Let us, therefore, try what self-expression may do! Day before yesterday, educators were imploring us not to harass children with don'ts. To-day, with equal fervor, they pray us not to hamper children with desks. Undon'ted and undesked, the sacred fire of self-expression flaming from his forelock, the modern child is urged to choose what to learn—"*Faites votre jeu, messieurs!*" Similar changes mark our art education. A generation ago students grew gray over drawing from the (slightly soiled) plaster cast before being promoted to working from life. To-day they hear from certain quarters that only by forswearing representation altogether shall they reach the ultimate heights.

The Calvinistic "bitter road," the futuristic "short cut"! Warned against both, why choose either? The new ideal of the work-play-study school may be cited as avoiding extremes of all-work and all-shirk. Doctor Dewey, writing of industrial training in public schools, declares that "its aim must be, first of all, to keep youth under educative influences for a longer time." John Jay Chapman, inveighing against our American vice of diffuseness in education and our lack of depth in our studies, tells us that "leisure is necessary—a slowing down, a taking of things, not easily, but slowly, determinedly, patiently." These two men, viewing the question from opposite poles, hold no brief for the "hacking-through" method. They do not counsel the short cut. Would that some of our new critics of art education might show equally sound judgment! But it is in art education far more than in general education that the nimble theorist finds room for a carnival of

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ideas. A touch of Dionysiac madness, he thinks, will give the right tone. Sometimes people who would be quite reasonable in discussing, say, the alcohol question or the State constabulary, become fantastic as a box of monkeys the moment a question of art confronts them. Certainly, the artist himself often has a sense of shame and failure when his fellow beings react thus whimsically toward art. In his secret moments of highest hope, he had thought of his work as something to exalt and to enhance life. Perhaps he even had a vision of his art as a messenger that might reach the public's diviner side, and, ennobled by that very contact, come back to him, bringing him some breath or touch of divinity. Then, in cases when this miracle does not happen, and when public and critic alike hide their divinity and exhibit only their monkey-shines, he often makes the mistake of silence and withdraws into his shell. But why should any man turn crustacean and play the chambered nautilus, just because he thinks, perhaps wrongly, too, that some other man is playing baboon?

It is true that the artist is not always a good talker, a good expounder of his faith. Perhaps his whole gift of expression is too powerfully turned into one consecrated channel to be lightly diverted to week-end uses. We are not forgetting Rodin, with his genial, loose-limbed, half-pagan, half-Christian philosophy of art, or Whistler and his acid testiness, his brightly etched satire, piquant to artists but somewhat corrosive to the rest of the human race. We are keeping in mind the score or more of our American artists who can express themselves directly and even beautifully in speaking or in writing—Mr. Cox, Mr. Blashfield, Mr. Whiting, and others. But such men are exceptional. In general, whatever the painter or sculptor or musician has most deeply at heart will be best unpacked some other way than by words. Even upon subjects which the artist knows and loves best, he will sometimes remain silent and let the ill-informed do the talking. The fault is on both sides. The artist has been too proud to speak, the talker not humble enough to listen. To clear away such conditions, nothing is more helpful than the free mingling of artists and laymen in the give-and-take of public work together upon art commissions, museum foundations, and other enterprises in which it is obviously the artist's business to take his turn in speaking with authority.

It is the artist's business, also, to speak his mind once in a while to the phrase-mongers, makers of new slogans and new shibboleths about art. Now, since we, the American people, are the incurable idealists of the earth, always up at dawn in the pursuit of the panacea, even before we know just what woe is to be cured thereby, it follows that we are very susceptible to slogans and shibboleths and paradoxical brevities; and, really, those who invent these popular monsters of thought ought to think twice before letting them loose. The "sacredness of self-expression" is a recent shibboleth in art-teaching. The phrase suggests a half-truth; and, as half-truths work overtime, the "sacredness of self-expression" is heard in season and out. Meanwhile, since in our country during the past decade we have been more interested in developing the individual than in saving the state, little has been said about the sacredness of our obligation to have something really worth expressing, and to know how to express it really well, in a world already cluttered with the knickknacks of attempted articulation, the da-das and goo-goos of art. As long as the sacredness of self-expression is placed far above the sacredness of the obligation self-expression imposes between the expresser and the expressed unto, the artist and the public, we shall have quantity rather than quality in art, surfeit but not satisfaction. We shall be rapidly proliferating instead of slowly perfecting. Like the bishop who hastily wrote a long and ineffective letter because he could not spare the time for composing a brief and telling one, we shall find that haste is waste, that our short cut turns out to be a tedious *impasse*.

One of the new slogans offensive to the artist's mind sneers at "the cult of the best." "Let the child choose!" Now, you might think that the catch-phrase "tyranny of the best" proceeds out of the same mouths that first said "To hell with reform." Not at all. It was honestly framed in an effort to solve a problem, as we shall learn from certain recently published essays on "The Cult of the Best" and "Education in Taste." "Almost the whole object of education," says the author of these essays,

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"should be to find out what one really and whole-heartedly likes and wants." Beware, then, "the tyranny of the best," the "old, unregenerate cult of the best." Of the art museum, with "its official show-women and its masterpieces of proprietary genius," he prophesies mournfully. "My New Jersey school," he writes, "convinced me that these vestal virgins were guarding a decaying fane. . . . I was shown some wall-paper designs made in a class of the youngest children. . . . The teacher told me that she had pinned all the designs on the wall, and, without any suggestion to the children, had asked them to choose which they liked best." Here you perhaps pause to wonder where our critic has been Rip-Van-Winkling all these years, not to know that this excellent choose-choose exercise is really an old story in art-teaching and by no means a new and singular hope. But Mr. Bourne apparently hails it as a corner-stone for a national education in taste. Sensible people will agree with him in refusing to consider a child as a sort of magic container into which a teacher daily pours information and from which, by turning the question-faucet, guesswork-pumped answers will gush forth like water. Most of us know very well by this time that teaching is not a put-in-and-take-out process, like banking or dentistry, and we can understand that a child is not a child if he is a jar. But we know, too, that there are moments when children, like grown-ups, should be told, with entire firmness, what is good and what is bad in art, and should be shown good examples. If children are to be sheltered from all information and all standards of taste save those of their own choice or creation, we shall soon find their minds clogged with first-hand misinformation and first-hand bad taste. Heavier even than the handicap of mere ignorance is the handicap of knowledge that isn't so.

"Suppose," continues our scorner of the best, "suppose a child were brought up from his earliest years in every-day contact with forms and colors, without its ever being hinted to him that some were 'good' and others 'bad.' Suppose the child were urged to choose and to express his like and dislikes, not giving his reasons but merely telling as he could what he saw or heard. . . . Would not something like taste evolve out of it all?" A wistful question, full of faith in the short cut; and the answer is, I think, a straightforward no. In my opinion, the "something" which would "evolve" would be more smoke-stacks. No, kind theorist. You are planting thorns in the child garden; you will not gather grapes from them; the sacramental wine of that national good taste you dream of will not be pressed. What optimism to assume that the untutored choice will somehow have a happy ending! Day and night you safeguard your young child in his choices in the material world. When he would choose the bright-red candied cherries, artificially colored, you pass him instead the sober and salutary prunes. He asks sirup, you offer a cereal. How, then, does it happen that you dare give him a free hand in his spiritual choices? From that fancied tyranny of the best let us not be delivered into the real tyranny of the worst, the tyranny of a self-complacency refusing expert advice.

The pioneer in the wilderness is the only man who may well rise superior to the cult of the best. His is the cult of the most serviceable. A stout log cabin which will save him and his family from the elements, the beasts, and the savages will serve him better than the most exquisitely wrought pergola or pagoda in the history of art. But, the wilderness once conquered, man more than ever needs his best in art to tell his epic tale. As shown by the efforts of Washington, Jefferson, and Major L'Enfant in planning our national capital, our fathers were well aware that a people emerging from the pioneer state degrades itself into a provincial state if it rejects the expert in æsthetics.

To-day, since much of the highest imagination in our land is being devoted to money-breeding, much of our outdoor contemplation of art is cut short by the appeals of big business. Our advertisements overtop our cathedrals. We create beauty, and then, rough riders to riches, we neglect it. We even deface it. A pamphlet against the billboard nuisance in the city of New York tells of "a costly and magnificent railway terminal made ridiculous; a noble library disgraced; splendid parkways and beautiful vistas ruined!" These flippant, slapdash ways of ours are in sharp contrast with the spirit in which our fathers brought to the New World their strong, fine craftsmanship in the minor arts, as well as their

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excellent ideals in architecture. Coming hither to build a new civilization, they held fast to whatever beauty or dignity of life was within their grasp.

Art as a material asset in a nation's accounts has often been demonstrated, with France as the modern instance. Art as a spiritual possession is no less needed, if only to bring home to men's minds an ideal of joy in the job as a citizen's best daily gift toward his country's welfare. With the passing of the apprentice system we have lost something of our joy and pride in mastering a craft and its secrets. The apprentice is gone, but the artist is still here, and his delight in work is a spiritual condition perceived by his public. Paul Manship and Hans Holbein are centuries apart, yet they are alike in telling us how much they love to do their work. The creative zest of such men does not watch the clock, or look on work as a curse to be escaped by the shortest possible cut.

Among the fantastic banners flung abroad by the Futurists three years ago was one calling down ruin upon all museums and cathedrals. That was the short cut with a vengeance! The Futurists gave themselves out as very defiant young dogs, but there was more bark than bite in them; no one has yet published Signor Marinetti's actual comment after the actual fact of Reims in ruins. Psychiatry will, perhaps, find a name and a balm for that exasperated melancholy in human beings unable to endure the stress of masterpieces. The disease is a real one and signifies something moribund in man; even the divine Michelangelo himself had his touch of it, when in old age neither painting nor sculpture could solace him.

Our American museum-hater, special by-product of our civilization, is often of the "cerebral type," busy with half-truths. He is little brother to the scorner of public libraries and the railer upon religions. He is that perturbing phenomenon of democracy, the superindividualist. For him, whatever is organized is anathema; he is anti-Academy, automatically, and froths at the mouth at the idea of federations, whether of art or science. Sometimes, on a bright Sunday afternoon, he will flock by himself at the Metropolitan Museum, bringing his own twilight with him; he sees the statues as Stygian shades, and the snuff-boxes as a fourfold vanity, showing up at once owners and donors, exhibitors and visitors. Masterpieces of painting augment his gloom; in his altruistic moments he makes a point of warning people off the masterpieces. An individual who needs but few masterpieces for his own happiness, he forgets that there are other individuals with other needs. Sensibility can sympathize with him, but common sense cannot accept his views.

Emerson, in the "Days," sings of man in his pleached garden, whereto come the daughters of time, offering him

> "gifts after his will,
> Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky
> That holds them all."

Yet man forgot his "morning wishes, hastily

> "'Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
> Turned and departed silent.'"

Perhaps this strangely beautiful poem, curt with unshed tears, is only an imagist's variant upon the old tale of the birthright and the mess of pottage. To me it has always seemed a very profound and searching diagnosis of one of our most heartrending maladies of the soul, the malady of inhibitions, of futile choices. Why should our age be disquieted by its long inheritance of glory? To reject the responsibility of such an inheritance is a weakness like that of some one who, having at great cost reached a great height, recoils, and would hurl himself downward. The world's art has had of late its staggering recoils, its incredibly futile choices. Come, we said, let us be naïve and negroid in our sculpture, childish and cavemanly in our painting. In the noon of time let us recapture the dark! But the art or the nation which seeks to advance does not deliberately plan backward paths; on the contrary, it turns its eyes toward higher realizations.

In our own country, institutions which seem to be poles apart may yet rest upon ideals shared in common. The new work-play-study school in elementary general education will be called democratic, while our American Academy in Rome will, perhaps, be assumed to be aristocratic. Yet the faith of each looks toward those good new times, which are to bring with them the richest possible fulfilment of both individual and national promise.

ADELINE ADAMS.

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AFTER TWO YEARS OF WAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

NUMEROUS signs have indicated that the third year of the European war will make up a very different chapter, both of military and diplomatic history, from the years which preceded it. Such recent episodes as the powerful attack simultaneously on all four sides of the enemy's territory, the partial military collapse of Austria, and Rumania's entry into the war, clearly marked a new phase of the conflict. That these new campaigns would lead to an early peace has not, however, appeared to be the prevalent belief. All the Allies adjusted their military and economic programme, as autumn began, on the apparent presumption of much longer fighting. There has probably been no occasion, since the beginning of hostilities, when Kitchener's prediction of a three-years' war was more generally accepted.

Perhaps for that very reason, the reaching of the second anniversary of the war directed the public mind to study of the new experiences and unexpected results which had characterized the conflict. Such retrospect brought into fresh consideration the change which the war has brought to our view of national institutions, traits, and tendencies, and the change which the period has marked in the art of war itself.

Changed Views of National Institutions and Traits

No conflict of such magnitude has ever occurred without reversing many preconceptions regarding national character. The world's surprise at the unexpected fighting power of the North in our Civil War, and at the superb organized military genius which the French people displayed, only a few years after the anarchy of the Revolutionary régime, was at least as great as its surprise over the new conception of the present European belligerents. Yet nations are supposed to be studied more intelligently nowadays; a fact which has added to the profound impression made when England, whose military capacity was believed to be paralyzed by absorption in money-making, endured without complaint the heaviest taxes ever known and put into the field one of the most formidable armies in history; when the French, so often classed by the outside world as frivolous and decadent, emerged from the very first test of war as brilliant soldiers and resolute patriots, modest in success and undiscouraged in defeat; and when Germany, whose peaceful achievements of the past four decades had gained the world's respectful admiration, projected into modern history the picture of a military hegemony whose methods swept ruthlessly aside the restraints of humane civilization.

TRANSFORMATION in the art of war itself has excited equal astonishment. The invulnerable fortresses have fallen at almost the first shock of

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the new artillery, until at Verdun they were actually abandoned as a factor in defense. The new conditions put an end to army manœuvres which had been an inseparable part of previous campaigns, while on the other hand the "Greek fire," the hand-grenade, and the "poison gas" were revived from military epochs that were almost legendary.

The Art of War Transformed

Military events had equally unfolded a series of surprises. Great Britain's instantaneous mastery of the seas, as against the half-dozen years of uncertain conflict which preceded Trafalgar, was one. The military prowess of Russia, after her ignominious experiences in the Manchurian war of the preceding decade, was another. The battle of the Marne was itself something new in war; so much so that the world at large is even now unable to satisfy its mind as to just what caused a defeat which will undoubtedly rank among the really decisive conflicts of history, with Gettysburg, Leipsic, Saratoga, Blenheim, and Tours.

WHAT has happened on the military side of the conflict has happened on the economic side also. In adapting themselves to the vastly larger scope of international commerce and finance, the economic methods and financial machinery of the world had changed as portentously as had the methods and machinery of war itself. Yet knowledge of this fact, before the war began, gave no clew to what would be the real economic history of the past two years. The huge totals to which the expenditure of the fighting governments mounted up, the wholly unimagined figures of the new public debts, and (in the case of England) the amazing increase of the annual revenue from taxation, were of themselves sufficient to confuse the financial mind.

Radical Changes in Economic Machinery Also

Those aspects of recent economic history, however, were of a kind for which the history of other great wars might sufficiently have prepared the public mind. That the debt of the four great belligerents, already very large before this war began, should have increased nearly one and a half times in the first two years of the conflict—from less than $20,000,000,000 to considerably over $45,000,000,000—was no doubt impressive. Great Britain's public debt alone was more than three times as large in August, 1916, as in August, 1914, whereas the increase of the same public debt in the two years after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens had opened the new war with Napoleon was barely 10 per cent. England was spending in one month of this year as much as $30,000,000 a day for war (including advances to her allies) and the present average is $25,000,000, whereas two or three millions a day was the highest outlay reached by any belligerent in any previous war. Such contrasts undoubtedly mark the nature of the new economic situation, and so does the very extraordinary increase in England's annual tax levy, whereby the total revenue was raised from the $990,000,000 of the fiscal year just before the war, to the $2,400,000,000 estimated for the pending fiscal twelvemonth.

Yet phenomena quite as astonishing, when the circumstances of the day are kept in mind, have occurred in that field of finance during other wars. The United States Government increased its interest-bearing debt nearly eight times over in the first two years of the Civil War. Its annual expen-

(Continued on page 68, *following*)

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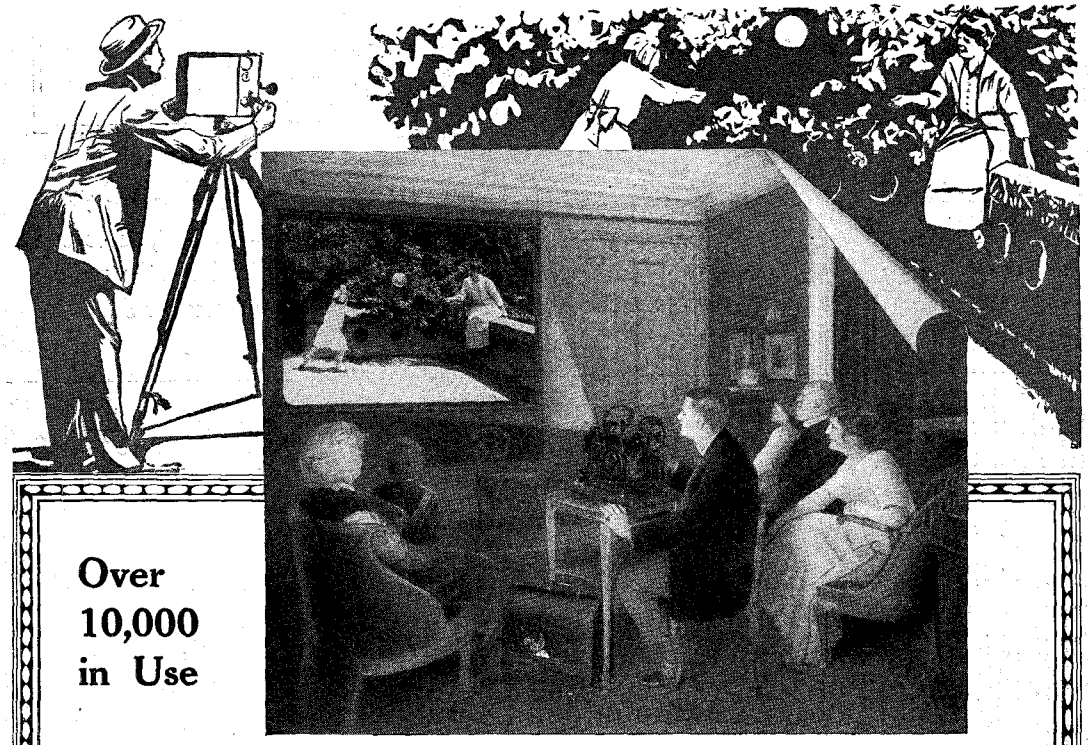

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

(Continued from page 520)

diture in 1863 was more than ten times that of 1861. Its revenue from taxation, at the end of those two years, was fixed at six times what it had been when the war began.

It was also possible to say at the end of the two-year period, that the interest on the United States public debt outstanding was greater than the

(Continued on page 69)

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(Continued from page 68)

government's entire annual revenue in the year before the war—something which is not yet true of Germany or England. No doubt, the country's $322,000,000 revenue from taxation in 1865 and its $2,300,000,000 public debt of the same year look small beside England's present $2,400,000,000 tax-roll and $12,000,000,000 public debt. Yet the ratio of increase was far greater in our own case than in the case of England, and the sums total of the sixties were probably even more astonishing to the financial world of that day than are the present totals to the world of 1916.

IN other words, it is not the huge expenditure and the huge borrowing which have fixed the new economic precedents of the past two years. Nor is it probable, as time goes on, that the measures adopted in the crisis of August, 1914—the moratorium on debts, for instance, or the discounting by national banks under government guarantee of bankers' foreign bills, non-collectible during the war—will be remembered as the characteristic innovations of the period. These were, after all, expedients for dealing with financial panic, rather than expedients for financing war. But there have been three or four episodes in the war finance of the past two years which departed entirely from the practices of the past and fixed new precedents in political economy.

In every previous great war there have been huge issues of paper money by the belligerent states, and this has been true of the present war. But on every earlier occasion of the sort the

(Continued on page 70)

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Four Questions of a Bank President

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THE FOUR QUESTIONS

(1.) How much additional money would he have to spend to build a new home?
(2.) Was the old house structurally sound?
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The HOGGSON MAGAZINE

Published in the interest of harmony, efficiency and economy in building

485 Fifth Avenue, New York

(Continued from page 69)

result has been a high premium on gold, hoarding of specie by the people, and complete cessation of payment in gold by taxpayers to the government; excepting when (as with our customs dues in the Civil War) gold was required by law in payment. In the past two years no premium on gold has been reported, except for a very short time in Germany. That sign of depreciation in the currency was suppressed, either by law or by an interesting process of common consent.

Past Practices Upset

But another phenomenon was more interesting. So far from gold payments by the people to the public treasury ceasing, the mere request of the German and French Governments, that holders of gold coin exchange it voluntarily for paper money, resulted in the delivery of no less than $200,000,000 gold to the German state bank and of $250,000,000 to the Bank of France. Even to-day, gold is being added to the government's holdings in the French bank at the rate of nearly $1,000,000 weekly, and there is nowhere for it to come from, under existing circumstances, except from the hoards of the French people.

This is the kind of incident which upsets completely the fundamental principles of old-fashioned political economy; because it must have resulted from motives not recognized by the orthodox economists, to whom self-interest was the only governing influence in the actions of communities as a whole. The incident was the more remarkable, because the gold was not even paid for taxes—paper money was used by general consent for that—and because the hoarding and export of

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silver coin, for which the governments did not ask, went on exactly as it had done in other wars. The governments and municipalities of continental Europe have been putting out their paper "shin-plasters" for sums of ten and twenty cents, precisely as the United States Government did when our silver coin disappeared in the paper inflation days of 1863.

The Mobilization of Securities a New Expedient

IF this voluntary surrender of gold by the people, at the moment of unquestionable currency depreciation, would have seemed a paradox to the statesmen of former wars, the expedient known as "mobilizing securities" would have impressed them as something inconceivable. A month ago, the British Government placed a $250,000,000 two-year loan in New York City, against which it pledged as "collateral" no less than $300,000,000 stocks and bonds—all of them issued by governments or corporations in the United States, or Canada, or half a dozen other neutral countries. The man of 1809 or 1863 or 1871 would have been amazed at this transaction even more completely than the traditional Man from Mars. European governments do not invest in securities of the Union Pacific Railroad, the New York Central, the Western Union Telegraph, the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, the Eastman Kodak Company, or the Brooklyn Rapid Transit. Yet these were among the very securities which the British exchequer turned over to the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York last August, as part of the "collateral" on its $250,000,000 American loan.

(Continued on page 72)

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Founded 1885

(Continued from page 71)

It is probable that the majority of American citizens have not even now the faintest idea of how a government at war came to be dealing thus in the stock-market securities of a foreign country. The transaction was in fact the result of a series of curious and unexpected incidents, themselves unprecedented. Early in 1915, the Allied governments discovered that this war would have to be conducted with an expenditure of ammunition hitherto inconceivable. To make good their obvious deficiency, they not only turned their own manufacturing plants to making shells and shrapnel, but placed orders on a stupendous scale with mills in the United States which could do the same, and purchases by England in America rose far beyond her capacity to pay in merchandise. During the twelve months ending with June, 1914, the last full year of peace, England bought $594,000,000 worth of goods in the United States; in the next twelve months she purchased $911,000,000, and in the twelve months ending with last June, no less than $1,518,000,000. But in the meantime her sales of merchandise to us, which had been $293,000,000 in the fiscal year 1914, were only $308,000,000 two years later.

SUCH balances of indebtedness used to be chiefly met by England through the payments of American banks on account of tourists in Europe (something like $200,000,000 annually), or through our payment of interest on American securities held by English investors, or through sending gold from London to New York. But in the very first months of war the American tourists were driven home. The English investor's holdings of our stocks and bonds had been heavily reduced by sales back to America. To

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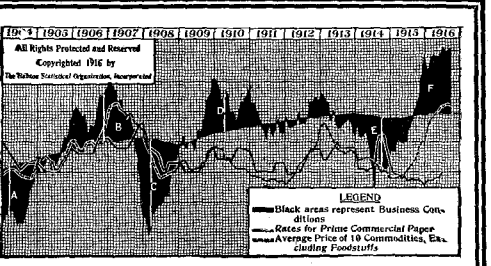
meet the adverse balance wholly by sending gold would have exhausted the reserve of the Bank of England. These known facts of the situation were responsible for the fall in sterling exchange, a year ago, to the unprecedentedly unfavorable rate of $4.50 to the pound sterling.

How England Has Met the Trade Discrepancy

England endeavored first to meet the discrepancy in trade by the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan in the United States last year, proceeds of which were used to pay for the war munitions and thus redress the balance of international payments. When that fund was exhausted, English investors were urged to sell their American securities more rapidly to New York, by way of helping international payment. When, later on, it began to be evident that the investor was disposed to keep such stocks and bonds, the British Treasury asked him to lend them to the government, or to sell them to it for cash or in exchange for British war bonds—the purpose being that the government itself should see that the securities were either sold on the New York Stock Exchange or used as a basis for raising other loans in America.

Finally, when the response showed the English investor to be still hesitating, Parliament actually voted that, in the case of revenue from all such designated securities not surrendered to the government, the already very high war tax should be increased by two shillings on every pound sterling of income. This naturally forced them out of investors' strong-boxes and into the Treasury's hands; so that now, as a result of this very extraordinary series of events, we have the British Government handling our own stocks and bonds in New York City like a Wall Street broker, except that profit on

(Continued on page 74)



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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

(Continued from page 73)

the rise or fall of prices has no part in its calculation. Nothing like this ever entered the imagination of chancellors of the exchequer in former wars.

The Government Control of Industries

A THIRD innovation, certain to be historic on the economic side of the European war, has been the taking control of industry by the fighting governments. This, to be sure, is by no means a wholly new expedient in war time. Assumption by a war department of the management of railways, of munitions plants, sometimes of food products, has been an incident in numerous older conflicts. But, with perhaps the exception of the munitions industries, such "commandeering" by the state has usually occurred at a crisis in the military campaign, particularly in the face of defeat and of invasion by the enemy. During the past two years the noteworthy aspect of the process has been the early and deliberate action of the governments.

On the Continent, the railway systems were owned and operated by the state before the war began. This was not so in England; yet private control of the English railways ceased in the very first month of war; the government, under the agreement of September, 1914, arranging to pay to the management the net receipts, plus a compensation fixed by the extent to which any half-year's net revenue under public operation should fall short of the revenue in the last half-year of peace. Nothing like this has ever been done before in England; nor has the present very extensive control by the government of plants making war material any precedent—an action which, in England as on the Continent, has led to the singular novelty of add-

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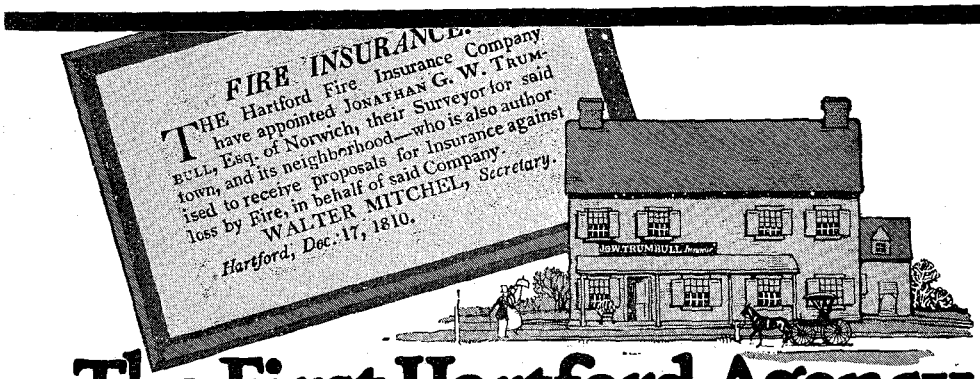
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(Continued from page 74)

ing a "Minister of Munitions" to the cabinet.

As for control of food supplies, it is naturally in Germany, under the blockade, that measures for regulating distribution of foodstuffs, and for limiting by law the amount which any one citizen may use, have been adopted. Yet England and France have also assumed governmental control of certain foodstuffs and materials, and the British Government is believed to have taken the probably unprecedented action of buying up in advance the greater part of the wheat crop of such producing states as Canada, Argentina, and Australia. Even on the Chicago market, during the grain shortage of the first twelve months of war, agents of the British Government were among the largest purchasers of American wheat.

How These Departures May Affect America

THESE various unexpected war-time phenomena may have results of considerable political and economic importance, even after the war is over. Taken along with the action of belligerent governments, in the war panic of August, 1914, of guaranteeing during war time the non-collectible foreign bills held by domestic bankers, they are tantamount to an immense extension of the theory of state socialism. In the past, it has ordinarily been the sequel that such "war measures" and "war powers" were abandoned as soon as possible after return of peace. But the era in which we are living had become, even before the war, an era of experiment and innovation in government affairs, and it is not so certain that all these new functions will be readily laid aside. On the Continent especially, the states now at war will have to reckon with socialist propaganda of one kind or another, as perhaps never before in history.

None of these new economic expedients of the past two years can fail to have its bearing on the financial future of the United States as well as Europe. The immense accumulations of gold in the continental state banks, now absolutely under government control, might simplify two problems which always follow such a war—resumption of specie payments on the currencies, when that action is advisable, or payment of gold against foreign obligations. If so, the existence of these huge hoarded reserves in Europe might render less urgent the pressure to draw gold from the United States when war is ended.

On the other hand, the resale to New York, up to the present date, of some $1,500,000,000 American securities, and the pledging, as collateral on American loans, of another great mass of England's foreign investments, will leave in the American market's hands, on return of peace, a wholly unprecedented economic power over the outside world. Whether this means that Europe must increase her merchandise exports to unprecedented sums, in order to pay such outstanding obligations to America, or whether it means that our markets must continue for many years to lend capital to Europe, is as yet a matter of dispute among financiers.

The final question, whether Europe—supposing continuance of governmental control over industry and production—will for that reason be a more formidable or less formidable competitor of our own industrial markets, is another unsettled question. Much of it will depend on the obscure problem, what, in the aftermath of war, will be workmen's wages, labor costs, and the price of competitive materials

(Continued on page 78)

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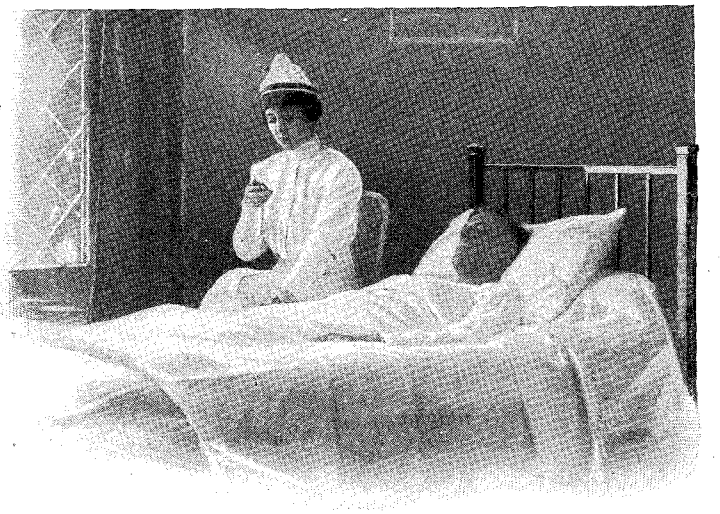

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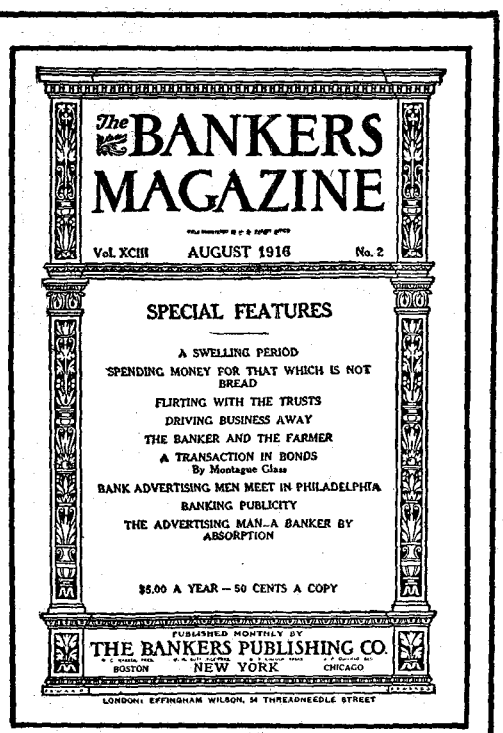
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Vol. XCIII AUGUST 1916 No. 2
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(Continued from page 76)

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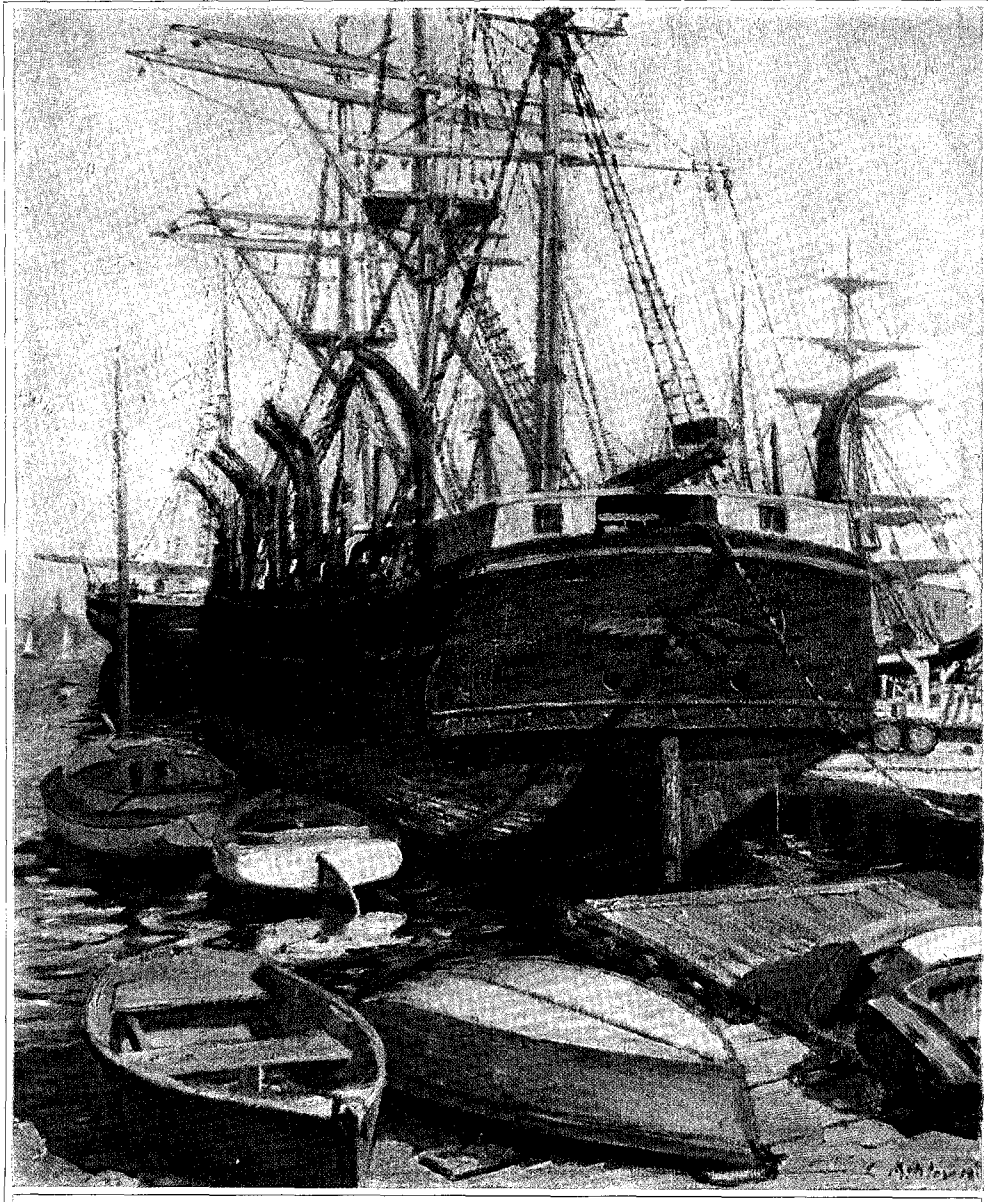

From a painting by Clifford W. Ashley.

THE LAST WHALER.

One by one the ancient mariners, the old merchants, the famous and picturesque whaling-barks, have gone to their last port. At New Bedford, whence in the old days sailed 700 ships and 20,000 seamen, there is left the merest remnant of the days when whaling was a great industry. These stout ships and their hardy sailors carried the American flag into ports all over the world and into the ice-bound seas of the polar regions. This ship, the *Charles W. Morgan*, was built over seventy years ago.

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